ATLANTIC READERS: BOOK THREE

THE WONDERFUL TUNE

RANDALL J. CONDON

THE WONDERFUL TUNE

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THE GREAT MASTER LOOKED WITH ASTONISHMENT WHEN THE BOY FINISHED SOME PART OF THE VIOLIN (*Page 243*)

THE ATLANTIC READERS

BOOK THREE
Grade VI

THE WONDERFUL TUNE

EDITED BY

RANDALL J. CONDON
Superintendent of the Cincinnati Schools

"Character is higher than intellect." — EMERSON

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
1927

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Published December, 1926
Reprinted March, 1927

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS PUBLICATIONS
ARE PUBLISHED BY
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
IN ASSOCIATION WITH
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To those who would listen to the world's music; to the song of brooks and trees, of birds and insect life; to the silence of stars, the deep woods, and the far hills, the clouds and "the melting shadows as they pass"; to the storms and to the sound of surf on the shore; to the laughter of children, and the song of men and women at work and at play; and to those who would learn to add their notes to the Great Harmony —

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To all who have helped to make these books the editor expresses deep appreciation.

First, to my mother, who taught her children the deep things of life: duty, honor, truth; courage, faith, hope; love of home and of country; reverence for God, for each other, and for all His lowly creatures; obedience and devotion; sincerity and simplicity; patience and perseverance; self-denial and self-reliance; kindness and helpfulness; contentment while striving to attain; joy in service; and satisfaction in work well done. With a culture not learned in school, — for her island home afforded but little in the way of schools, — but with that richer culture that comes from companionship with a few great books, from communion with God and nature, and from a life well lived, its difficulties faced and its problems solved with an unconquered and an unconquerable spirit, she taught us, by what she did, to do; and inspired us, by what she was, to become. The lessons of life and service, of beauty and truth, that my mother taught will be found within these pages.

To my brother Rufus and my nephew Melvin, who built the log cabin among the spruces on the hilltop, with its wide outlook over sea and shore and peaceful countryside, where before the open fire, to the song of the thrush and the white-throated sparrow and to the sound of rain on the roof, these books were dreamed into being.

To my daughter Katharine and her mother, whose wide reading and search for fine material, whose advice and encouragement, have never failed, and who brought to the task each day a new measure of devotion and service.

To the Cincinnati Board of Education, who granted its superintendent a year's leave of absence for the direction of this work.

Special acknowledgment is made to the teachers of America, who have told of the selections they are using and of those they most desire, and to Margaretta R. Voorhees, Head of Lower School, Beaver Country Day School, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, and Supervisor, The Beaver School, Inc., Boston, Massachusetts, who has read the entire manuscript of these readers and has brought to them her ripe experience and wise criticism.

The frontispiece we owe to John Rae, and the drawings of the Old South Meeting House and Independence Hall are by F. M. Rines. But for the most part the illustrations, which so happily interpret the contents of this volume, are from the sympathetic hand of Miss Beatrice Stevens, the illustrator of *The Atlantic Treasury of Childhood Stories*.

Acknowledgment is also gratefully made as follows: —

To the Atlantic Monthly Press for "The Wonderful Tune" from *The Starlight Wonder Book*, by Henry Beston; "The Angel of the Battlefield" from *The Atlantic Treasury of Childhood Stories*, selected and edited by Mary D. Hutchinson Hodgkins; "The Tree That Fought for France" from *Uncle Zeb and His Friends*, by Edward W. Frentz; and the selections from *The Letters of William James*, edited by his son, Henry James, by whose courtesy they are here reprinted.

To Katharine Lee Bates for special permission to reprint "America the Beautiful."

To Benziger Brothers for the adaptation from *The Violin Maker*, by Otto von Schaching, as translated by Sara Trainer Smith.

To Jonathan Cape, Limited, for "The Rain" from *Collected Poems*, by William H. Davies.

To the Century Company for the selection from *The Lone Winter*, by Anne Bosworth Greene.

To A. T. A. Dobson, and to H. S. Milford of the Oxford University Press for the poem, "'K. G.,' Nov. 6, 1901," by Austin Dobson.

To Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc., for "May Is Building Her House" from *The Lonely Dancer*, by Richard Le Gallienne, copyright by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.

To Doubleday, Page & Company for selections from *The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page*, by Burton J. Hendrick, copyright by Doubleday, Page & Company.

To Margaret Fuller for the adaptation from *A New England Childhood*, published by Little, Brown, and Company, 1916, copyright by Margaret Fuller.

To the Girl Scouts, Inc., New York City, for material from the official handbook, *Scouting for Girls*, and for the photograph of Sacajawea, from their magazine, *The American Girl*.

To Ellen Day Hale for courteous permission to reprint "Nahum Prince," by Edward Everett Hale.

To Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., for "Velvet Shoes" from *Nets to Catch the Wind*, by Elinor Wylie.

To Harper and Brothers for the letter from *The Torch, a Book of Poems for Boys*, compiled by Louise Collier Willcox; and the selections from *The Boys' Life of Mark Twain*, *Mark Twain's Letters*, and *Mark Twain, a Biography*, by Albert Bigelow Paine.

To the Harvard University Press for quotations from *Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War against Germany*, by Mark Antony DeWolfe Howe.

To Henry Holt and Company for "I Met at Eve" from *Collected Poems*, by Walter de la Mare; the selection from *The Log of the Sun*, by William Beebe; and "After Sunset" from *Wilderness Songs*, by Grace Hazard Conkling, here reprinted by courtesy of the author also.

To Houghton Mifflin Company. The selections from Celia Thaxter; William Dean Howells; Edmund Clarence Stedman; *The Algonquin Legends*, by Charles G. Leland; *Wild Life on the Rockies*, by Enos A. Mills; and *The Shoes That Danced and Other Poems*, by Anna Hempstead Branch are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

To Charles Kellogg, Postmaster at Detroit, Michigan, for material concerning the Detroit River Post Office.

To *The Literary Review* of *The New York Evening Post* and the author for "First Snow," by Charles Erskine Scott Wood.

To Little, Brown, and Company for "A Matter of Importance" from *The Golden Windows*, by Laura E. Richards, and "The Flower Magician" from *The Wonder-Workers*, by Mary H. Wade.

To The Macmillan Company for "A Yoke of Steers" from *Skylines and Horizons*, by DuBose Heyward; "Interior" from *Wild Earth and Other Poems*, by Padraic Colum; "Up a Hill and a Hill" from *Myself and I*, by Fannie Stearns Davis; "The Coin" from *Flame and Shadow*, by Sara Teasdale; the Indian Prayers from *The Old North Trail*, by Walter McClintock; and the selections from *The Old Town*, by Jacob A. Riis.

To the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America for material from *The Official Handbook for Boys*.

To the Perry Mason Company and the authors for the following selections from the *Youth's Companion:* "The Weaver," "Get Up in the Cream of the Morning," and "The Young Columbus," by Nancy Byrd Turner; and "A Wireless from Sombrero," by Robert A. Morton, here reprinted by courtesy of the author also.

To Reilly & Lee Company and the author for "Next To —" from *Up*, by George Matthew Adams.

To Charles Scribner's Sons for "Chimes" from *The Poems of Alice Meynell.*

To Small, Maynard & Company for "The Sea Gypsy" by Richard Hovey.

To M. H. Spielmann for material from *Kate Greenaway*, by M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard, published by A. & C. Black, Limited.

To Frederick A. Stokes Company for "The Dew-Light" from *Poems by a Little Girl*, by Hilda Conkling; and "Makers of the Flag" from *The American Spirit*, by Franklin K. Lane.

To Gene Stratton-Porter, Inc., for "The Lost White Wild Strawberries" from *Tales You Won't Believe*, by Gene Stratton-Porter, Doubleday, Page & Company, publishers.

To the University Society, Inc., for "Granny," by Kate Upson Clark, from *The Young Folks Treasury*.

To *The Wellspring* for "A Garden Spot," by Pringle Barret.

RANDALL J. CONDON

FOREWORD

THERE was never a time when the schools needed more than now to reëxamine what they are teaching and the way they are teaching, to the end that emphasis may be placed where it belongs, upon life and the things that make for useful and worthy living. Formal, static routine, mechanical processes and material, do not produce an education that will function in terms of life. Life can be learned only through living, and the more abundant life comes from the things of the spirit. Since "character is higher than intellect," we need to turn our thoughts to a consideration of character as the supreme end of education, to set ourselves the task of devising ways and means for the development of personal character and for its expression in terms of social and civic service. But character cannot be taught, nor right habits of action formed, by any didactic process. Character grows out of life, is connected with life, expresses itself in terms of life, and must be established through living experiences and through the formation of right habits of action inspired by and conducted according to the highest ideals.

The Atlantic Readers grew out of a profound conviction that there is need of fine and fresh material dealing with moral problems — of books that will deepen the sense of moral truth and inspire to noble action.

As an immediate guide to the preparation and selection of the material, ten thousand representative teachers throughout the country were asked through their superintendents to send statements as to what they were using, what plans they had followed, what had been found of greatest value, and what more they needed to help them in the work of character edu-

cation. These replies, which afford a composite view of what is now being done by the best teachers in the most representative schools of America, have served as the basis for the plan of these books. If the Readers are different, this is due, not only to our own conviction that they should be, but to the demand of teachers and superintendents everywhere for reading of this character. They are designed to be books, not of information, but of inspiration. Yet they contain material of real informational value, and the utmost care has been taken to verify scientific, historic, and other factual statements. Something of fancy, imagination, and dramatic interest may have at times been sacrificed in the interest of truth, but anything lost in this respect has been more than offset by the gain in accuracy.

In addition to the many teachers, hundreds of men and women in other professions and occupations, representing a great cross section of American life at its best, were consulted about their own early reading and its influence on their lives, and were asked for suggestions from their later reading which might best help the young people of this day and generation. Most valuable material came from this source.

No selection has been included that does not deal with some phase of life or service; that does not deepen reverence, inspire faith, hope, or courage, teach kindness and helpfulness, magnify duty, obedience, and love of home and country, or foster some other virtue. Nor does the teaching end with inculcating respect and love for our own nation, for, while this is placed first, world fellowship, sympathetic understanding, good will, and coöperation are duly emphasized.

In the books for the upper grades, where these characteristics are emphasized, neither a "narrow nationalism" nor a vague "internationalism" is taught, but a strong, self-reliant nationalism that would seek and find opportunity for expression in terms of world helpfulness, peace, and fellowship. In this,

as in all other matters, a conscious attempt has been made to teach tolerance, kindness, and open-mindedness in order that the child may learn to see and respect another's point of view upon questions about which there is an honest difference of opinion, to appreciate the settling of controversies by reason instead of by force, and to apply the Golden Rule in all personal, business, social, national, and international relations, so that he may be ready at all times to stand for right and justice no matter what the cost. In the later books especially we have turned back to the times that tried men's souls, giving something of the atmosphere of the days of old, thus helping the children to visualize the stirring times in which our fathers lived and fought for freedom. "Fought for freedom" — that is the only kind of war that we have recognized as worthy of a place in these books of character. And we have not hesitated to tell the story of the service which men and women have given in war as well as in peace, in order that liberty and justice might prevail. These books teach peace founded on justice, but they teach also the beauty of a willingness to die if need be for the sake of truth and honor, for freedom of conscience and of country.

No selection has been included that would tend to create a feeling of intolerance or controversy in social, religious, racial, or political matters. Many otherwise desirable selections have been discarded because they were found to contain a single paragraph or even a sentence that seemed to violate this standard. Far and near, selections have been sought that would help to deepen a sense of good will and fellowship and kindly consideration for others by emphasizing the fine qualities in all mankind. We have endeavored to teach that our pledge to the flag, "one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all," means a national unity of spirit that cannot be divided into groups or sects or races, — into rich and poor, into weak and strong, into those who work on farms, in factories, forests,

and mines, and those who do not have to toil, — this one nation to include all, with liberty of conscience and conduct for each; and that full justice must be done to all if America is to realize the great dream that our fathers dreamed, of social amity, with religious and racial equality for all the people.

The story form was early decided upon for the major portion of each book, since strong narrative and fine biography are the best means of conveying the truths and giving the inspiration desired. To these have been added description, essays, letters, and truly distinctive poetry. Only such selections have been accepted as would help to cultivate some fundamental quality of character. These qualities are presented, however, with no touch of didacticism or self-consciousness, but always in such a natural way as to make them seem altogether desirable and worthy of imitation, thus teaching by the subtle influence of example and suggestion.

In the nature selections, both prose and verse, there might seem to be an exception to the consistent plan of presenting well-defined ideals. But this type of material has been chosen deliberately and with the utmost care, in the belief that what Nature teaches makes for the right and best development of character, and that those who in early life come to love the great out-of-doors and to commune with Nature in her intimate forms will be drawn nearer to God and to man and will build their characters on a foundation that cannot be shaken. Like all the rest, the nature selections have been chosen to give inspiration and, by creating a love of nature, to supply the soul with food to nourish it in later life.

A number of selections, in themselves entirely worthy for the purpose, have been omitted because they may be found in other schoolbooks, and we set ourselves the task of assembling the largest possible amount of material not otherwise available. A few invaluable standard selections from both prose and

poetry have inevitably been included. In certain instances we have presented what might appear to be familiar material, but with so fresh a treatment as to render it virtually new. Much of the verse is new so far as its use in schoolbooks is concerned. We have met with a generous response from a great number of publishers and authors, and in more than one case permission has been given for the use of valuable material for which the privilege of reprinting had never before been granted.

There are two other ideas which have been kept clearly in mind in making these books.

First, realizing that children learn to read during the first two or three years in school, we believe that thereafter they should have material to read from which they may learn. In these books, the material is intended to teach the great lessons of life without which all the rest of their learning is of little avail. The question will be asked: Are these books intended as "basal texts"? By all means, for they deal with the most fundamental things in life: character, courage, service. Here is no need of a mechanical vocabulary. There are, it is true, some unusual words, but these come in naturally in order that children may have the satisfaction of adding them to their vocabulary as they go along. The simpler selections, as to both language and content, have been placed in Books I and II, the more difficult in Books III, IV, and V. In general, Book I should be used in the fourth year in school; Book V in the eighth year (in elementary school or junior high school); Books II, III, and IV in the intervening grades. Nevertheless it is our hope and expectation that pupils in the eighth grade will enjoy reading many of the selections in Books I and II, as well as in III and IV, and that pupils in the fifth and sixth grades will appreciate many of the selections in both earlier and later books.

The second idea is this. Children in school ought to have beautiful books made like those they would enjoy reading out of school. Consequently, in style and binding, printing, and general make-up, the attempt has been made to create books that in themselves will give enjoyment — books that a child would like to hold in his hands, that look and feel like those he would read in the library or at home. A great deal of thought has been given to this phase of the subject — the preparation of books, not for schools, but for children. The Readers have been planned to offer the largest possible amount of value for the price that Boards of Education could reasonably be expected to pay for schoolbooks. They have been made for the profit, not of publishers, but of children. This thought has determined the nature of the binding, the size of the book, the ease with which it lies open for reading, the margins, type, paper, and all such matters as go to the making of beautiful volumes. For beautiful schoolhouses and beautiful schoolbooks are inherently inspirational.

Each volume has an individual name and a word of dedication, to make it like any fine book that may be found outside of school; and we hope the Readers may be used not only in the schoolroom but in the library and at home, where parents and children may enjoy them together.

We have followed the advice of many teachers who asked us not to classify or group the selections by topics, but to place them in a natural and somewhat informal order, adding to the variety of interest and allowing teachers and pupils to use them for reading and class discussion in any order they might prefer. We have also deliberately kept from "cluttering up" the books with suggestions as to how the material should be used. All such "helps" are quite as likely to become hindrances. The Readers are for children and young people, who should not be told how the text is to be presented by the teacher. What we have done is to follow the majority of the

selections with Notes which will stimulate both teacher and child to further original discovery. In each volume there is also a brief pronouncing and defining vocabulary of the most unusual words.

We have tried to make living books, filled with living material, presented in a form to stir the emotions and to inspire youth to noble action. Here the teacher will find many opportunities to apply essential lessons to life. For it is action that forms as well as reveals character, and in the daily school, community, and home lives of the children must be found the incentives for the emulation of humble and heroic virtues.

Whether the material shall be used for oral or for silent reading must be determined by the purpose that the individual teacher has in mind. Many of the selections, because of their stirring action or because of the beauty of the language itself, should be used for oral reading, where the sound of the voice may interpret the deeper meanings or may add to the rhythm and melody of the language. Such reading affords opportunity for discussion, comparison, interpretation, and appreciation. Many others and perhaps most of the longer selections will be used to the best advantage if read silently, either as group or as individual assignments, or as the children themselves may wish to read them, preparatory to class consideration of the full ethical meaning. As to this, a single word of warning — do not attempt to force too many lessons or to draw obvious or hidden truths from all the selections read. If left alone, the material will convey its own truth and teach its own moral, and so leave a more lasting impression. The effect is likely to be weakened by too much discussion. Beauty interprets itself, whether seen in nature, in a fine painting or building or statue, or in conduct. By a few skillful questions or suggestions that help to reveal the message, we can bring the children under the spell of the beautiful, and then leave them alone to dream their dreams.

It is our confident expectation that some of the more difficult selections, read but not fully comprehended now, will afford a reservoir from which deep drafts will be drawn in after years to bring strength and comfort as the meaning becomes clear in the light of later experience and the thought turns back in memory to the time when the selections were read in school and only dimly understood. It is a great mistake to give children only what can be fully comprehended. They need something more.

No selection has been written down to the children; we respect them too much for that. We expect them to rise to noble thoughts, expressed in fine language. They always do, unless teachers or parents deal with them on such a low plane that there is nothing to lift them up.

And now the books are printed. They have been made for the children and their teachers. May their use help to create a reverence for God, an appreciation of nature, a greater respect for parents and older people, kindness and helpfulness one to another; and may these books help to fashion citizens worthy of the institutions received from our fathers, and ready to live — or die, if need be — in protection of the flag and the ideals for which it stands.

A NOTE ON SILENT READING

THE purpose of any book must be the determining factor in its presentation to children. As these Atlantic books are planned for children over nine years of age, they presuppose in the reader a fair degree of technique in both silent and oral reading. Here we find our first hint as to the method of handling this material.

Our next hint lies in the character of the selections made by the compiler, who explains in his Foreword that reading is simply a means to a worth-while end.

The third hint comes from the children in whose hands we place the books.

Try for the moment the experiment of substituting a "treasure chest" for the book. Treasure always arouses curiosity. Curiosity prompts exploration. Instantly hands become the keys needed to open the box, and the child is well launched on his road to discovery. Absorbed in his own search, he has no interest at first in other children, who may also have treasure chests. This is an individual quest and will so remain until the initial wonder, at least, has been satisfied. After the contents have been brought to view — in some cases dumped, as it were, out of the chest; in others, carefully examined — the child may spare the time to glance at the treasure of another, and even to compare notes, to explain, to borrow, to loan, and probably to exchange. Then for the first time the discoverer sees detail, and again and again he goes back to the thing that appeals to him particularly. Who would be so thoughtless as to take away this joy of discovery? Who would force the child to take a red package when he wants the one wrapped in silver? Who would have him save the other treasures until another time?

Following this natural cue, the technique for presenting and handling these books becomes clear and appealingly simple. Each book is a treasure chest and should be put into the hands of the child as such. Surely no one would deaden the spirit of inquiry by saying, "All turn to page one." The teacher's first aim is to

arouse curiosity, for curiosity is there in every child, just waiting to be stirred. The second is to foster curiosity until it prompts exploration. The third, and most difficult, is to allow the child to make his own discoveries.

While the child is lost in his exploration, the teacher will have time to remind herself that the opening of a treasure book is as much an individual exercise as is the opening of a treasure chest, and that, if she interferes, she will defeat her own purpose. She must tell herself that the keys in the hands of the child are his ability and desire to read for his personal enjoyment, and that only in this way can the real feeling of discovery come to him. For this, plenty of time should be given to the child and, wherever needed, much encouragement. Sometimes it happens that days elapse before he is ready to share what he has found, or to listen to the discovery of another, but this by no means signifies that the golden opportunity has been lost.

Joy in discovery through reading must be the fundamental thought in the use of books of this type. Where there is real joy, sharing it with another is a perfectly natural step. The teacher must be ready for this opportunity and must see its full possibilities. These include retelling, discussion, oral reading of beautiful selections, and following the varied and alluring hints found in the Notes and new avenues of investigation suggested by the children, which would in their natural course lead to the use of other books and the sharing of real experiences.

When material is presented in this way, silent reading is necessitated by the initial mood of curiosity, which has been deliberately aroused. It becomes the winged horse that, by its very swiftness, carries the reader happily to the desired end. Oral reading, on the other hand, by the slowness of its pace deadens the spirit of curiosity and often defeats the very object that it seeks.

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THE WONDERFUL TUNE

THE WONDERFUL TUNE

ONCE upon a time, a young minstrel wandered over hill, over dale, through the world, earning his bread as he strayed by piping on a penny-pipe to all who cared for a tune. Young was he and little of stature, his eyes and his hair were brown, and in bright blue was he clad.

Now it came to pass that, as he wandered through the world, the little minstrel said to himself one morn, "If some tunes make people merry, and others make them sad, whilst still others make them dance, why should there not be a tune so wondrously pleasant and gay that all who chance to hear it must remain joyous of heart, and can never be sad or bad or unhappy again? Down the roads of the world I shall seek the wonderful tune."

And with this new thought in his mind, the little minstrel continued on his way through the world, bidding good-morrow to all, questioning all. And some there were who thought him mad, and were scarcely civil; others pushed him aside as a jesting vagabond; and there were even those who would have cast him into prison as a disturber of the public mind and a wandering rogue. But there were others, too, and these were the brave and the merciful and the kind and the merry, who speeded him on his way and wished him luck in his quest.

The summer ripened and came to an end; the crackled leaves tumbled and fled before a howling wind; snow covered the lonely fields; and still the little minstrel roamed the world, seeking the wonderful tune.

Now it fortuned that as the little minstrel turned his steps to the west, he arrived in the city of a king whose court musician was said to know all the tunes in the world. Travel-worn, brown of face, and humbly clad as he was, the youth made his way through the palace and, cap in hand, knocked gently at the great musician's door.

From behind the little green door, long runs and wiggles and cascades of tinkling notes came dancing out into the quiet of the deserted marble corridor. The youth knocked yet again. Presently the notes ceased, and, opening the door with a stately bow, the court musician invited the young wanderer within.

And now the youth found himself in a pleasant room, painted a fair apple-green and set about with panels edged with gold; the furniture, too, was painted green and gold, and there were flowered curtains, a dozing cat, and a china bowl. As for the court musician, he was clad in a superb costume of the most fashionable lavender brocade.

"Honored Master," said the little minstrel respectfully, "I am roaming the world for a tune so pleasant and merry that, once men have heard it, they can never be sad or bad or unhappy again. Pray do you know this wonderful tune?"

"Yes, indeed, I know many a wonderful tune,"

replied the court musician. "Listen, now, was it this?" And, seating himself at a gay green-and-gold harpsichord, the court musician played a merry song full of the most elegant tinkles and trills.

"No, I am sure that is not the wonderful tune," said the little minstrel, looking through an open window at tiny clouds sailing the sunny sky of a mild midwinter day.

"Then surely this is it," said the court musician, playing a second merry tune.

But the little minstrel shook his head once more.

"Dear me, dear me! Not the wonderful tune?" exclaimed the court musician, wrinkling his brow and pursing his lips. "Ah! Wait! I think I have it!" And this time he lifted the cover of the harpsichord so that the minstrel could see the little picture of frolicking shepherds painted upon it, and played a long, harmonious, and majestical strain.

But the little minstrel shook his head again.

"My young friend," said the court musician, with something of a fatherly air, closing the harpsichord as he spoke, "I have played for you the only three tunes I know which might be the wonderful tune. Are you quite sure you are not wasting your life upon this quest? Perhaps such a tune as you tell of was once known in the world, and is only hidden away; yet again, perhaps it is all only a dream. You should go to the Kingdom of Music, and inquire."

"The Kingdom of Music," cried the youth. "I've never heard of such a realm. Pray, sir, by what road does one go?"

"Come!" said the court musician, taking the youth by the arm and leading him to the open window. "See you that land of blue cloud-capped hills at the world's edge, and the broad and winding river which disappears among them? You have but to follow that stream. Farewell, young friend, the world is before you, and may you find the wonderful tune!"

League after league and day after day, the little minstrel followed the winding river, till spring stood upon the hills. On a bright morning when the leaves of the elms were the size of a mouse's ear, he arrived in the land of melody. The King of the Kingdom of Music was rehearsing his orchestra that day, and the whole great world under the blue sky was humming to the sound of thousands upon thousands of horns, flutes, trumpets, trombones and clarinets, and the thumping and be-thumping of thousands upon thousands of bass drums, kettledrums and cymbals.

Every single person in the Kingdom of Music was a member of this orchestra. Babies alone were excepted, though on one occasion the King had made use of a gifted child with a fine, musical howl. When the rehearsal had come to an end, and the King had placed his golden baton on the royal music stand, the little minstrel went to him, and asked for news of the wonderful tune.

"The wonderful tune," said the King, nodding gravely, "Yes, once there was even such a wonderful tune! In those days peace and plenty reigned in the world, and everyone was happy at his task. One luckless eve, alas! the tune in some manner happened

to get broken up into notes; and before anyone could help it, these notes were scattered and lost through all the kingdoms of the world. Young man, I fear your search is in vain; never more shall the sons and daughters of men hear the wonderful tune."

"But perhaps someone might gather the notes together again," said the little minstrel eagerly.

"Many have tried to do so," replied the King. "Of those who fared away, some returned weary in the days of their youth, others crept back in old age, and others yet were lost forevermore. And never a one returned with a single note of the wonderful tune."

"Then is the time come for a new search," cried out the little minstrel bravely. "Farewell, O King of the Kingdom of Music, for I must be off gathering the notes in the highways of the world."

"Farewell good youth," answered the King. "Return to us when your quest is ended; and may you come piping the wonderful tune."

Seven long years rolled over the world; the little minstrel searched diligently and far and wide, yet never a trace could he find of a single note of the wonderful tune. His blue coat, which had been so gay, was now sadly tattered and torn; even his penny-pipe had a dent in it, and his shoes, alas! were scarce worth the putting-on in the morn.

Now it came to pass, on a day in the early winter, that the little minstrel arrived in a northern land and followed a woodland road through the silence and the cold. The sky was overcast with a wide tent of dull

gray cloud, through which a sun swam, cold as a moon; and the whole world was very still — so still indeed that the only sound the little minstrel could hear was the scattering of the leaves beneath his feet. Twilight came, and found the little minstrel far from a house or village; a cold wind arose, and presently a thick snow began to fall. And now the night and the snow closed in upon the wanderer. Huddled in his ragged cloak, the little minstrel trudged bravely on into the whirling storm; but little by little the cold crept into his body and bones, a weariness and a hunger for sleep overcame him, and suddenly he sank unknowing in the brambles by the road.

When he opened his eyes again, a great open fire was burning before him on a huge hearth; a blue mug of steaming milk lay waiting at one side; and over him there bent anxiously two kindly young folk — a sturdy country-lad in a green smock, and a pretty lass in a dress of homespun brown. These twain were a young husband and wife who lived in a little house in the wood, loving each other dearly, working contentedly at their daily tasks, and dealing hospitably and generously with all. Returning through the storm from a distant sheepfold, the young countryman had found the little minstrel lying in the snow and had carried him on his shoulders to the shelter of his home.

After a few days had passed, and the little minstrel felt quite himself again, he told his generous friends of his search for the notes of the wonderful tune. It was at night that he told of his quest; the supper

OVER HIM THERE BENT ANXIOUSLY TWO KINDLY YOUNG FOLK

had been cleared away, the house was still and the little minstrel and his hosts were gathered by the fire.

"A note of the wonderful tune — bless me, but I think we have one in this house!" exclaimed the young wife. And she went to the mantel and fished about in an ancient brown bowl standing in the gloom. "Yes, here it is, sure enough — a note of the wonderful tune!"

And thus did it come to pass that the little minstrel obtained the first note of the wonderful tune; for the young husband and wife were quick to make a gift of it to their guest.

But now you must hear how he found all the notes save the last.

The second note the little minstrel discovered on a glorious midsummer day. It had lain in an old bird's-nest in the heart of a great tree, and a chance breeze tumbled nest and note together at the minstrel's feet.

The third note had been hidden away amid the books of a famous scholar who lived all alone in an ancient tower, gathering the wisdom of the world.

The fourth note was given the minstrel by a little child whose toy it was.

The fifth note was turned up out of the earth, on a spring morning, by a whistling ploughman who saw the minstrel passing by and called to him to come and see the strange thing he had found.

The sixth note the minstrel had of a weaver, who labored in his own house at his own loom and upon it wove fair and beautiful things.

The seventh note a great nobleman possessed; he

dwelt in his castle free of little fears and mean rivalries; and truth and courage and honor were his squires.

The eighth note the minstrel had of a young sailor, who chanced to discover it in an old ship that sailed the seas.

Of the ninth and last note, however, there was still no sign; so the little minstrel put the eight others into his one pocket that had no hole in it, and turned again to his quest. And presently he walked over a hill into the Kingdom of the Blue Lakes, where reigned the Lady Amoret. Clad in a queen's robe of scarlet and cloth of gold, and seated in a jeweled throne, the Lady Amoret received the ragged pilgrim of the tune.

"The last note of the wonderful tune?" said the Lady Amoret. "Seek no more; it is here. Beyond the palace domain, by a lake in the depths of the wildwood, my court fool has built for himself a bower, and upon its wall hangs the last note of the wonderful tune. Tarry with us a while, and you shall have it. I promise you."

"May I not go this very instant and find it, Your Majesty?" asked the little minstrel anxiously. "Long have I roamed the world in search of it, and I need it so for the tune!"

"Nay, tarry a while," answered the Queen, unyielding; "for even were I to bid you go, you would never find the bower, so cunningly is it hidden in the wood. You have wandered long and afar, good friend; tarry now a while from your quest. My kingdom is the fairest in the world, and you shall have all you desire."

And Amoret gave a command that new apparel of the fairest blue cloth be prepared for the little minstrel, and that a place be set for him at the royal board.

Now it came to pass that, as the Lady Amoret and her court beheld how brave a youth the little minstrel appeared in his new apparel, and hearkened to the thousand wonderful tales he had to tell of his quest, they found him the best company in the world and determined to hold him in the realm. To this end, therefore, they strove to drown the memory of his quest in a tide of gayest merriments; but, in spite of feasts and festivals, the little minstrel never once forgot the last note of the wonderful tune. Whenever he could manage it, he fled from the court and tried to make his way to the hidden bower of the fool, but only succeeded in losing his way in the thousand tangled paths of the wildwood. Again and again he besought the court fool, only to be met with a mocking courtesy, a finger to the lips and a jesting wink of the eye.

Now it came to pass one morning that the Lady Amoret suddenly took it into her head to destroy the last note lest the minstrel should discover it and go. Summoning the captain of the palace guard before her, she said to him: —

"Go to-night to the bower of the court fool; take the last note of the wonderful tune, and fling it into the depths of the lake."

And now it was night, and the lords and ladies of the court, strolling forth from dinner, walked through

the palace to the terrace of the west. A storm was gathering afar, an approaching thunder growled, and lightning, flashing in the sky, was mirrored in the pools of the fountains. Presently there came wind and a patter of rain, and soldiers of the palace guard entered to close the windows and the doors.

The little minstrel stood apart by a great window, gazing forth into the darkness and the storm. His fine new clothes weighed like lead upon his shoulders; his jeweled neckcloth scarce left him free to breathe; and with all his heart he longed for his rags, his liberty, and the cool rain on his eyes.

But the last note — he could not leave that behind. Suddenly he heard one soldier say to another: —

"Our companions will be caught in the storm; they have ridden forth with the captain to the fool's bower, to destroy the last note of the wonderful tune."

"Oh, the note, the note, my note! Oh, what shall I do?" cried the minstrel, his heart sinking into depths of despair. "Even now it may be lost to the world — this time forever! I must find the court fool; he shall tell me where the bower lies!" And he looked about in the splendid throng for the fantastic motley of the fool; but he saw only many in rich garments, and the gleam of jewels reflecting many lights.

Suddenly he chanced to recall that the court fool dwelt in the garret of the palace, so up great and little stairs he fled to the fool's chamber in the eaves. The rain was now falling in torrents on the roof close

overhead. Never pausing to knock, the little minstrel burst in at the door.

Candles were burning within the humble chamber, the lightning flared at an oval window, and the court fool stood in the centre of the floor, still in his motley clad.

"My friend," said the court fool, with a low bow and a mocking smile, "allow me to present you with the last note of the wonderful tune." And with those words he handed the note to the very much astonished youth.

"I feared lest mishap destroy it," continued the court fool, "so yestereve I took it from my bower. You see, I believe in the wonderful tune; and without my note, this last note, your tune would scarce be worth the playing. And now, your hand, little minstrel, for you must hurry away at once through the wind and rain."

So the minstrel pressed the hand of the court fool and, hastening down a tiny corner staircase, went forth into the storm. And as he fled, he cried aloud to the thunder and the rain and the wild wind: —

"The wonderful tune, the wonderful tune! I have it, I have it — the wonderful tune!"

And now the storm wore itself away, the summer stars shone forth in the clearest of blue skies, and the only sound to be heard was the rain drip-dripping from the trees. Drenched to the skin, but with a fire of joy in his heart, the minstrel hurried through the night toward the Kingdom of Music far away.

When he arrived there, on a summer's morning,

he found the people of the palace assembled in the hall of state, and the King upon his throne.

"I have it, Your Majesty!" cried out the little minstrel breathlessly; "I have it, every note; here is the wonderful tune!"

"What! The wonderful tune?" cried the King, leaping to his feet. "Quick, somebody, ring all the bells, send trumpeters through the streets, assemble the orchestra, and call hither the Violinist-in-Chief, the Lord Organist, and the Grand Harper. We shall play it over at once!"

"H-m," said the Violinist-in-Chief, after he had put on his huge spectacles and studied the wonderful tune, "Don't you feel that those last bars ought to be played very fast, like this: tum-diddy-tum — tum-diddy-tum — tum-diddy-tum — diddy-dum-dum-dum?"

"No, I do *not* agree with you," replied the Lord Organist, a huge personage with a majestic air and a bad temper. "Those bars should be played slowly," here he waved a large solemn finger, "like this: tum — tum — tum — tum — tum — tum — tum — tum — tum!"

"You are both entirely wrong," interrupted the Grand Harper, a short contradictory fellow with long arms and long fingers. "To my way of thinking the entire tune should be played throughout in the same time, in this fashion; listen to my tapping now: da-da — dee-dee — da-da — dee-dee — da-da — dee-do-dum."

"Impossible! Absurd! No, never!" cried the Lord Organist and the Violinist-in-Chief in one long indignant breath. "We appeal to the King!"

But the King had ideas of his own on the matter.

And thus it was that the musicians all took to quarreling as to how the wonderful tune should be played, and are quarreling still. But some day they will make up their minds as to how it should go; the little minstrel will leave the Kingdom of Music and come through the world piping the tune; and then, oh, then, what times there will be!

HENRY BESTON

NOTE. — Many minstrels have sought for the wonderful tune, and some have found it. Not only in joy and merriment have they come upon it, but through long years of toil, and want, and hardship, and sorrow. They have discovered it in the hearts of all sorts and conditions of men.

This tune comes to us in the masterwork of a great musician or painter or sculptor or poet. It comes in deeds and lives and sacrifice. A note of it may come in the kindly eyes of a friend. And if we have no quarrel with the way it should be played, the tune is ours to hear. It echoes and reëchoes from the valley and the steeps; it spreads upon the water like the rings that pebbles make, enlarging, mingling. It lingers in the heart when all else has departed; and from the silence, faintly first, then louder it winds, coming like a beam that shines in some dark chamber when we need it most.

UP A HILL AND A HILL[1]

Up a hill and a hill there's a sudden orchard-slope,
And a little tawny field in the sun;
There's a gray wall that coils like a twist of frayed-out rope,
And grasses nodding news one to one.

Up a hill and a hill there's a windy place to stand,
And between the apple-boughs to find the blue
Of the sleepy summer sea, past the cliffs of orange sand,
With the white charmèd ships sliding through.

Up a hill and a hill there's a little house as gray
As a stone that the glaciers scored and stained;
With a red rose by the door, and a tangled garden-way,
And a face at the window checker-paned.

I could climb, I could climb, till the shoes fell off my feet,
Just to find that tawny field above the sea!
Up a hill and a hill, — oh, the honeysuckle's sweet!
And the eyes at the window watch for me!

Fannie Stearns Davis

[1] From *Myself and I*, by Fannie Stearns Davis. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

THE OLD TOWN [1]

THE other day, when I was busy in my garden, I heard the whir of swift wings and saw a flight of birds coming from the hills in the east. Something in the way in which they flew stirred me with a sudden thrill, and I stood up, feeling forty years younger all at once.

"Blackbirds," said Mike, looking aloft, but I knew better. I watched them wistfully, with eager hope, and when they were over me and I saw their orange bills, I knew that I had not been mistaken. They were starlings, beloved friends of my boyhood, come across the seas at last after all these years, looking for me, perhaps.

It seemed as if it must be so, and I dropped spade and trowel, and took up hammer and saw to make boxes for them as I used to, so that they might know I was waiting to welcome them. I am waiting now. Every day I look to see if my feathered chum is there, perched at my window. And he will come, I know. For he cannot have forgotten the good times we had in the long ago.

You see, we grew up together. Almost the earliest thing I remember is the box at my bedroom window which the first rays of the rising sun struck in spring. Then, as soon as ever the winter snows were gone and the daffodils peeped through the half-frozen crust, some morning there would be a mighty commotion

[1] From *The Old Town*, by Jacob A. Riis. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

in that box. Black shadows darted in and out, and a great scratching and thumping went on.

And while I lay and watched with heart beating fast, — for was not here my songster playmate back with the summer and the sunlight on his burnished wing? — out he came on the peg for a sidelong peep at my window, and sat and whistled the old tune, nodding to the bare trees he knew with his brave promise that presently Jack Frost would be banished for good, and all would be right. Was he not there to prove it? And it was even so. The summer was right on his trail always.

The weeks passed, and the Old Town lay buried in a dreamy sea of blossoming elders. In field and meadow the starling was busy from early dawn till the sun was far in the west. For his young, of whom there was always a vigorous family, — and oh! the glorious blue eggs we loved to peep at before Mrs. Starling had taken them under her wing, — had a healthy appetite and required no end of grubs and worms. But whether they went to sleep early or he thought they had had enough, always when the setting sun gilded the top of the old poplar, he would come with all his friends and sing his evening song. In the very top branches, swaying with the summer wind, they would sit and whistle the clear notes in the minor key I hear yet when I am worn and tired, and that tell me that some day it will all come back, the joy and the sunshine of the young days.

It was for him I turned my hands to their first labor of love. I made him a house of an empty

starch box, and later on, when I had learned carpentering, I built for his family a tenement of three flats that hung by my window many years after I knew it no more. I had long been absorbed in the fight with tenements made for human kind when my father wrote that the winter storms had blown down the box and broken it, and that written inside in my boyish hand, they found these words: —

"This box is for starlings, but, by the great horn spoon, not for sparrows. — JACOB RIIS"

We did not like sparrows. They were cheeky tramps, good only to eat when there were enough of them. The starling was a friend.

I suppose it was the near approach of the time of his going away, with the stork and the swallow, to leave us in the grip of the long winter, that made me try to cage him once. How I could, I don't know. Boys are boys everywhere, I suppose. I made the cage with infinite toil, caught my starling, and put him in it. But when I saw him darting from side to side struggling to get out to the trees and the grass and the clouds, my heart smote me, and I tore the cage apart and threw open the window. It was many days before I could look my friend in the eye, and I was secretly afraid all winter that he would not come back. But he was a generous bird and bore no grudge. Next spring he was there earlier than ever, as if he knew. . . .

Neither have I forgotten the long peaceful twilights of summer when we drifted down the river in

our boat, listening to the small talk of the mother duck with her young, and to the chattering of uncounted thousands of starlings in the reeds where they had settled for the night, settling too, as was proper, the disputes of the day before they went to sleep. If only men were always so wise. In the midst of it we would suddenly get on our feet and shout and clap our hands, and the flock would rise and keep rising, farther and farther down the river, until the sky was darkened and the twilight became night, while the rush of the million wings swelled into rolling thunder. We stood open-mouthed and watched the marvelous sight, while the youngest crowded up close, half afraid.

Ah, well! they were the old days of sweet memories, and here they have come back to me on the wings of the black starling. Who brought him, or how he came, I do not know, but glad am I. And while I am waiting for him to sound his message of cheer and good-will at my window, let me try and hold fast awhile the Old Town we both loved, and from which it must be that he has come straight. Else, why should he seek me out?

JACOB A. RIIS

NOTE. — Jacob Riis was a native of Denmark, and his book, *The Old Town*, is a story of his boyhood days.

"Tenements made for human kind." Jacob Riis was a leader in the improvement of housing conditions in crowded parts of New York City. When Theodore Roosevelt was Police Commissioner there, he frequently made all-night trips

into every corner of the city in order to know and understand its needs, and on these rounds Jacob Riis was usually his guide.

Something to read: *The Making of an American*, by Jacob Riis.

THE COIN [1]

INTO my heart's treasury
I slipped a coin
That time cannot take
Nor a thief purloin, —
Oh, better than the minting
Of a gold-crowned king
Is the safe-kept memory
Of a lovely thing.

SARA TEASDALE

NOTE. — The "heart's treasury" is the true treasury. Songs are not made to be hoarded in dusty, lonesome piles; they are for the heart to sing. All the flowers in a florist's window are owned by the passer-by who, beholding, takes them to himself in gladness.

[1] From *Flame and Shadow*, by Sara Teasdale. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

LETTERS FROM WILLIAM JAMES TO HIS CHILDREN

[A PHILOSOPHER is one who seeks wisdom, loving the truth in all things. Socrates was a great philosopher of ancient times who taught the building of a better world. Philosophers through all the centuries have thought and taught and written.

William James was an American philosopher and the author of books about the mind. He was the brother of Henry James, the novelist, and one of his sons was named Henry. Like many another father, William James wrote delightful letters to his children at times when he or they were away from home — letters which show that he was both loving and wise.]

(*To his Son Henry*)

Cambridge, *Mar.* 27 (1888)

BELOVED HEINRICH, — Your long letter came yesterday P.M. Much the best you ever writ, and the address on the envelope so well written that I wondered whose hand it was, and never thought it might be yours. Your tooth also was a precious memorial — I hope you'll get a better one in its place. Send me the other as soon as it is tookin out. They ought to go into the Peabody Museum. If any of George Washington's baby-teeth had been kept till now, they would be put somewhere in a public museum for the world to wonder at. I will keep this tooth, so that, if you grow up to be a second Geo. Washington, I may sell it to a Museum. When Washington was only eight years old his mother did n't know he was

going to be Washington. But he did be it, when the time came. . . .

I dined last night at the Dibblees'. The boys had been to dancing-school. I like their looks. All the boys and girls together kept up such a talking that I seemed to be in a boiler factory where they bang the iron with the hammers so. It's just so with them every day. But they're very good-natured, even if they don't let the old ones speak. . . .

Thump Bill for me and ask him if he likes it so nicely.

Jap's [1] nose is all dry and brown with holding it so everlastingly towards the fire.

We are having ice-cream and the Rev. George A. Gordon to lunch to-day. The ice-cream is left over from the Philosophical Club last night.

Now pray, old Harry, stick to your books and let me see you do sums and read *fast* when you get back.

The best of all of us is your mother, though.

Good-bye!

Your loving Dad,

W. J.

(*To his Son William*)

18 Garden Street, *Apr.* 29, 1888

9:30 A.M.

Beloved Williamson, — This is Sunday, the Sabbath of the Lord, and it has been very hot for two days. I think of you and Harry with such longing, and of that infant whom I know so little, that I can-

[1] A small pug dog.

not help writing you some words. Your Mammy writes me that she can't get *you* to *work* much, though Harry works. You *must* work a little this summer in our own place. How nice it will be! . . . Jap leads a dull life, without you and Margaret Mary. I tell him if it lasts much longer, he'll grow into a common beast; he hates to be a beast, but unless he has human companionship, he will sink to the level of one. So you must hasten back and make much of him. . . .

On Monday morning the 14th or Sunday night the 13th of May, I will take you into my arms; that is, I will meet you with a carriage on the wharf, when the boat comes in. And I tell you I shall be glad to see the whole lot of you come roaring home. Give my love to your Mammy, to Aunt Margaret, to Fräulein, to Harry, to Margaret Mary, and to yourself.

Your loving Dad,

Wm. James

(*To his Daughter*)

El Paso, Colo., *Aug.* 8, 1895

Sweetest of Living Pegs, — Your letter made glad my heart the day before yesterday, and I marveled to see what an improvement had come over your handwriting in the short space of six weeks. "Orphly" and "orfly" are good ways to spell "awfully," too.

I went up a high mountain yesterday and saw all the kingdoms of the world spread out before me, on the illimitable prairie which looked like a map. The

sky glowed and made the earth look like a stained-glass window. The mountains are bright red. All the flowers and plants are different from those at home. There is an immense mastiff in my house here.

HIS PAWS ARE MAGNIFICENT, HIS TAIL KEEPS WAGGING *ALL* THE TIME. HE LONGS TO DO GOOD

I think that even you would like him, he is so tender and gentle and mild, although fully as big as a calf. His ears and face are black, his eyes are yellow, his paws are magnificent, his tail keeps wagging *all* the

time, and he makes on me the impression of an angel hid in a cloud. He longs to do good.

I must now go and hear two other men lecture. Many kisses, also to Tweedy, from your ever loving

DAD

(*To his Son Alexander*)

[GENEVA, *circa* [1] *May* 3, 1900]

DEAR FRANÇOIS, — Here we are in Geneva, at the Flournoys' — dear people and splendid children. . . . I enclose pictures of the dog. Ariane-Dorothée r-r-r-olls her r-r-r's like fury. I got your picture of the elephant — very good. Draw everything you see, no matter how badly, trying to notice how the lines run — one line every day! — just notice it and draw it, no matter how badly, and at the end of the year you'll be s'prised to see how well you can draw. Tell Billy to get you a big blank book, . . . and every day take one page, just drawing down on it some *thing*, or *dog*, or *horse*, or *man* or *woman*, or *part* of a man or woman, which you have looked at that day just for the purpose to see how the lines run. I bet the last page of that book will be better than the first! Do this for my sake. Kiss your dear old Grandma. P'r'aps we shall get home this summer after all. . . .

Keep motionless and listen as much as you can. Take in things without speaking — it'll make you a better man. . . .

Always your loving

DAD

[1] A Latin word, meaning "around."

NAHUM PRINCE

THIS is the story of Nahum Prince, and the tears are in my eyes now as I think of him. He must have lived a hundred or more years ago, and he died, I do not know when. He was lame. Something had mashed his foot so that he could hardly walk.

It was at the time of the fighting with Burgoyne, and General Lincoln was at the front, and was ordering out every man from the New Hampshire grants and Western New Hampshire. And all the regular companies of troops had been marched out. Then there came the final call for all who could go, and all the old men and boys volunteered; and there was not a boy over thirteen years of age in the village that did n't go, except Nahum Prince. When they were getting ready to go he stood up, as well as he could, with an old Queen Anne's arm on his shoulder. And the captain came along and saw him, and said: —

"Nahum, *you* here!"

"Yes, I am here," said Nahum.

Then the captain said: "Go home, Nahum; you know you don't belong here; you cannot walk a mile."

So he called to the doctor, and the doctor said: "Nahum, it's no use; you must go home."

Then they all marched off without him. Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, went the drums; and every man and boy of them went off and left poor Nahum Prince alone. He had a good home, but he was very homesick all that night, and did n't sleep much; and

the next morning he said: "I shall die before night if I stay here all alone, the only boy in town; I must do something."

It was coming autumn. It was not late, but he knew he must do something; so he went down and split old Widow Corliss's wood for her, for he could split wood though he could not march. He had not been splitting wood more than an hour when four men on horseback came down the road and stopped. He could see them stand and talk. They all went off, and then one came back again and beckoned to Nahum; and when he came up, the man on horseback said: —

"Where are all the men gone?"

"They have all gone off to join the army," answered Nahum.

"And is n't there any blacksmith in the town?'

"No, there is n't a man or a boy in the town except me, and I would n't be here only I am so lame I cannot walk."

"Do you mean to tell me that there is nobody here who can set a shoe?"

"Why, I can set a shoe," said Nahum.

"Then it is lucky you are left behind. Light up the forge and set the shoe."

And now comes the most interesting part of the story. Nahum lighted up the fire, blew the coals hot, and set the shoe on the horse; and the horse and the rider went away, after the man had thanked Nahum; and Nahum finished splitting the widow's wood. And when the next week the boys came home and

told how Colonel Seth Warner came up on his horse just in time, leading the First Regiment, and how he took the prisoners and won the day, Nahum did n't say anything, but he knew that Colonel Warner never would have been on that horse if he had n't set that shoe. And it was Nahum Prince and Seth Warner that won the splendid victory which ended the Battle of Bennington.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

NOTE. — At twenty-one years of age, the patriot Captain Nathan Hale regretted that he had but one life to give for his country. The author of this story was his grandnephew, Edward Everett Hale, the eminent clergyman. During the eighty-seven years of his life he gave noble service to the same country for which the young martyr-hero had died. It was Edward Everett Hale who wrote *The Man Without a Country.*

"Queen Anne's arm" refers to a weapon such as was issued to soldiers during the reign of Queen Anne. That was from 1702 to 1714, or more than half a century before the American Revolution. The words "Queen Anne" are often used as an adjective to describe a style prevailing in her time, as, a Queen Anne house, or Queen Anne furniture. And the pretty name for the blossom of wild carrot is Queen Anne's lace.

A little neglect may breed great mischief:
For want of a nail the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe the horse was lost;
And for want of a horse the rider was lost,
Being overtaken and slain by an enemy—
All for want of a little care
About a horseshoe nail.

FRANKLIN

INDEPENDENCE HALL[1]

It is little wonder that people at home and abroad consider Independence Hall as hallowed ground and revere the Liberty Bell as a sacred relic. That pile of bricks and mortar, that mass of metal, have long been identified with a great cause.

Our forefathers came to certain conclusions and decided upon certain courses of action which have been a great blessing to the world. The mind of the people was not so much engrossed in how much they knew, or how much they had, as in how they were going to live. They were a people who came under the influence of a great spiritual development and acquired a great moral power. No other theory is adequate to explain or comprehend the Declaration of Independence.

The things of the spirit come first. Unless we cling to that, all our material prosperity, overwhelming though it may appear, will turn to a barren sceptre in our grasp. We must follow the spiritual and moral leadership which they showed. We must keep replenished, that they may glow with a more compelling flame, the altar fires before which they worshiped.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

[1] From an address delivered in Philadelphia upon the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence.

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

MAKERS OF THE FLAG[1]

[Address delivered on Flag Day, 1914, at Washington, D.C., before the employees of the Department of the Interior.]

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "are n't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice. "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

[1] From *The American Spirit*, by Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior. Reprinted by courtesy of Frederick A. Stokes Company, publishers.

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words: —

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school-teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag: —

"The work that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnought, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of to-morrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making."

FRANKLIN K. LANE

A GARDEN SPOT

A GARDEN spot may be a noisy place
Where droning bees
Seek honey, spiders weave their silver lace
Upon the trees,
And little birds sing songs the livelong day.

Or it may be so silent that it seems
The flowers sleep,
And shy, mysterious virgin dreams
Their vigil keep,
And God communes with earth the livelong day.

PRINGLE BARRET

NOTE. — Here falls a strange, uneven, drowsy rhyme, like stalks of larkspur, foxglove, and Canterbury bells, with low calendula and petunia set between. That is the "noisy" stanza. The "silent" stanza is measured in dream poppies, evening primroses, and palest garden lilies, with pansies for the short lines, and forget-me-nots.

Have you tried to rhyme a poem that frames a picture of something you have seen, with two thoughts held together by a "livelong day"?

GOING A-NUTTING

No clouds are in the morning sky,
  The vapors hug the stream —
Who says that life and love can die
  In all this northern gleam?
At every turn the maples burn,
  The quail is whistling free,
The partridge whirs, and the frosted burrs
  Are dropping for you and me.
    Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!
      Hilly ho!
In the clear October morning.

Along our paths the woods are bold,
  And glow with ripe desire;
The yellow chestnut showers its gold,
  The sumachs spread their fire;
The breezes feel as crisp as steel,
  The buckwheat tops are red:
Then down the lane, love, scurry again,
  And over the stubble tread!
    Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!
      Hilly ho!
In the clear October morning.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

NOTE. — The story that follows, called "A Boy and His Books," tells some of the reasons why Edmund Clarence Stedman was able to write this jolly poem.

A BOY AND HIS BOOKS

"EDMUND," said his mother to Edmund Clarence Stedman when he was five years old, "how would you like to go to visit your uncle, Judge Stedman, at Norwich Town, in Connecticut? Your cousins Charlie and Tom are there, they will be big brothers to you; and there is Ferdinand who is ten, nearly twice as old as you; and the three girl cousins and your three aunts and the hired man, Jeremiah. There are brooks, and fish in the brooks, and trees to climb, trees with nuts as thick as leaves; and there are cows and dogs and horses and geese and pigs!"

Edmund's eyes shone. He could not crowd into his pocket fast enough the bladeless pocketknife which was his dearest pride; he could not wait for the hour to start; he could not wait — until he learned that his mother was not to go too. Then his eyes became very grave and he drew back.

"Edmund darling," said his mother, and held his hands against her heart, "I wish you to think every morning and every night and all day long that it is Mother's prayer for you and her hope and expectation that you will be a student and a scholar, that you will love books and all that is beautiful, that you will be a poet. But stronger than her desire that you should be a poet is her desire that you should be a gentleman. When you grow a little older, and perhaps an hour comes when you must choose between being courteous and considerate, and pursuing

uninterrupted the book which you are reading or the task that you are at work upon, lay aside self and selfish aims. Be a gentleman and gracious. *Noblesse oblige*[1] shall be your motto. Edmund, say *Noblesse oblige*."

"No-blesse —"

"Oblige,"

"O-blige," repeated Edmund.

"*Noblesse oblige* means all that Mother is telling you. Think first of others. When you have given your word, keep it. Place service before fame; honor before life; in everything be kind. Such a gentleman was your father; be the son of that gentleman. And if you can follow too in the paths of your mother, love the beautiful and pursue it. Read what the world calls literature, even if you cannot understand it. When you play, play with all your might, and when you work, work with all your soul."

"Edmund, get into the coach," said his grandfather.

The driver of the stagecoach was a good sort of fellow. He let Edmund drive the horses, and very soon Edmund was nodding like an old stager to passers along the road. And when he nodded, they nodded, too. Riding in a stagecoach was nothing short of traveling in a tavern on wheels. Wayfarers were continually entering and leaving, and they all appeared to know Edmund.

Even Jerry, the man of all work, knew him when,

[1] A French phrase, pronounced *nō'blĕs' ō'blēzh'*.

the long journey over, he at last stood in his uncle's courtyard. His cousins Annie and Tom knew him, and Annie called, "Father, little Ned is here!"

Edmund held out his hand to the portly gentleman in fleckless black, who was evidently his uncle, and said, "I am glad to see you."

"The child has his father's ways," said the gentleman, and looked around at the three ladies behind him.

But Edmund's eyes were following a strand of blue that ran in and out of the homemade carpet. His mother's eyes were blue.

"He seems to be a very quiet child," commented Aunt Eunice.

"Quiet for a boy," added Aunt Abby.

Edmund had never before heard himself called a quiet little boy. But he did not heed the surprising words. The kitchen door stood ajar and disclosed a pump and sink. He looked up at his stately uncle as if he were pleading his own case. Then his eyes fell to the strand of blue. He was gathering courage.

"May I brush my teeth, please?" he asked swiftly. "I promised my mother that I would brush them every morning, and I have n't done it yet!"

Annie's laughter outrang blithely.

"Of course you may brush them; come into the kitchen with me."

During the whole of that first year in Norwich Town, it seemed to Edmund as if he were still in the stagecoach, traveling, traveling, so continuous were the new scenes, new people, new ways. Not only

were there his relatives in the Stedman homestead, but there were kinsmen all around town; and no sooner did he grow wonted to one group than a fresh clan, with half-familiar features, mingled among the faces that he knew, and there he was again! — unable to tell Cousin Lucrece from somebody else's Cousin Lucretia.

He christened Bobbin Mill Brook "My Brook," because he loved it. The brook was always the same and yet never the same. He lay on the stone footbridge in the summer, watching a trout that was two inches long. He trudged along the mirrory path of crested ice in winter, while the brook purled and sang to him — all frozen save its voice!

He went to school to Mrs. Lathrop. From the kitchen drifted whiffs of Shrewsbury drops a-baking. Mrs. Lathrop breathed of goodies, and just at the hard parts of the lessons she would be minded of gingerbread in the oven, and out she would hurry to try it. But it was in the brick schoolhouse on the Green that his true school days began. All was buzz and restiveness in the schoolroom, and in the anteroom where the rusty dipper lolled in the mossy pail all was listlessness and calm; but when Miss Dustin took down the five-foot-six-inch horsewhip that reclined on nails over her head, and grasped a culprit by the ear, then the fall of a pin in the schoolroom resounded tumultuously, and the anteroom awoke. Thrashings in those days were conducted behind locked doors, and the sound from the anteroom of agonized prancings, scufflings, thuds against the wall,

dinner pails clattering as the lash of the whip curled among them, was a lesson to inspire the listening school with awful caution.

In Tom and Ed Harland's house, on Sentry Hill, Edmund could see the books before he mounted the stairway. The walls are covered with them. The walls have not shown themselves for generations; the most they can do is to squint through random spaces left by gadding volumes. The books move and have a being. They warm to the touch of human hands; they answer to the gaze of human eyes; they are sought after, and loved, and taken on jaunts from attic to arbor. They share the hearth light and the lamplight with the family; they are brought forward to be introduced to strangers; they accompany friendly personages home; they go visiting the neighbors.

Books upstairs and down, books from floor to ceiling, books are the walls in Harland House. The stair rail, instead of shutting Edmund off from the shelves, shut him in, as he sat on the floor and leaned against its not too distant staves.

Aside from its books, Harland House is a storied place, built as all the around-town houses were built in the forenoon of the eighteenth century. The roof of Harland House crowns a sheer granite cliff called Sentry Hill, and no Indian chieftain climbed to that house, I assure you, without losing his head before he had a chance to take to his heels. Henry Harland of England built Sentry Hill. He made the finest

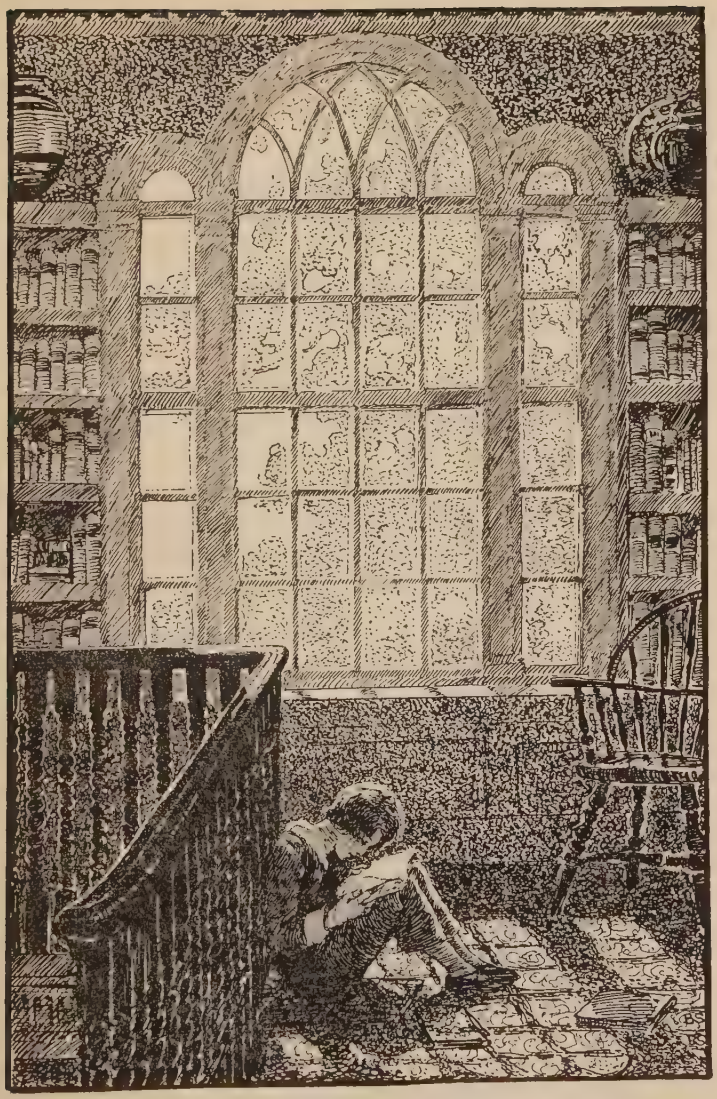
clocks in the Colonies. You will find his name in books that tell of clocks.

Harland House is indeed a storied house, and Norwich Town a storied town. The railroad from Petrograd to Moscow was engineered by a young man whose sister lived on the Sheepwalk to the Landing. His name was Whistler, and his son was James McNeill Whistler, the artist.

But this is not telling you of little Edmund. In the gloaming of a midsummer holiday, he was sitting on the floor in the upper landing of Harland House, reading. He had a book on his knees and a heap of books by his side. He could not read fast enough. His shining eyes darted from line to line, and his attentive forefinger ran along underneath the words to help him keep his place. He was full of business. His zeal ran away with his senses. He heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing beyond the magic of the page.

It was thus, out of breath, hasting and exultant, that he happened upon Captain Marryat who sailed in the good ship Beaver. A dashing, fine gentleman Captain Marryat was. Edmund went back to the Stedman house convinced that there had never lived his like since time began. He dreamed of Captain Marryat. He talked to himself of Captain Marryat. All of Captain Marryat's universe was contracted into the span of his unresting little brain, and he decided that if ever he ran away, he would run to sea, and sail to his mother.

Edmund was as fond of books as a water spaniel



IT WAS THUS THAT HE HAPPENED UPON CAPTAIN MARRYAT

of a pool. He scented a library afar off and knew the rounds of them. There was a library in Mr. Daniel Coit's house — and besides the library, there were curios, and pictures. When he came to Tom and Ed Harland's house or to Mr. Coit's, Edmund slipped through the gate, and mounting the doorstone, stood at the threshold with his cap in his hand, waiting patiently to be let in. In his delight at being tall enough when a-tiptoe to reach the Harland knocker, he lifted the great brazen *S*, and having lifted it, let it down noiselessly. He was very good when he was good.

If Gussie Green saw him at the gate, she flew to the door, and cried out, "Oh, come on in, Ned!" and Edmund, glancing past her at the bookshelves, entered his desired Eden blissfully. She had a book of fairy tales — "The White Cat," "Aladdin's Lamp," "Puss in Boots"; it was the first book that Edmund read from cover to cover.

Time after time he read the tales, but whenever he came to the end of one of them he gave way to a prodigious sigh of satisfaction. With so heavy odds against the hero, the happy-ever-afterward ending always seemed an impossibility. He trembled for the White Cat lest she should fail to appear in time to entertain her rescuer; he trembled for the Prince lest he should turn back at the crucial hour. Rapt beyond time and place, he would whisper to the Prince, "Go on — don't stop — it's all right — just go on a little farther"; and to the White Cat, "Don't cry, White Cat; he'll come back — he's coming back

— right on the next page!" But this was when he was by himself. When Gussie read the tales aloud to him, he sat motionless, with all his seething fears and hopes and sighs pent close and fast, and with his luminous deep eyes as big as saucers, until the final word was reached. And then he said, "Gussie, if it were not for Captain Marryat, I am sure that your book would be the finest book that ever was written."

If it were not for Captain Marryat! Even the Prince who won the White Cat could not make him faithless to the gallant captain.

When, toward twilight, he tired from reading, he stood with his nose flattened against the pane. He watched his toad in the garden-walk wait sagely for its supper to come within reach of its tongue. He watched

> . . . a wondrous Argosy,
> The Armada of the sky!

He watched the planet Venus pouring the loveliness of the afterlight into her cup. During a spell of sharp unseasonable cold, he saw the young creatures shiver as they came homeward against the east wind; and not many years later, when he told tales to his youngest son, he wrote: —

> Which is the Wind that brings the rain?
> The East-Wind, Arty; and farmers know
> That cows come shivering up the lane,
> When the East begins to blow!

One day a loafer in the cobbler's shop held out a greasy yellow paper book.

"Here's the book for you, Bubbie!" he said.

"It's a shame to give that book to a baby!" remarked a bystander.

"I'm no baby!" retorted Edmund, and spat on the floor to show how much of a man he was. "But I don't want your book — no, sir!"

"Why not?"

"I don't know that it is good style!" he said stoutly. "I promised my mother that I would never read any books that were not good style. My mother told me that if I read cheap books I should grow up and never know what it was to appreciate a fine book; I should have to ask other people, 'Is this a fine book?' because I should not be able to tell for myself. She said that instead of having a taste for things that counted for something, I would be content to read trash, and I would become like what I read. My mother says that taste is like a plant, and that it grows if one tends it, but that if one neglects it and leaves it to itself, it will die. My mother says that if I do not take care of my taste, I shall lose it, and if I once lose it, there is not any doctor that can make it come back."

Silence surrounded him. "Your mother is right, Edmund," said the storekeeper, who had come to the door. "Better not read at all than read what is cheap."

Lithe and ready-hearted, shy yet daring, Edmund was welcomed by a call of "Hello, Steddy, old boy!" or "Hello, E. C.!" wherever he appeared. The big boys made him an honorary member of their Desperado Gang. "You never squeal," they told him.

"Land! Master Stedman, ride Meg around the Green if you like!" said the stablekeeper jocosely, on a day when Edmund hung about the skittish roan as if he longed to mount her. "You can pay me when you come 'into your property.'"

Butcher and baker and candlestick maker offered to trust Edmund, merely for the mirth of it. He was so proud and so poor and so serious in recording his obligations.

Deacon Stedman laughed grimly. "You'll never get a cent from that boy, I warn you!" he exclaimed.

"Then the boy will never get a cent!" replied the stableman pointedly. "You can't fool old Dick on a lad or on a hoss. If Master Edmund comes into his own, he'll pay me gold for silver!"

And with the first money that Edmund earned he was back in Norwich, paying childhood bills which all save he had forgotten.

With his uncle, he was like a savin that is bent to the earth by a snowdrift, but he straightened gradually whenever he was out of doors for any length of time, and alone. His heart sang at the sight of the spring, or at the sound of the ripples in the river. He thought that it was the reach and spread of the elms that lifted something within him, but it was something within him that lifted him above the tree tops.

The boy traced every stream to its source. He spied the water lily planting her own garden; he saw her coil the stem of her full-blown flowers into tightening spirals, and draw each ripening seed pod down into

the ooze. He contemplated the father bass guarding the helpless fry. He learned to know the mother bass, and just when and where to find her dozing. He brought home orchises — Arethusa, moccasin flowers, and coralroot — and made bouquets for Annie and for Tom's wife. He stood guard over the young cicada until the dewlike beads at its thighs unfolded into wings as blue and frail as smoke from an autumn fire, and the tender body and wonder-wandering eyes gathered texture from the sunlight and breeze.

Edmund tramped to the field where the chieftain Miantomono lost his life. He learned all the legends. Nothing escaped him. His fancy strayed everywhere. His hill-shadowed bedchamber was now the City of Brass and now the Palace of the Alhambra; he had only to turn the leaf of his book, and he was swept through time and tide and stranded on Galápagos. He was Sir John Franklin, and the Spy, and Alexander Selkirk; he was Roland Graeme and Roderick Dhu and Captain Bonneville.

Edmund's mother lived to see her son honored in two continents as gentleman, poet, critic, wit, scholar, financier. Her dream was granted. More than all else, he was kind. With his heart of song, he followed the path of toil. He gave himself in many ways to strengthen literature and native art. Noble in candor, unswerving in loyalty, touching in sincerity, fine in friendship, chivalrous, he never spoke a blighting word. He was afraid of nothing in life or death.

Joy no less than care ran to meet Edmund; he

knew more happiness in a minute than many men discover in a lifetime. And to the last, he laughed the laughter of a boy. He never let go the motto which his mother gave him in his boyhood — *Noblesse oblige!*

MARGARET FULLER

NOTE. — *Noblesse oblige* is an old French motto of knighthood. It means, "Nobility obliges"; that is to say, high rank brings duties as well as privileges. A nobleman set himself a high standard and felt bound to serve his fellow men. Sir Philip Sidney, dying on the battlefield, gave his only cup of cold water to a private soldier close by.

In the very last story of this book, the boy Philip Le Blanc, who gave "the tree that fought for France," had in his heart the same feeling of obligation that stirred the heart of Edmund Clarence Stedman.

GRAY DAY

GRAY day, gray day,
  Where have you hid the blue?
And where is the gold of yesterday
  That drank the morning dew?

Gray day, gray day,
  You cannot veil the sun,
As long as a little color burns
  In the heart of everyone.

FRANCES AVERY FAUNCE

TO A BUTTERFLY

I'VE watched you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little Butterfly! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless! — not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard-ground is ours;
My trees they are, my Sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days, when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

NOTE. — "My Sister's flowers." These belonged to Dorothy Wordsworth, who kept house for her brother William and was the poet's dearly loved companion. She was thirty and he was thirty-one, and summer days when they were young seemed very far away.

BY THE APPLE TREE

THE SAME BLUE SKY

By the apple tree there is a low bank, where the grass is less tall and admits the heat direct to the ground. Here there are blue flowers, bluer than the wings of my favorite butterflies, with white centres — the lovely bird's-eyes, or veronica. The violet and cowslip, bluebell and rose, are known to thousands; the veronica is overlooked. The ploughboys know it, and the wayside children, the mower, and those who linger in fields, but few else. Brightly blue and surrounded by greenest grass, embedded in and all the more blue for the shadow of the grass, these growing butterflies' wings draw to themselves the sun.

BY THE APPLE TREE THERE IS A LOW BANK

From this island I look down into the depth of the grasses. Red sorrel spires stand the boldest, and in their numbers threaten the buttercups. To these in the distance they give the gipsy-gold tint — the reflection of fire on plates of the precious metal. It

will show even on a ring by firelight — blood in the gold, they say.

Gather the open marguerite daisies, and they seem large — so wide a disk, such fingers of rays; but in the grass their size is toned by so much green. Clover heads of honey lurk in the bunches and by the hidden footpath. Like clubs from Polynesia, the tips of the grasses are varied in shape. Some tend to a point, the foxtails; some are hard and cylindrical; others, avoiding the club shape, put forth the slenderest branches with fruit of seed at the ends, which tremble as the air goes by. Their stalks are ripening and becoming of the color of hay while yet the long blades remain green.

Each kind is repeated a hundred times; the foxtails are succeeded by foxtails, the narrow blades by narrow blades, but they never become monotonous; sorrel stands by sorrel, daisy flowers by daisy. This bed of veronica at the foot of the ancient apple has a whole handful of flowers, and yet they do not weary the eye. Oak follows oak and elm ranks with elm, but the woodlands are pleasant; however many times reduplicated, their beauty only increases.

So, too, the summer days; the sun rises on the same grasses and green hedges, there is the same blue sky, but did we ever have enough of them? No, not in a hundred years! There seems always a depth somewhere unexplored — a thicket that has not been seen through, a corner full of ferns, a quaint old hollow tree, which may give us something. Bees go by me as I stand under the apple, and they pass on, for the

most part bound on a long journey across to the clover fields or up to the thyme lands; only a few go down into the mowing-grass. The hive bees are the most impatient of insects; they cannot bear to entangle their wings beating against grasses or boughs. Not one will enter a hedge. They like an open and level surface, places cropped by sheep, the sward by the roadside, fields of clover, where the flower is not deep under grass.

THE HUMBLEBEE

It is the patient humblebee that goes down into the forest of the mowing-grass. If entangled, the humblebee climbs up a sorrel stem and takes wing, without any sign of annoyance. His broad back with tawny bar buoyantly glides over the golden buttercups. He hums to himself as he goes, so happy is he. He knows no hive; no cunning work in glass receives his labor; no artificial saccharine aids him when the beams of the sun are cold; there is no step to his house that he may alight in comfort. The way is not made clear for him that he may start straight for the flowers, nor are any sown for him. He has no shelter if the storm descends suddenly; he has no dome of twisted straw, well thatched and tiled, to retreat to. In autumn the grass stiffens at nightfall, and he must creep where he may, if possibly he may escape the frost. No one cares for the humblebee. But down to the flowering nettle in the mossy-sided ditch, up into the tall elm, winding in and out and round the branched buttercups, along the banks of

the brook, far inside the deepest wood, away he wanders and despises nothing.

His nest is under the rough grasses and the mosses of the mound, a mere tunnel beneath the fibres and matted surface. The hawthorn overhangs it, the fern grows by, red mice rustle past. It thunders, and the great oak trembles; the heavy rain drops through the treble roof of oak and hawthorn and fern. Under the arched branches the lightning plays along, swiftly to and fro, — or seems to, — like the swish of a whip, a yellowish red against the green. A boom! A crackle as if a tree fell from the sky. The thick grasses are bowed, the white florets of the wild parsley are beaten down, the rain hurls itself, and suddenly a fierce blast tears the green oak leaves and whirls them out into the fields; but the humblebee's home, under moss and matted fibres, remains uninjured. His house at the root of the king of trees, like a cave in the rock, is safe. The storm passes and the sun comes out; the air is the sweeter and the richer for the rain, like verse with a rhyme; there will be more honey in the flowers.

Humble he is, but wild; always in the field, the wood; always by the banks and thickets; always wild and humming to his flowers.

FROM BOUGH TO BOUGH

The bark of the ancient apple tree under which I have been standing is shrunken, like iron which has been heated and let cool round the rim of a wheel. For a hundred years the horses have rubbed against it while feeding in the aftermath. The scales of the

bark are gone, or smoothed down and level, so that insects have no hiding place. There are no crevices for them; the horsehairs that were caught anywhere have been carried away by birds for their nests. The trunk is smooth and columnar, hard as iron. A hundred times the mowing-grass has grown up around it; the birds have built their nests, the butterflies fluttered by, and the acorns dropped from the oaks. It is a long, long time, counted by artificial hours or by the seasons, but it is longer still in another way.

A HUNDRED TIMES THE MOWING-GRASS HAS GROWN UP AROUND IT

The finch in the hawthorn yonder has been there since I came out, and all the time has been happily talking to his love. He has left the hawthorn indeed, but only for a minute or two, to fetch a few seeds, and comes back each time more full of song talk than ever. He notes no slow movement of the oak's shadow on the grass; it is nothing to him and his lady dear that the sun, as seen from his nest, is crossing from one great bough of the oak to another. The dew, even in the deepest and most tangled grass, has long since been dried, and some of the flowers that close at noon will shortly fold their petals.

The morning airs, which breathe so sweetly, come less and less frequently as the heat increases. Vanishing from the sky, the last fragments of cloud have left an untarnished azure. Many times the bees have returned to their hives, and thus the index of the day advances. It is nothing to the finches; all their thoughts are in their song talk. The sunny moment is to them all in all. So deeply are they rapt in it that they do not know whether it is a moment or a year. There is no clock for feeling, for joy, for love.

And with all their motions, and stepping from bough to bough, they are not restless; they have so much time, you see. So, too, the thrush that just now peered out and partly fluttered his wings as he stood to look. A butterfly comes and stays on a leaf — a leaf much warmed by the sun — and shuts his wings. In a moment he opens them again, half wheels round, and by and by — just when he chooses, and not before — floats away. The flowers open, and remain open for hours to the sun. Hastelessness is the only word one can make up to describe it: there is much rest, but no haste. Each moment, as with the finches, is so full of life that it seems long and sufficient in itself. Not only the days, but life itself lengthens in summer. I would spread abroad my arms and gather more of it to me, could I do so.

RICHARD JEFFERIES

From *The Pageant of Summer*

NOTE. — "Clubs from Polynesia." Like savage weapons of the mid-Pacific isles, these grasses are.

"Dome of twisted straw." Old-fashioned golden beehives were made of straw and set on platforms, each with a small entrance door for the bees. "Beehive shaped," we say, meaning like those little domes.

"Up to the thyme lands." The wild thyme of the Old World is cultivated in America. An herb garden is a flavorsome thing to have. There should be mint, sweet marjoram, and summer savory; thyme and catnip and tansy; lavender, bee balm, rosemary, and sage; pennyroyal; bay. Set with spices from the Far East, a pantry shelf may be a treasure galleon. With dried herbs from the garden, the cupboard sings a crooning, cozy song about dear familiar scents and flavors.

Wheel, wheel through the sunshine,
Wheel, wheel through the shadow;
There must be odors round the pine,
There must be balm of breathing kine,
Somewhere down in the meadow.
Must I choose? Then anchor me there
Beyond the beckoning poplars, where
The larch is snooding her flowery hair
With wreaths of morning shadow.

Sydney Thompson Dobell
From "Home, Wounded"

THE BOY SCOUT WEARS A UNIFORM

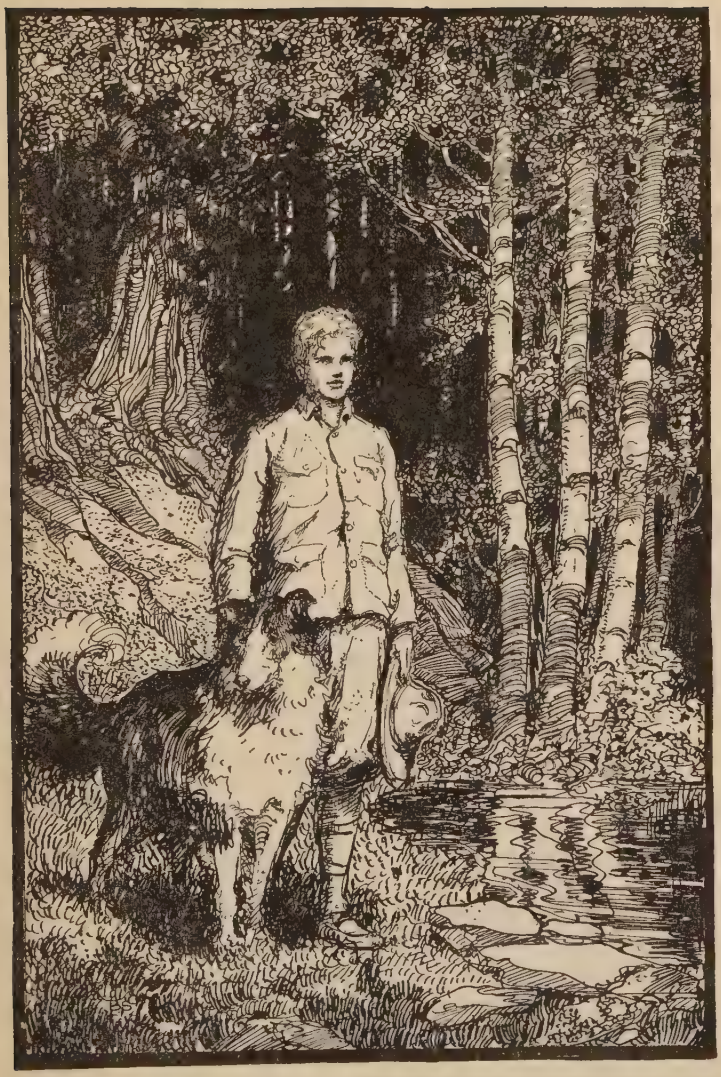
When you see a person in uniform, you know that he belongs to a group or organization that is banded together to do some special kind of work or carry out some definite idea. That is what a uniform is for — to say to all who see it that he who wears it does not stand alone, but that others stand shoulder to shoulder with him, ready to carry on the work to which they have pledged themselves. What, then, does the Boy Scout uniform stand for?

The aim of the Boy Scouts of America is to make every Boy Scout a better citizen. By teaching him campcraft and woodcraft, it helps him to build a sound body, so that in after days he may have strength to give of his best to the community in which he lives and the nation of which he is a part.

It seeks to develop his mind through observation and the gathering of knowledge of things far and things near, so that when he enters business life he will be alert and intelligent, and therefore able to add to the wealth of the nation.

It teaches him courtesy and unselfishness, duty, charity, thrift, and loyalty, so that, no matter what may happen, he will carry himself as a gentleman, seeking to give sympathy, help, encouragement, and good cheer to those about him.

It teaches him life-saving, in order that in moments of peril on land or sea he may know how to rescue those who are in danger, and how to relieve suffering.



THE BOY SCOUT

It teaches him to guard his health by being temperate, eating pure food, and keeping himself clean, so that he may use that health in the service of his country when she needs him.

It teaches him patriotism by telling him about the country he lives in, — about her history, her resources, her wealth of natural grandeur and beauty, and the men and women whose deeds have made her name honored throughout the world — in the hope that this knowledge will influence him to follow in their footsteps.

Good citizenship means to the Boy Scout not merely looking forward to doing certain things when he becomes a man, such as voting, keeping the law, and paying his taxes, but looking for chances to do "good turns" now, by performing acts of helpfulness or courtesy that make others happier or make his home town a better place to live in. By the good turn that he does every day as a Boy Scout, he is training himself for unselfish service that the community and the nation greatly need.

When a boy joins the Scouts, he raises his right hand with three fingers pointing upward and the thumb and little finger lying across the palm and, holding it so, he takes an oath: that is, he makes a very solemn promise to himself and to the other Scouts. There are three parts to that promise — one for each of the three upright fingers: —

"On my honor, I will do my best

"To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout law.

"To help other people at all times.

"To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

When a boy, by taking that oath, promises to obey the Scout law, he does not mean one law alone, but the whole body of Scout law, of which there are twelve separate parts or laws.

1. A Scout is trustworthy. A Scout's honor is to be relied on. If he were to violate his honor by telling a lie, or by cheating, or by not doing exactly a given task when trusted on his honor, he may be directed to hand over his Scout badge.

2. A Scout is loyal. He is loyal to all to whom loyalty is due: his Scout leader, his home, and parents, and country.

3. A Scout is helpful. He must be prepared at any time to save life, help injured persons, and share the home duties. He must *do at least one good turn to somebody every day.*

4. A Scout is friendly. He is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout.

5. A Scout is courteous. He is polite to all, especially to women, children, old people, and the weak and helpless. *He must not take pay for being helpful or courteous.*

6. A Scout is kind. He is a friend to animals. He will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless life.

7. A Scout is obedient. He obeys his parents, Scout master, patrol leader, and all other duly constituted authorities.

8. A Scout is cheerful. He smiles whenever he can. His obedience to orders is prompt and cheery. He never shirks or grumbles at hardships.

9. A Scout is thrifty. He does not wantonly destroy property. He works faithfully, wastes nothing, and makes the best use of his opportunities. He saves his money so that he may

pay his own way, be generous to those in need, and helpful to worthy objects. *He may work for pay, but must not receive tips for courtesies or good turns.*

10. A Scout is brave. He has the courage to face danger in spite of fear, and to stand up for the right against the coaxings of friends or the jeers or threats of enemies, and defeat does not down him.

11. A Scout is clean. He keeps clean in body and thought, stands for clean speech, clean sport, clean habits, and travels with a clean crowd.

12. A Scout is reverent. He is reverent toward God. He is faithful in his religious duties, and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion.

Hand in hand with the Scout law goes the Scout motto, "Be prepared." A boy may want to be helpful and he may promise to be helpful, but unless he knows how, he cannot keep that promise. The motto is a constant reminder that a Scout must train himself for service by learning how to do things.

In 1925, on the nineteenth of April, — the day that Massachusetts celebrates as Patriots' Day, in memory of the battles of Lexington and Concord, — a Boy Scout stood on the platform of old Faneuil Hall, in Boston, to be decorated by General Pershing. As the Commander of the American Forces in the World War pinned the decoration on the boy's breast, he said, "I am proud to stand on the same platform with you." In the preceding winter, at the risk of his own life, this Scout had saved a boy from the icy waters of Boston Harbor, working over him until he brought him back to consciousness. Such a deed

called not only for bravery, but for knowledge. To be sure, the life-saver might have been just as brave if he had not been a Scout, but it was this Scout's knowledge that enabled him to make his courage count.

In order that he may give First Aid to the injured, a Boy Scout must know something about the structure of the human body. He must learn the shape and position of the larger bones, the joints, and the muscles; how the blood circulates, and where the large veins and arteries are. He must know how the process of breathing is carried on, and what to do to help it. He must know also something about how food digests, about the nervous system, about the senses of touch, sight, taste, smell, and hearing, and about the skin.

Depending on such knowledge, the Boy Scout can bandage a broken arm or leg, to prevent an injured person from suffering further harm before a doctor reaches them. Or he can apply a tourniquet to stop the flow of blood from a wound. He knows what to do when a person faints, and what a compress is for; and what stimulants to use, and how to give them. When someone is bruised, or strains a muscle, or has a nosebleed, or gets something in his eye, the Boy Scout knows the remedy. He has learned how to treat a person who is suffering from sunstroke or frostbite or a blow on the head. His First Aid training has taught him how to help those who have come to harm in skating, shooting, or fishing. He knows how to get someone to shore who is in peril of his life through drowning. And if that person is uncon-

scious, the trained boy also knows how to revive him. All of this understanding may enable a Scout to save a life that might be lost if he could do nothing but run for an ambulance or a doctor, or call the police.

The Boy Scout learns how to use firearms; and after he has attained a certain skill by practising under a specially appointed range officer, he receives a merit badge for marksmanship. Before receiving this honor, however, he must agree to follow the Boy Scout Marksman Code: —

I hereby promise upon my honor *never* to

Thoughtlessly point my gun at any human being, under any circumstances.

Handle a firearm without first examining to make certain it is empty.

Load a firearm while persons are in front of me.

Shoot at or kill a harmless animal or bird for the mere pleasure of killing.

Skylark with firearms in hand or while engaged in target practice.

Engage in aiming and snapping the hammer except with the firearm pointed toward the target.

Shoot in the open without first taking every precaution for the safety of others.

Be unsportsmanlike when engaged in contests of skill with firearms.

Lay aside a firearm without cleaning after being used.

Take anything for granted; but always to bear the above rules in mind.

The marksmanship badge is only one of many to be gained through knowledge that enables the Scout

to help other people. Another is awarded for knowing and following the rules of Safety First. To win this badge, the Scout must name four or more conditions that are a source of danger in the home — such as throwing matches into the waste basket or leaving oily rags in the cellar — and indicate what steps should be taken to correct these conditions. He must also : —

Produce satisfactory evidence that he is personally responsible for the application of at least two constructive Safety First principles in his own home.

Name the most serious violation of public safety principles which has come under his observation, and produce satisfactory evidence that he has done all within his power to correct this violation.

State in writing at least six of the most important regulations covering street safety to meet the conditions of the neighborhood in which he lives.

State in writing at least six of the most important regulations covering street safety to meet the conditions of the school he last attended.

Submit in writing an outline of his own plan for a school fire drill and explain the method of properly carrying it into effect.

State in writing at least six violations of Safety First principles which are responsible for accidents in connection with railroads.

Pass a satisfactory examination showing a knowledge of the importance of the Safety First Movement and the most important principles it involves, and satisfactorily demonstrate his ability to assume leadership in case of a fire, panic, or other disaster.

There are other things in scoutcraft that every boy finds it worth while to master. He should know, for example, how to tie a rope around the body of a wounded or unconscious comrade with a knot that will neither slip nor draw tight; how to fasten a rope to a smooth log so that he can drag the log without the knot's coming undone; how to make a boat fast to a pier so that it cannot go adrift. He may have to hitch a horse to a fence, and should know how to use a knot that the horse cannot work loose, but that he himself can undo in a moment. Even so simple a task as piecing his mother's clothesline can be done in such a way that the knot will slip and let the clothes down, or so that the more strain there is the tighter the knot will hold. The Scout knows the right way.

The final law of the Scout is reverence. The final test of a Scout is doing a good turn to someone every day, quietly and without boasting. This is practical religion, and a boy honors God best when he helps others most. That is true Scouthood.

WATER

Sing a song of water!
Some may tell of kings,
Some of valiant deeds of old,
Some of ventures wild and bold,
Some of other things;
But we will sing of water
And the blessing that it brings.

First, water in the sea,
Surging and rolling where the great ships ride,
Where the tremendous tide,
Tumultuous green,
Wide-winged, salt-keen,
Comes driving straightly home
To the long sand —
Spindrift and stormy foam —
And makes a mighty music on the strand.

Then, river water slipping,
Silent and lovely, down
Past meadow, hill, and town,
Dappled and dipping;
Deep blue by day,
At sunset, gold and rose,
And tranquil gray
At twilight's close;
With willows by its brim
And white sails curtsying
At the horizon's rim.

Brook water, amber-brown,
Rippling and ruffling down
With talky, tinkling tones
On little stones;
So frolicky and frisking
With happy minnows whisking,
With light and shadow shaking,
And bubbles breaking —
So quick and clean and cool
For dusty ankles on their way from school!

Lake water, crystal-clear,
Its still heart stirred to the far dip of oars,
With laughter carrying sweetly to the shores,
And ripples widening near and yet more near.

Deep water in a pool,
A quiet pool that gathers stars at night
And, in the hot daylight,
Splashes and echoes to the cheery noise
Of bathing boys.

A fountain in the sun,
Bright colored water, upward, outward spun,
Making a web of light,
Wind-blown and rainbow bright,
Its weaving never done.

Pond water, firm as glass,
Frozen deep down, where gliding figures go,
Gay-hearted lad and lass,
Warm clad, with cheeks aglow,

With bright tossed tassel and scarf, and flying heel,
The hard ice singing
One long high note, word of the keen-cut steel
On crystal ringing.

Water in diamond dew;
Water in drifting fog that folds the plain
And blurs the land from view;
Water in soft gray mist,
In pearl-white, toppling clouds that roll and gather,
Turning to amethyst
Upon the hot sky line,
Foretelling on their purple edges rain,
In summer weather.

Rain water, falling, falling,
Plentiful sweet on drouth-dry garden places,
On parching plants and thirsty flower faces;
Quick, silver-footed rain
Treading the windowpane,
Slow stepping on the dusty poplar leaves;
Rain on the roof at night,
Making a drowsy song and moving light
Along the eaves,
Slow drumming, down the dark, a long refrain —
Fresh, fragrant summer rain!

Water in steam:
Great ship, far-plunging train,
Factory and mill, all pulsing with the power
To work man's earnest scheme.
Water in steam

Urging great levers, driving wheel and rod,
Piston and shaft, hour after ponderous hour —
No labor spent in vain —
Shaping man's dim, age-old, unending dream
Under the hand of God!

Water to drink:
From a deep well; from the dark ragged brink
Of some unfailing spring,
Cool, clear, and glimmering;
Or, from a roadside rill,
Slowly in dear, delicious leisure quaffed,
Sparkling and cold, until
The traveler's thirst is blest —
Water to drink, a long, life-giving draught,
Aye, water at its best.

Tell the tale of water!
Some will tell of glory,
Some of honor, some of play,
Many a stirring story,
Songs of life and old romance
Ringing far and near;
But we will sing of water —
And all the world shall hear!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

WHAT THE GIRL SCOUT STANDS FOR

In the days of King Arthur and the Table Round, women were guarded, protected, and revered. Because of the rude conditions of the times, it was not safe for a woman to go about unprotected. Every castle was a fortress, and the girls and women spent much of their lives behind its walls. But within that domain the chatelaine, or mistress of the castle, had almost the authority of a queen. Though her knight might be absent, she could not be idle, for the regulation and management of all the affairs of their dwelling place rested on her shoulders; and a household in those days might include a hundred people and provide shelter for half a hundred guests besides.

Not only was the chatelaine expected to be charming in person, and skillful in the needlework that made the draughty halls glow with tapestries, but she must also direct the care of her own children and exercise a watchful solicitude over all the other children within the walls. She must know how to take care of the sick and wounded. She must have a dauntless spirit that matched her lord's high courage, and a practical and businesslike understanding of the innumerable details of domestic life; and, finally, she must know how to inspire and direct the defense of the castle if it were attacked in her lord's absence. She was not called upon to endure the same kind of hardships and privations that our pioneer women had to meet; yet behind the castle walls she learned the fortitude that

sends the knight to battle, the sagacity that outwits his enemies, the poise that orders smoothly all the activities of a great house, and the grace and beauty of mind that make light of hardships.

When those days of chivalry ended, and with them the sheltered life of the castle, the woman who had the spirit of the chatelaine became the pioneer woman who went forth to meet the perils of a new country. The necessities of the wilderness life gave her physical hardihood, without robbing her of other qualities that came down to her through many centuries. The pioneer mother, who rocked her baby's cradle with a musket by her side, who brought water from the spring, and split wood, and cooked over the open fire, and brewed her medicines from forest herbs, still took the time to make her cabin beautiful with patterns of her own weaving and dyeing, and to plant at the doorsill a rose that bloomed long after that rude threshold was all that remained of the cabin. "Over rude paths beset with hunger and risk she pressed on toward the vision of a better country. To an assemblage of men busied with the perishable rewards of the day she brought the threefold leaven of enduring society, faith, gentleness, and home with the nurture of children."

To-day we have neither the dangers of the Middle Ages nor the hardships of pioneer times, yet life still demands of girls the same qualities that distinguished the countless women who have left their mark on the past.

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THE PIONEER MOTHER

It was to preserve and foster those qualities that the organization known as the Girl Scouts was formed. The idea came from England, where a British officer, Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, had already established the Boy Scouts.

"I had not been long at it," wrote General Baden-Powell, "before the girls came along and offered to do the very thing I had hoped for — they, too, wanted to take up scouting. They did not want to be merely imitators of the boys; they wanted a line of their own. So I gave them a smart blue uniform and the name of 'Guides.' That appealed to the British girls, because the pick of our frontier force in India is the Corps of Guides. Then, too, a woman who can be a good and helpful comrade to her brother or husband or son along the path of life is really a guide to him. The name 'Guide' therefore exactly describes the members of our sisterhood, who, besides being handy and ready for any kind of duty, are also a jolly, happy family, and likely to be good, cheery comrades to their mankind."

In 1910, an American woman, Mrs. Juliette Low, of Georgia, visited England and learned of the Girl Guides from Lady Baden-Powell. She decided to form a similar organization in this country, but under the name of the "Girl Scouts" of America. The first patrol was formed in Savannah in March 1912, and three years later national headquarters were established in Washington, but were later moved to New York City.

It is natural that the work of the Girl Scouts should

differ from that of the Boy Scouts, and it does; yet they have much in common. As boys win badges for marksmanship, so girls win them for home-keeping. Both learn First Aid, how to save life, and how to avoid and avert carelessness that might place others in danger. Both learn how to make a camp in the open air, how to keep it neat and clean, and how to leave the camping place in the morning as free from garbage and rubbish as if no one had been there. The oath of the Girl Scouts, like that of the Boy Scouts, pledges them to try to do their duty to God and their country, to help other people at all times, and to obey the Scout law; and the motto of the Girl Scouts, like that of the Boys, is "Be prepared."

Nevertheless, many of the ways in which the Girl Scouts prepare themselves to be of service to their country differ from the demands upon the boys. The Girl Scouts have a handbook of their own, which not only tells them all sorts of useful things, but gives them intimate and enlightening glimpses of girls and women who have made their lives worth while. When Sacajawea, the "Bird Woman," led Lewis and Clark and their band of men through mountain ranges that had previously been regarded as impassable, and brought them at length to the Pacific coast, she had no maps; she was laying a foundation for maps; and roads now follow the course of the trail that her footsteps marked out.

The manual tells not only of this Bird Woman of the forest, but also of the home-maker, and of one home-maker in particular — Louisa May Alcott, who

wrote girls' books that have been more widely read than those by any other American author. Louisa Alcott's father, though he was a brilliant man, was impractical, and from the time when Louisa wrote her first little story to the day when she finished her last popular book, the necessity of earning enough money to keep her mother and sisters in comfort was always driving her to her task. While she was waiting for the money from her stories, she turned the carpets in the house, trimmed hats, papered the rooms, made party dresses for her sisters, nursed the sick, — a service in which she was especially successful, — and did all the other homely, helpful things that New England people of that day who kept no servants were accustomed to do. Over and over again the author of *Little Women* had to drop the pen for the needle, the dishcloth, or the broom.

Many families went into the wilderness where their only neighbors were Indians, and thither they carried all the ideals of the cultivated homes that they had left behind them. The girls of these families were required to have not only the courage and endurance of the young Bird Woman, but also the self-respect that should keep alive the traditions and habits of such refined home life as that of the Alcotts.

One of those pioneer girls was Anna Howard Shaw. When she was twelve years old, she traveled with her mother and four other children in a rough cart, laden with bedding and provisions, into the Michigan woods. There they took up a claim, and built a log cabin that had nothing about it to suggest home except the

four walls and the fireplace built of mud and stones. Anna learned to fell trees and "heart" logs as well as a man could. She and her brothers floored the cabin with lumber from a mill, built partitions, made an attic, and cut windows. They constructed what furniture they needed — bunks, tables, stools, and a settle. The family planted potatoes and corn by chopping the turf, putting the seeds under it, and leaving the rest to Nature, who duly rewarded them.

After a trying season, during which they had to carry all the water for the household from a distant creek, — which froze in the winter, so that they had to melt the ice, — Anna and her brothers dug a well. First they made as deep a hole as they could with spades, and then one of them, working at the bottom, would pass the earth in a bucket to another, who stood on a ledge halfway up. He or she, in turn, would pass it to still another at the top. Finally, when the hole was deep enough, they lined it with slabs of wood. The resulting well was so substantial that the family used it for many years.

Anna Howard Shaw became a preacher and a physician, a lecturer and an organizer, and one of the foremost of those women who labored to earn for the American girl her right to vote. A pioneer in more ways than one, the little carpenter and farmer and well-digger worked to help women as she had worked to help her family in the Michigan wilderness.

In these days our life has ceased to centre in the castle or in the cabin. We no longer live in self-sus-

taining communities, but have come to be dependent on one another in many ways — one community on another, one industry on another. To direct her household has been a woman's duty and pride in every century, but no one now believes that it should occupy all of her time or thought, and there are probably many women who look with envy at the little badge on a Scout's sleeve. For this marks before the world one who has learned so to manage her cleaning and cooking and other home duties that she has time to spare for other interests. The girl of to-day must be many-sided. She must have something of the daring and endurance of the Bird Woman, and something of the home-making spirit of the "Little Women," and something of the resourcefulness of the pioneer.

To "be prepared," then, the Girl Scout learns how to strike fire with flint and steel, how to care for her health and comfort in the woods, how to toil and spin, and how to carry herself in the council chamber. She will not scorn to do, and do well, any work that falls to her hand, and she will plant a rose beside her cabin door.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

JOHN KEATS
From "Endymion"

Night In Camp

God of forest and field, for a little time we, Thy children, are dwellers in tents as Abraham was. Let these nights in the open bless not only our bodies but our minds and hearts as well. When we sleep, let us rest. Should we chance to wake in the night, let us feel the companionship of the cool, clean wind, the beauty of the sentinel stars, the significance of all the faint sounds, the pungent airs that stir in the summer night. Sleeping or waking, may we realize Thy guardian Presence among our tents. And when the day breaks, may we not fail to know that Presence still.

Lord of the wide spaces and of the solemn woods, make us worthy to camp out in Thine open with Thee!

STARS

As we rush, as we rush in the train,
The trees and the houses go reeling back,
But the starry heavens above the plain
Come flying on our track.

All the beautiful stars of the sky,
The silver doves of the forest of night,
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear;
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet;
For we carry the Heavens with us, Dear,
While the earth slips from our feet.

JAMES THOMSON

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

THE ancients, who believed that the earth was flat, thought that the firmament turned each night above their heads. It was those people of long ago who named the constellations. They honored certain gods and creatures and heroes by transporting them forever to a place in the sky. And what is perhaps the most endearing, those far-away people brought the stars more close by giving them familiar names and attributes. Through all the ages we are a little frightened by the bigger things that we do not understand, and calm ourselves by associating them with some coziness of our own lives. The ancients were like

little children in the dark, mother-comforting themselves about the stars. Thus, while shepherds watched their flocks by night, the constellations came to mean the very characters whose names they bore, and were like old and steadfast friends to whom the herdsmen looked in their lonely vigils. And so the stars which were frightening at first became the most dependable thing in life.

Now, when the old-time people saw, just as we do, that the whole firmament seemed to turn so that there was a procession of constellations across the sky, not only throughout the night, but throughout the year, they made legends to account for what they could not understand. They fancied that the Hunting Dogs followed the Great Bear, and that Perseus rescued Andromeda with the Gorgon's head in his hand, until they believed that these things really happened every night. We still call the stars and the constellations by those names, and can imagine the old legends in the same way that we imagine pictured stories in the clouds at sunset when we see them take the forms of giants and great fishes. The clouds, it is true, change constantly, but the stars remain the same friends that people knew so many centuries ago. How near that makes us feel to the ancients — like neighbors across a trifling few thousand years!

We, however, have come to realize where the earth stands in its relation to the firmament. Now, instead of thinking that we are in the middle of the universe and that the whole sky is spread out on purpose for us, we are aware that it only appears so, because our

eyes are *here;* and we know that our earth is, after all, no more than a tiny speck among the stars.

When the lights in the room make a golden tent about you at night, you can scarcely see the white moonlight on the floor. When you walk along a lighted village street on such a moonlight night, you lose your own moon-shadow until you are out of the flare of the street light and your street-light shadow has traveled and stretched and faded away. Then your friendly moon-shadow goes along with you steadily, steadily, until another street-light shadow creeps out slowly behind you. In the same way, the sun by day makes a great bright canopy about you so that you cannot see the stars. But at night, in an open place where the lights do not flare and when the moon is behind the world, you see the constellations in their majesty and splendor.

FROM A FLOATING BALL

If the axis of the earth were extended through the north pole and indefinitely into space, that imaginary line would go almost directly to Polaris (the North Star). If we were standing exactly at the north pole, Polaris would be over our heads. When we ourselves are farther down the slope of the earth's sphere, we see it nearer the horizon. If we went so far south as to be at the other side of the equator, we should not see Polaris any more, but should see instead the stars above the south pole. We can think of ourselves as being on one ball that floats inside of another

ball, and always turns in the same direction, while the stars in their groups are all in the outer ball. We cannot see the stars of the whole outer ball at once, but only those which are not hidden below the line of our horizon.

The North Star seems not to move at all. Morning, noon, and night, this star is always in the same place, as far as our eyes are concerned. That is because it is so nearly on a line with our earth's axis. As we swing around on our little earth ball, we pass the other stars.

Now there is one group of bright night lights that seems to move across the tapestry of constellations like a melody that sings across an accompaniment of harmonies. In a pathway along an imaginary circle called the ecliptic, where rides the sun, the planets appear to be traveling. And just as when we are in a train the things close by look greater and seem to move more swiftly, while the distant scenery moves more slowly, so these travelers along the ecliptic apparently change place more often and seem brighter to our eyes than those farther off.

The moon is our own satellite, and the nearest heavenly body. That is why she looks so large and bright and makes a complete circle so often. The beautiful planet Venus is sometimes seen in the evening sky, sometimes in the morning sky, according to whether she follows or precedes the sun. Mars burns its reddish light sometimes low and sometimes high in the long night sky. And with authority magnificent Jupiter rises and sets. The course of the planets

○ *Stars of the first magnitude*

THE MAP OF THE HEAVENS

These are the principal stars to be seen from Lat. 40° N. at nine o'clock on July first

is marked along the ecliptic belt; never are they seen wandering elsewhere in the sky, but always, always traveling this path. And beyond the ecliptic is the whole magic background of the stars.

We really do not look up at these stars of ours; we look *out*. If we had far-seeing eyes, we should look on and on, farther and farther out, and see more stars beyond stars, vast distances apart.

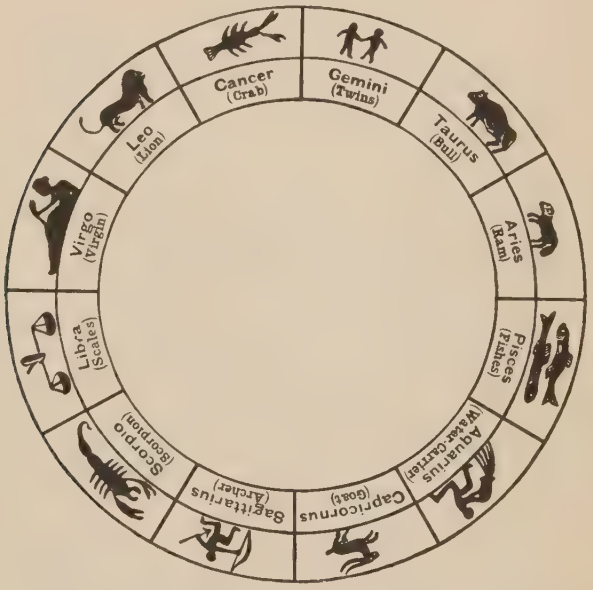
The point in the sky straight overhead is the zenith. Straight underfoot is the nadir. If we were to stand at the north pole, the North Star would mark our zenith and the south pole would point to our nadir. Our zenith depends upon where we happen to be on the earth's surface. While we are on our beds of balsam twigs in the Maine woods, the whole sky is seen at a different angle from that when we are on the sands of a Florida beach, or on the deck as we swing out into the ocean from the port of Rio de Janeiro.

Yet to us the constellations themselves keep the same form and bear the same relation to each other, because they are so far away that, no matter where we travel on our little earth, we cannot get behind the stars nor out-travel them. If we could fly off to some world floating around the star Vega, let us say, then the whole sky sphere would change, and the groups as we see them would be pulled into different shapes.

WHERE THE SUN HIS COURSE DOTH RUN

The Map of the Heavens shows the tilt of the outer ball very clearly. The equator divides the sky ball

into hemispheres as our earth's equator divides our globe. If we were at the north or at the south pole we should not be able to see any of the constellations on the farther side of this celestial equator. If you



THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC

hold the Map of the Heavens above your head, you will be looking up at the map-outlines of the constellations as they appear in the real sky.

In the imaginary belt along the line of the ecliptic lie twelve constellations, through which we say the sun passes during the twelve months of the year.

This belt is called the zodiac, and the constellations are (in the words of the old rhyme) : —

The Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly Twins,
The Crab who near the Lion shines,
The Virgin and the Scales;
The Scorpion, Archer, and He-Goat,
The man who bears the Watering-pot,
And Fish with glittering tails.

The sun does not really pass through these star groups, of course, for the stars are millions and millions of miles away, but we use the expression "the sun is in Aries," meaning that the sun appears to be in the constellation known as the Ram. The sun enters Aries about the twenty-first of March — the day when spring begins.

For ages the signs of the zodiac have been used to represent the seasons and the months of the year. These are the symbols which we see in an almanac, and which the old astrologers used when they cast horoscopes to tell people's fortunes from the stars.

In the Map of the Heavens, you may pick out the constellations of the zodiac, and then look for them in the sky.

THE NORTHERN CONSTELLATIONS

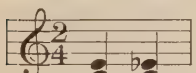
Do you know how to find the North Star? The Big Dipper, marked by its seven bright stars, is the easiest constellation to identify. You cannot fail to see it on any clear night of the year. Sometimes it is standing up straight, sometimes it is upside down,

as it swings around the pole. The two stars marked "pointers" in the diagram point directly to Polaris.

The Big Dipper is a part of the constellation Ursa

THE BIG DIPPER

Major (the Great Bear). If you take the handle for his tail and the bowl for his body, you can readily find the rest of him. Little groups of stars form his feet, just as he is seen walking in the star map, and one of his front paws is lifted as if he were after a beehive — bears love honey. *Ursa* is a Latin word, meaning "bear." *Major* means "larger" and *minor* means "smaller." (We have the words major in the army, and minority in voting, and we speak of major and minor thirds in music.)



MAJOR AND MINOR THIRDS

From Polaris the Little Bear may be found, for the North Star marks the tip of his tail. Like the Great Bear, his body is formed by a dipper — the Little Dipper — and Polaris is the star at the end of the handle. Then between the Big and Little Dippers sprawls the Dragon.

Now you have three constellations: Ursa Major (The Great Bear, of which the Big Dipper is the main part); Ursa Minor (the Little Bear, or the Little Dipper); and Draco (the Dragon).

Opposite the Big Dipper are five bright stars marking a *W*, or the outline of a chair. This constellation is named Cassiopeia for the lady supposed to be in the chair. She was the wife of Cepheus, a Greek king, and the mother of Andromeda, the chained maiden whom Perseus rescued from the sea monster. In the legend, Cepheus himself was transported to the skies, and you can see him near Cassiopeia.

CASSIOPEIA

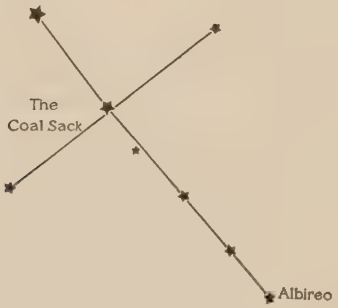
The large cross near Cepheus is Cygnus (the Swan). It is one of the most striking constellations in the whole sky, and is often called the Northern Cross.

Cygnus lies in the Milky Way, which is a softly radiant band of light streaming across the sky. Many legends have arisen about the Milky Way. The Indians thought it was the pathway to the happy hunting grounds. If you look at part of the Milky Way through a telescope, — even through a field glass or a pair of opera glasses, — you will see that it consists of myriads of stars, so thickly scattered that they form a band of innumerable suns across the heavens. It is almost too marvelously beautiful for human thought to comprehend. Near Cygnus in the Milky Way is a broken, empty place, like a pocket. This dark gap is called the Coal Sack; nobody knows how or why it came to be there.

When you have found the Northern Cross, you will want to see the Northern Crown, or Corona

Borealis. (Boreas is the north wind, and the northern lights are called the aurora borealis.) The Northern Crown is one of the prettiest constellations — a half circle of seven jewel stars. The brightest star in the diadem is Gemma — known as the Pearl of the Crown. When Corona Borealis is in the zenith, it crowns the very sky itself. Or it might be *your* crown — your very own above your head.

Between Corona Borealis and Cygnus are three



THE NORTHERN CROSS

constellations — Hercules, Cerberus, and the little constellation Lyra. In Lyra (the Lyre) is one of the very beautiful stars of the first magnitude — Vega, a sapphire star, which you will come to love through many years of nights. After sunset, when you see one star and say the verse: —

"Star light, star bright,
First star I've seen to-night,
I wish I may, I wish I might
Have the wish I wish to-night,"

you always make a special wish before catching sight of another. These early lights are often stars of the first magnitude, or else they are planets, which shine with even greater brightness.

Which star do you suppose is twinkling in the rhyme:

> Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
> How I wonder what you are,
> Up above the world so high,
> Like a diamond in the sky!

It must have been a star a little child could see at about his bedtime. Perhaps it was in winter when the days are short. If he looked out of his eastern window as he was being put to bed he might have seen Aldebaran, which blazes in the winter sky in the constellation Taurus (the Bull). Aldebaran marks the eye of the Bull, with the Pleiades overhead, "like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid." In summer, when he had to go to bed by day, the little child might have seen Venus floating in the western sky, but Venus is a planet and planets never twinkle. Perhaps the child saw Vega, for Vega, more than any other star, is "like a diamond in the sky."

To the west of the Northern Crown is Arcturus, a golden yellow star in the constellation Boötes (the Herdsman). Boötes, with the Hunting Dogs in leash, drives the Great Bear around the Pole each night. If you imagined the tail of the Great Bear very long and drooping, Arcturus would be the tip end.

Arcturus is one of the brightest stars in all the sky. It is an adventure to figure out what time he rises

where you live, make yourself wake up a little before that moment, and then wait for him to come up over the eastern horizon. If it is ten o'clock, or twelve o'clock at night, or three o'clock in the morning, and you get up to see Arcturus rise, he will be your friend forever after.

In the northern hemisphere the northern constellations can be seen at some time during every clear night of the whole year. Round and round the pole Boötes drives the Bear, and round and round go the Dragon, Cepheus, and Cassiopeia, the Crown, the Lyre, and the Cross.

ALONG THE LOWER SLOPES

Near Arcturus and not far from the ecliptic is a little constellation like a shower of golden rain, called Coma Berenices (Berenice's Hair). The story is that King Ptolemy III of Egypt went on a journey to Syria, and for his safe return Queen Berenice dedicated her beautiful hair to Venus. Ptolemy returned safely, and for her devotion Berenice's hair was borne from the temple of Venus to its place among the stars.

The tail of Leo (the Lion) is near Berenice's Hair; the Sickle marks his head, and the bright star in the handle is Regulus. Leo is one of the constellations of the zodiac.

The star that burns near the southern horizon, with almost as red a glow as the planet Mars, is Antares, in Scorpio (the Scorpion). These zodiacal constellations dip very close to the southern horizon in summer. In the winter time, when the course of

the sun is in these low-lying star-groups, you will see how high in the sky the line of the ecliptic reaches at night. When the ecliptic is very low, the tail of the Scorpion is nearly hidden below the horizon.

THE COLORFUL DOUBLE STARS

Some of the stars that seem to the naked eye to be single prove to be double stars of exceeding beauty, when observed through a small telescope. Many interesting observations may be made with a field glass. Sometimes these double stars are perfectly matched in color and in size. A beautiful double star is in Delphinus (the Dolphin), a small constellation near the Swan or Northern Cross.

Often these pairs are of contrasting color and size — yellow and purple; pale green and blue; orange and sea green; white and light purple; orange and emerald green; yellow and sapphire blue; green and bright blue — the smaller star generally having the more delicate color. There is a fine double star in Cygnus. Point your lens at Albireo and, like a marvel, the single star separates into two splendid companion stars, one topaz yellow, one sapphire.

And now you will have more than a dozen constellations, and your eyes are bright with their shine. So take your little dipper full of wonders into your sleep, and, wearing your diadem, — not of jewels but of real stars, — step on to the path of the Milky Way. And may your night be full of beautiful dreams, in

which nothing is impossible to the far-seeing eye, and the friendly soul, and the valiant heart.

META KNOX HANNAY

NOTE. — The Gorgon's Head in the hand of Perseus is the variable star Algol (named from the Arabic word meaning "ogre"). This strange star varies in brightness. For a few nights its light remains constant. Then for a little time it gradually wanes to the very least part of its former splendor, when it waxes bright again. Different theories have been advanced to explain these changes. One is that Algol is eclipsed at regular intervals by some heavenly body which we cannot see. The study of astronomy is an attempt to understand these many mysteries.

THE SHEPHERD

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot;
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,
And he hears the ewes' tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

WILLIAM BLAKE

OF GLOOSKAP AND THE THREE SEEKERS

[Every people has its own gods. Glooskap was the god of the Algonquin Indians of North America, who roamed from Labrador to the far south, and from Newfoundland west to the Rocky Mountains. As they wandered, the Algonquins told their children tales of Glooskap and his great deeds. The Indian children, when they were grown to manhood and womanhood, told these stories to their own children and they in turn told them to the children who came after them. In this way the tales lived on, without ever being written down.

When white men came to America from across the seas, they heard these old, old stories from the Indians, and preserved them in writing. The many Indian legends together make up an Indian mythology, whose ideas are not unlike those in the Greek, Roman, and Norse mythologies.]

Of old time: Now when it was noised abroad that whoever besought Glooskap could obtain the desire of his heart, there were three men who said among themselves, "Let us seek the Master." So they left their home in the early spring when the bluebird first sang, and walked till the fall frosts, and then into winter, and ever on till the next midsummer. And having come to a small path in a great forest, they followed it, till they came out by a very beautiful river — so fair a sight they had never seen — and so went onward till it grew to be a great lake. And so they kept to the path, which, when untrodden, was marked by blazed trees, the bark having been removed in Indian fashion on the side of the trunk opposite

the wigwam or village toward which the path turns. So the mark can be seen as the traveler goes toward the goal, but not while leaving it.

Then after a time they came to a long point of land running out into the lake, and, having ascended a high hill, they saw in the distance a smoke, which guided them to a large, well-built wigwam. And entering, they found seated on the right side a handsome, healthy man of middle age, and by the other a woman so decrepit that she seemed to be a hundred years old. Opposite the door, and on the left side, was a mat, which seemed to show that a third person had there a seat.

And the man made them welcome, and spoke as if he were well pleased to see them, but did not ask them whence they came or whither they were going, as is wont among Indians when strangers come to their homes or are met in travel. Ere long they heard the sound of a paddle, and then the noise of a canoe being drawn ashore. And there came in a youth of fine form and features and well clad, bearing weapons as if from hunting, who addressed the old woman as *Kejoo* (mother), and told her that he had brought game. And with sore ado — for she was feeble — the old dame tottered out and brought in four beavers ; but she was so much troubled to cut them up that the elder, saying to the younger man, "*Uoh-keen* (my brother)," bade him do the work. And they supped on beaver.

So they remained for a week, resting themselves, for they were sadly worn with their wearisome journey,

and also utterly ragged. And then a wondrous thing came to pass, which first taught them that they were in an enchanted land. For one morning the elder man bade the younger wash their mother's face. And as he did this all her wrinkles vanished, and she became young and very beautiful; in all their lives the travelers had never seen so lovely a woman. Her hair, which had been white and scanty, now hung to her feet, dark and glossy as a blackbird's breast. Then, having been clad in fine array, she showed a tall, lithe, and graceful form at its best.

And the travelers said to themselves, "Truly this man is a great magician!" They all walked forth to see the place. Never was sunshine so pleasantly tempered by a soft breeze; for all in that land was fair, and it grew fairer day by day to all who dwelt there. Tall trees with rich foliage and fragrant flowers, but without lower limbs or underbrush, grew as in a grove, wide as a forest, yet so far apart that the eye could pierce the distance in every direction.

Now when they felt for the first time that they were in a new life and a magic land, he that was host asked them whence they came and what they sought. So they said that they sought Glooskap. And the host replied, "Lo, I am he!" And they were awed by his presence, for a great glory and majesty now sat upon him. As the woman had changed, so had he.

Then the first, telling what he wanted, said, "I am a wicked man, and I have a bad temper. I am prone to wrath and reviling, yet I would fain be pious, meek, and holy."

And the next said, "I am very poor, and my life is hard. I toil, but can barely make my living. I would fain be rich."

Now the third replied, "I am of low estate, being despised and hated by all my people, and I wish to be loved and respected." And to all these the Master made answer, "So shall it be!"

And taking his medicine bag, he gave unto each a small box, and bade him keep it closed until they should be once more at home. And on returning to the wigwam he also gave to each of them new garments; in all their lives they had never seen or heard of such rich apparel or such ornaments as they now had.

Then, when it was time to depart, as they knew not the way to their home, he arose and went with them. Now they had been more than a year in coming. But he, having put on his belt, went forth, and they followed, till in the forenoon he led them to the top of a high mountain, from which in the distance they beheld yet another, the blue outline of which could just be seen above the horizon. And having been told that their way was unto it, they thought it would be a week's journey to reach it. But they went on, and in the middle of the afternoon of the same day they were there, on the summit of the second mountain. And looking from this afar, all was familiar to them — hill and river, and wood and lakes; all was in their memory. "And there," said the Master, pointing unto it, "there is your own village!" So he left them alone, and they went on their way, and before the sun had set were safe at home.

AND THE HOST REPLIED, "LO, I AM HE!"

Yet when they came no one knew them, because of the great change in their appearance and because of their fine attire, the like of which had never been seen by man in those days. But having made themselves known to their friends, all that were there of old and young gathered together to gaze upon them and hear what they had to say. And they were amazed.

Then each of them, having opened his box, found therein an unguent, rich and fragrant, and with this they rubbed their bodies completely. And they were ever after so fragrant that all sought to be near them.

Now he who had been despised for his deformity and weakness and meanness became beautiful and strong and stately as a pine tree. There was no man in all the land so graceful or of such good behavior.

And he who had desired abundance had it in all fullness, according to his wish. For the moose and caribou came to him in the forest, the fish leaped into his nets, all men gave unto him, and he gave unto all freely, to the end.

And he that had been wicked and of evil mind, hasty and cruel, became meek and patient, good and gentle, and he made others like himself. And he had his reward, for there was a blessing upon him, as upon all those who had wished wisely, even unto the end of their days.

CHARLES G. LELAND

VELVET SHOES [1]

Let us walk in the white snow
In a soundless space;
With footsteps quiet and slow,
At a tranquil pace,
Under veils of white lace.

I shall go shod in silk,
And you in wool,
White as a white cow's milk,
More beautiful
Than the breast of a gull.

We shall walk through the still town
In a windless peace;
We shall step upon the white down,
Upon silver fleece,
Upon softer than these.

We shall walk in velvet shoes;
Wherever we go
Silence will fall like dews
On white silence below.
We shall walk in the snow.

Elinor Wylie

Note. — To make a snow angel, lie down in the new-fallen snow with arms outstretched and head pressing a hollow. Mark the wings by drawing the arms down to the sides and up over the head. Then rise carefully, and lo! — the angel in the snow.

[1] From *Nets to Catch the Wind*, by Elinor Wylie. Copyright, 1921, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

LETTERS TO A SON AND A GRANDSON

[Walter Hines Page, the American editor and publisher, was the United States Ambassador to Great Britain during the World War. An ambassador is a minister of the highest rank sent to a foreign court to represent his country.

Benjamin Franklin was our first Minister to France. He was followed by Thomas Jefferson, and there, in an unfamiliar Paris, he and his young daughters longed for their Virginia plantation. Perhaps Europe seemed farther away in those days when travelers made the voyage in sailing vessels. Yet a hundred years later the thoughts of Walter Hines Page turned with the same longing to his son in North Carolina, and to the garden that son was laying out at his Pinehurst home.]

(*To Ralph W. Page*)

Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Ives, Cornwall, England
March 4, 1918

Dear Ralph, —

Asparagus
Celery
Tomatoes
Butter beans
Peas
Sweet corn
Sweet potatoes
Squash — the sort you cook in the rind
Cantaloupe
Peanuts
Eggplant
Figs
Peaches
Pecans
Scuppernongs
Peanut bacon, in glass jars
Razorback hams, divinely cured
Raspberries
Strawberries
etc., etc., etc., etc.

You see, having starved here for five years, my mind, as soon as it gets free, runs on these things and my mouth waters. All the foregoing things that grow can be put up in pretty glass jars, too.

Add cream, fresh butter, buttermilk, fresh eggs. Only one of all the things on page one grows with any flavor here at all — strawberries; and only one or two more grow at all. . . .

Now get a bang-up gardener, no matter what he costs. Get him started. Put it up to him to start toward the foregoing programme, to be reached in (say) three years — two if possible. He must learn to grow these things absolutely better than they are now grown anywhere on earth. He must get the best seed. He must get muck out of the swamp, manure from somewhere, etc., etc. He must have the supreme flavor in each thing. Let him take room enough for each — plenty of room. He does n't want much room for any one thing, but good spaces between.

This will be the making of the world. Talk about fairs! If he fails to get every prize, he must pay a fine for every one that goes to anybody else.

How we'll live! I can live on these things and nothing else. But (just to match this home outfit) I'll order tea from Japan, ripe olives from California, grapefruit and oranges from Florida. Then poor folks will hang around, hoping to be invited to dinner!

Plant a few fig trees now; and pecans? Any good?

The world is going to come very close to starvation not only during the war but for five or perhaps

ten years afterward. An acre or two *done right* — divinely right — will save us. An acre or two on my land in Moore County — no king can live half so well, if the ground be got ready this spring and such a start made as one natural-born gardener can make. . . .

This St. Ives is the finest spot in England that I've ever seen. To-day has been as good as any March day you ever had in North Carolina, — a fine air, clear sunshine, a beautiful sea, — looking out toward the United States; and this country grows — the best golf links that I've ever seen in the world, and nothing else worth speaking of but tin. Tin mines are all about here. Tin and golf are good crops in their way, but they don't feed man. . . . God bless us, one acre of the Sandhills is worth a vast estate of tin mines and golf links to feed the innards of

Yours affectionately,

W. H. P.

P. S. And cornfield peas, of just the right rankness, cooked with just the right dryness.

When I become a citizen of the Sandhills I propose to induce some benevolent lover of good food to give substantial prizes to the best grower of each of these things, and to the best cook of each, and to the person who serves each of them most daintily.

We can can and glass-jar these things and let none be put on the market without the approval of an expert employed by the community. Then we can get a reputation for Sandhill Food. . . .

W. H. P.

[LETTERS of state in all countries are written in a very formal style. In the following letter to his grandson, who was less than a year old, the Ambassador has humorously made use of the form and the language of his office.]

(*To Walter H. Page, Jr.*)

LONDON, *Christmas*, 1915

SIR: —

For your first Christmas, I have the honor to send you my most affectionate greetings; and in wishing you all good health, I take the liberty humbly to indicate some of the favors of fortune that I am pleased to think I enjoy in common with you.

First, I hear with pleasure that you are quite well content with yourself — not because of a reasoned conviction of your own worth, which would be mere vanity and unworthy of you, but by reason of a philosophical disposition. It is too early for you to bother over problems of self-improvement — as for me it is too late; wherefore we are alike in the calm of our self-content. What others may think or say about us is a subject of the smallest concern to us. Therefore they generally speak well of us; for there is little satisfaction in speaking ill of men who care nothing for your opinion of them. Then, too, we are content to be where we happen to be — a fact that we did not order in the beginning and need not now concern ourselves about. Consider the eternal coming and going of folk. On every road many are traveling one way and an equal number are traveling the other way. It is obvious that, if they were all content to

remain at the places whence they set forth, the distribution of the population would be the same. Why therefore move hither and yon at the cost of much time and labor and money, since nothing is accomplished thereby? We spare ourselves by being content to remain where we are. We thereby have the more time for reflection. Nor can we help observing with a smile that all persons who have good reasons to see us themselves make the necessary journey after they discover that we remain fixed.

Again, people about us are continually doing this service and that for some other people — running errands, mending fences, bearing messages, building, and tearing down; and they all demand equal service in return. Thus a large part of mankind keeps itself in constant motion, like bubbles of water racing around a pool at the foot of a waterfall, or like rabbits hurrying into their warrens and immediately hurrying out again. Whereas, while these antics amuse and sadden us, we for the most part remain where we are. Hence our wants are few; they are generally most courteously supplied without our asking. . . . Why, then, should we whirl as bubbles or scurry as rabbits? Our conquering self-possession gives a masterful charm to life that the victims of perpetual locomotion never seem to attain.

You have discovered, and my experience confirms yours, that a perpetual self-consciousness brings most of the misery of the world. Men see others who are richer than they; or more famous, or more fortunate — so they think; and they become envious. You

have not reached the period of such empty vanity, and I have long passed it. Let us, therefore, make our mutual vows not to be disturbed by the good luck or the good graces of others, but to continue, instead, to contemplate the contented cat on the rug and the unenvious sky that hangs over all alike.

This mood will continue to keep our lives simple. Consider our diet. Could anything be simpler or better? We are not even tempted by the poisonous victuals wherewith mankind destroys itself. . . .

And sleep is good — long sleep and often; and your age and mine permit us to indulge in it without the sneers of the lark or the cock or the dawn.

I pray you sir, therefore, accept my homage as the philosopher that you are, and my assurance of that high esteem indicated by my faithful imitation of your virtues. I am,

With the most distinguished consideration,
With the sincerest esteem, and
With the most affectionate good wishes,

Sir,
Your proud,
Humble,
Obedient
GRANDDADDY

To Master Walter Hines Page
On Christmas, 1915

GOING DOWN HILL ON A BICYCLE

A Boy's Song

With lifted feet, hands still,
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind;
The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,
Till the heart with a mighty lift
Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry: —
"O bird, see; see, bird, I fly.

"Is this, is this your joy?
O bird, then I, though a boy,
For a golden moment share
Your feathery life in air!"

Say, heart, is there aught like this
In a world that is full of bliss?
'Tis more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground.

Speed slackens now, I float
Awhile in my airy boat;
Till, when the wheels scarce crawl,
My feet to the treadles fall.

Alas, that the longest hill
Must end in a vale; but still,
Who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er,
Shall find wings waiting there.

Henry Charles Beeching

THE COMING OF THE BIRDS

[THESE are entries from the diary of a woman who lived alone on her farm in the lovely Green Mountain State of Vermont, while her daughter was away at school. Through all her loneliness the mother found companionship in the living creatures about her, and numbered many ponies in the family whose wants she tended.]

March 27

A PAIR of juncos were hopping about the grass this morning, perking and congratulating themselves. Juncos are such chunky, jolly, satisfied little birds; and they twirled in the rosebushes, and picked invisible morsels here and there, trilling their pretty trills of contentment meanwhile.

To my great delight, a day or two ago, our phœbe greeted me. She flew from the porch to the balsam tree, and *phœbed* at me while I watered Kim. She seemed to think a pony in the back yard an excellent idea. Her mate was flying in and out of the carriage shed, meditating a nest. It is so good to have the friendly things around again!

All the birds seem very confiding; the perkiest song sparrow in all the world, I am sure, was demonstrating under my windows the other morning. There had been days of rain, and the packed leaves were annoyingly soggy; but he was getting something from under their edges, and his problem was — how to ruffle those wet edges up enough. Apparently he could not stand on one tiny leg and scratch, like a

hen — that was too pedestrian to suit the mood of a song sparrow; so with incredible quickness he hopped back and forth, back and forth, in the space of an inch or less, dragging his toes on the backward hop. A lovely and original way to scratch leaves; so much gayer than leaning on one leg and agriculturally hoeing with the other! And he looked so indescribably dear doing it, with his brown tail slanted up like a wren's, and those threads of legs dancing!

Robins are now appearing. There must have been a hundred of them, all singing, in the terrace maples to-day; I opened the door to a chorus of song. . . . It is joyful to have the choristers back again; and the breasts of my hundred robins were imposingly bright in the sun. I hope this does not mean that they are still in flight, and are going on, the whole hundred of them, to the north. We want them till the orioles come; for an oriole, in the liquid contralto of his tones, is a glorified robin, and continues our immediate thrushiness far into the hot weather. Real thrushes — and an occasional robin cousin — sing in our woods all summer; but orioles bring their fluting close about the house, having an enchanting way of alighting on the tips of the sweet-pea brush and holding forth from there. A decorative custom! Considerably more charming than those painted birds on sticks, which it is the fashion to insert above one's flower beds. . . . Put up a sweet-pea hedge, instead, and you will find real birds perching. Brush seems irresistible. Even humming birds come to rest on it and flash their jeweled color at the flowers.

SHE FLEW FROM THE PORCH TO THE BALSAM TREE,
AND "PHŒBED" AT ME WHILE I WATERED KIM

April 20

For the last week the woodpecker's hole in the old greening has been a scene of conflict. Early one sunny morning I heard strange sounds — loud chirring and whirring; and there, hanging to the edge of his hole, was the big woodpecker, with two bluebirds trying to fight him away! It was they that were doing the chirring and whirring. First one would sweep down on him, a flash of indignant blue, then the other, Mrs. Bird a fainter blue than her mate, but every bit as good a fighter. At each flash the woodpecker nimbly ducked and chippered faintly to himself, but still he hung to the edge of his hole. . . . It *was* his hole! I had watched him carve it; but somehow my illegal sympathies were all with the invaders. . . .

As their attacks grew faster and more venomous, he gave a desperate bob right round the limb and came up on to another one. With shrieks of rage the bluebirds redoubled their swoops, banging fiercely at him at short range, so that as he ducked under the branch from one blow another would meet him as he came up; till at last — and I had been amazed at his uncombative persistence — he cried unhappily, "*Peenk!*" and flew swiftly downhill to his favorite line of wild cherry trees.

Then the two bluebirds, with great cheepings and chatterings, assembled on a twig just outside the precious hole and compared notes. Such tender wing-flutterings! Such mutual confidences, and long, long stories to relate! Every moment one of them would fly to the hole and hang there, as if illustrating some

point in a story, then fly back, to be met with more wing-flutterings and contralto solicitudes. All the time I was at the porch table these colloquies continued; and when I went in the two little victors were still sitting on their twig, their azure backs in the sun. . . . It was the watching post for the hole.

Next morning there was the same scene. This time the woodpecker was in the bald top of the tree, clear of branches, so that his assailants had him even more at their mercy. A woodpecker is not a strategic fighter. Dodge as nimbly as he would (and dodging seems to be a woodpecker's forte), grievous were the blows that fell on him. Mr. Bluebird to-day was one incessant streak of wrath, and he and Mrs. Bird flashed so fast that the dead top of the tree seemed ablaze with color. . . . Lovely, to have a nice bright blue fight served regularly for breakfast! And yet it was a strange sight, in the peace of the sunny morning, with buds and blossoms waving above the quiet fields, and this hot battle going on in the air. . . . I was sorry for the woodpecker; he seemed so genuinely astonished and dismayed, the shrieks of the bluebirds so disproportionate. But when he did fly away his departing *peenk* was angrier than before. This thing was becoming serious! . . . .

All day, at intervals, the combat was desperately renewed; the shrieks set in worse than ever. The woodpecker, and sometimes his mate with him, would fly up with quick, determined wing-strokes, from the line of wild cherries below (it was *their* greening tree,

and *their* pet hole); then louder than ever were their unhappy notes and the cries of the little invaders. . . .

Next day, after a long and exhausting bout, the woodpeckers, with a departing duet of *peenks*, went off in a straight flight to a distant wood. The two little bluebirds, returning, lighted together on a slender twig, which bounced up and down with their weight. It was funny to see them stare at each other. And then they snuggled amicably together. Soon, with solicitous gurgling and conversation, Mrs. Bird left her lord; after first fluttering and hovering at the edge of the hole (while the gentleman danced with excitement on his twig), she took the momentous step. She slipped in! It hid her completely. I expected to see at least a tail feather, but there was nothing. She was gone. Her mate seemed beside himself. He warbled; he broke his warble short off and began to chir and chipper; he flew a few inches here, a few inches there, then came back to his twig and fairly foamed at the mouth.

At last she came out, giving herself a little shake. What had she been doing? He dashed to meet her, escorting her to her favorite seat. There, for a long time, they cooed and sang; enormous, as usual, was the tale she had to tell. . . . Little darling things, with their backs glowing blue in the sun, their rose-colored breasts fluffing! It looked as if that hole in the bare limb would rear bluebird babies, now. I hoped it would.

To-day I am sure. Mrs. Bird has definitely disappeared. Husband's blue back is on duty; face

toward the hole, he watchfully sits. Sliding about on the twig, he murmurs to himself; sometimes he bursts into irrepressible song; often he is on the wing, bringing supplies to his lady within. But if ever the *flit-flit* of a woodpecker, even a glint of his checkered black and white, is seen, the little blue songster becomes six birds; he shouts and dashes, the tree is full of him; and the poor woodpecker, convinced that a bluebird army is occupying his once home, gives a submissive cry and departs. . . .

May 2

The fists of shadow on the terrace grow bigger every day. . . . Spring is going — going! But in the silence of this one I have learned much. . . . Never till one gray evening last week, when the world seemed cold and dreary, did I identify the robin as the Beethoven of birds. His cheeriness, his habit of singing when other choristers are abed, are of course familiar, but the sweet reasonableness of that song, noble, true, and strong, had never appealed to me as it did while I stood listening, quite alone.

I never knew, either, that budding leaves are scented like flowers: birch leaves, like heliotrope; tiny maple clusters — delicious! Almost any blossomy spring odor could be laid to them. Doubtless beech and elm, and other tall ones you cannot reach, are just as delightful. . . .

ANNE BOSWORTH GREENE

NOTE. — They are. There is the odor of the linden tree: the flower scent this, drowning the leaf smell and all else besides; but what matter which is which in the all-growing? It is spring.

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

. . . . . .

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky:
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

NOTE. — Shelley is one of the greatest English poets. These are but a few lines from "The Cloud." Some day you will want to read the whole poem and know it by heart.

"THE NATION'S PLAYGROUND"

"It shall be the nation's playground." These were the words with which Judge Cornelius Hedges of Montana turned the thoughts of men from personal gain to public good. They were spoken on a late summer evening in 1870 by that quiet, gentle, modest man of far vision, as a group of explorers sat about a camp fire just within the boundary of what is now the Yellowstone National Park.

A company of men had been organized in August of that year to go in and make a thorough exploration of the mountains south of Livingston and south and east of Bozeman, Montana, to see what foundation there might be for the amazing stories that the hunters, trappers, and prospectors kept telling of their experiences in those mountains: of great geysers; boiling mud springs; cliffs of black glass; beautiful colored pools; wonderful terraces that looked like cascades of orange, brown, violet, and blue streams of water frozen into stone as they flowed down the mountain slopes; a marvelous lake far up among the snow-capped mountains; a mighty waterfall; and a canyon rich in hue beyond the imagination of man to paint.

These were some of the stories that Judge Hedges and others had heard from voyagers into the unknown mountains. No one believed them. They were simply the "big stories" that such men tell of their experiences, with some basis of fact and with much of

exaggeration — so everyone thought who heard the incredible tales. But Judge Hedges said, "We'd better find out what there is to it." So a band of nine men was organized to make a thorough exploration and either confirm or — as they supposed — once for all dispose of the myth. The national government detailed an officer and five soldiers to accompany the exploring party in order to protect them from the raids of hostile Indians who were then infesting the mountains of that region.

Some day you will visit the Yellowstone Park. You will ride over perfect roads in comfortable automobile busses, staying overnight at attractive hotels. You will look with awe upon Old Faithful and many other geysers as they throw their streams of water high into the air. You will sail across the blue lake; you will look in wonder upon the great waterfalls; you will stand on Inspiration Point, and your soul will be filled with the beauty of the glorious canyon with its ribbon of water far below you, silently flowing on toward the ocean. At the Two Oceans Pass you will read the sign, "Continental Divide," — on one side, "To the Pacific," on the other, "To the Atlantic," — and you will wonder what part of the water will finally find its way down the long western slope, through the Yellowstone, Missouri, and Mississippi Rivers, to the Gulf and the Atlantic Ocean. Perhaps you will bend down, as many others have, and with your own hands will turn the waters this way and that, to the east or to the west.

And then you will know that the stories told by the old hunters and prospectors were not exaggerated. Perhaps you will exclaim, "How glorious that the government should have preserved this wonderland for the enjoyment of all the people!" Possibly you will accept it as a matter of course, as something that you would expect the government to do, as it has done at Glacier Park, at the Grand Canyon, Estes Park, Mount Desert, and many other points of great natural beauty or historic interest. "It shall be the nation's playground." But what you should know is this: that when Judge Hedges spoke those quiet words to the men gathered about the camp fire in 1870, not one of these public parks had as yet been reserved by the government for the enjoyment and benefit of the people of the nation.

When Judge Hedges spoke, his words were as decisive as your motion when you put your hand down at the Continental Divide and turned the waters east or west as you wished. I know why he spoke, for I am telling this story as he himself told it to me one afternoon before the open fire in his home in Helena, Montana.

"It was the last night before we were to break camp," said the judge. "We had discovered that everything the old prospectors had told, and more, was true. The region was indeed a wonderland, and we knew that if it could be opened up to tourist travel, thousands of visitors would come each year to look upon these great works of nature. As we sat about the camp fire and talked over our months'

experiences, one man said, 'We must go out and organize a stock company; enlist capital; construct roads; build hotels; and bring people in to see these wonderful sights. We shall all become rich.'" And without doubt they would have, for other great natural features developed in such a way have been highly profitable to those who controlled them.

Yet at least one man of the company had a different idea, for just then Judge Hedges said: "No, we'll not do anything of the kind. This is too big a proposition for any private control. It shall be the nation's playground. The national government must control it for the benefit of all the people." And when those inspiring words were spoken, all the men around the camp fire caught the vision of the one, and were ready to follow his lead. Private gain and public good came into conflict that night, and the public welfare won. Out there under the open sky, while the silent stars kept watch, the National Park was born — the people's playground, owned, controlled, and managed, not for personal gain but for public good.

For Judge Hedges was not content with voicing his convictions simply to his friends and neighbors. When they returned to Helena he, with others, wrote and published an account of the explorations. In Congress a year later, a delegate from Montana introduced a bill to create the Yellowstone National Park. Judge Hedges, at his own expense, traveled across the continent to Washington to help arouse a sentiment in Congress favorable to the passage of this bill. On

March 1, 1872, he saw the bill signed by President Grant, in which Yellowstone was "dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people."

Judge Hedges has gone to his reward; and I count it a great privilege to have known him before he went, and to have heard from his own lips, though without a word of self-praise, this story of the beginning of the National Parks.

Old Pioneer, you followed the western trail across the prairie and the mountains from your home in Massachusetts to the great territory of the northwest. You took with you the culture which you had received at Yale and the ideals of public service learned there and at the family hearthside. As superintendent of public instruction, you helped to establish the schools of Montana, together with its higher institutions of learning and its public libraries. You helped to lay the foundations of a great and progressive state, and to you on the mountain side was given the opportunity of realizing your conviction that public welfare is a greater end than private gain.

You helped to bring to pass what you had seen as in a vision. And your reward? Only the gratitude of men and women, and the laughter of happy children as they play among the trees and chase each other across the sunlit meadows of the National Parks. That, and the lasting satisfaction of having measured up to your ideals. And you need ask for no other reward, for there is none higher, or more to be desired.

RANDALL J. CONDON

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

KATHARINE LEE BATES

NOTE. — When Katharine Lee Bates wrote this poem, she little thought that it would come to be known far and wide throughout the land. There is no one tune to which "America the Beautiful" is sung, though over sixty have been composed for the lines, some of them by distinguished musicians. The hymn has been sung in Australia, with the word "Australia" substituted for "America." It is sung in Canada, with the refrain, "O Canada," in Mexico with the refrain, "Mi Méjico."

The poet tells of how the stirring words came to her mind:

"'America the Beautiful' was written in its original form in the summer of 1893. I was making my first trip west. After visiting at Chicago the World's Fair, where I was naturally impressed by the symbolic beauty of the White City, I went on to Colorado Springs. Here I spent three weeks or so under the purple range of the Rockies [as one of the instructors in a summer school].

"We strangers celebrated the close of the session by a merry expedition to the top of Pike's Peak, making the ascent by the only method then available for people not vigorous enough to achieve the climb on foot nor adventurous enough for burro-riding. Prairie wagons, their tailboards emblazoned with the traditional slogan, 'Pike's Peak or Bust,' were pulled by horses up to the halfway house, where the horses were relieved by mules. We were hoping for half an hour on the summit, but two of our party became so faint in the rarefied air that we were bundled into the wagons again and started on our downward plunge so speedily that our sojourn on the Peak remains in memory hardly more than one ecstatic gaze. It was then and there, as I was looking out over the sea-like expanse of fertile country spreading away so far under those ample skies, that the opening lines of the hymn floated into my mind. When we left Colorado Springs the four stanzas were penciled in my notebook."

ON A THOUSAND VILLAGE GREENS

It is an old saying that republics are ungrateful, but this is false. The true republic is not the government, that unemotional machine by which the people seek to express and maintain their will. The true republic is the people themselves, and the people do not forget. A thousand village greens bear testimony like that of the inscription on the arch which spans the pool in the tiny park of Saratoga, California.

SARATOGA DEDICATES THIS PARK
TO THE HONOR OF THAT CITIZENSHIP
WHICH SERVES WITHOUT REWARD
THE COMMON GOOD

KINNIKINNICK

The kinnikinnick is a plant pioneer. Often it is the first plant to make a settlement or establish a colony on a barren or burned-over area. It is hardy, and is able to make a start and thrive in places so inhospitable as to afford most plants not the slightest foothold. In such places the kinnikinnick's activities make changes which alter conditions so beneficially that in a little while plants less hardy come to join the first settler. The pioneer work done by the kinnikinnick on a barren and rocky realm has often resulted in the establishment of a flourishing forest there.

The kinnikinnick, or *Arctostaphylos uva-ursi*, as the botanists name it, may be called a ground-loving vine. Though always attractive, it is in winter that it is at its best. Then its bright green leaves and red berries shine among the snow flowers in a quiet way that is strikingly beautiful.

Since it is beautiful as well as useful, I had long admired this ever cheerful, ever spreading vine before I appreciated the good though humble work it is constantly doing. I had often stopped to greet it, the only green thing upon a rock ledge or a sandy stretch, had walked over it in forest avenues beneath tall and stately pines, and had slept comfortably upon its spicy, elastic rugs, liking it from the first. But on one of my winter tramps I fell in love with this beautiful evergreen.

The day was a cold one, and the high, gusty wind

was tossing and playing with the last snowfall. I had been snowshoeing through the forest, and had come out upon an unsheltered ridge that was a part of a barren area which repeated fires had changed from a forested condition to desert. The snow lay several feet deep in the woods, but as the gravelly distance before me was bare, I took off my snowshoes. I went walking, and at times blowing, along the bleak ridge, scarcely able to see through the snow-filled air. But during a lull the air cleared of snow dust, and I paused to look about me. The wind still roared in the distance, and against the blue eastern sky it had a column of snow whirling that was dazzling white in the afternoon sun. On my left a mountain rose with easy slope to crag-crowned heights, and for miles swept away before me with seared side barren and dull. A few cloudlets of snowdrifts and a scattering of mere tufts of snow stood out distinctly on this big, bare slope.

I wondered what could be holding these few spots of snow on this wind-swept slope. I finally went up to examine one of them. Thrust out and lifted above the snow of the tuft before me was the jeweled hand of a kinnikinnick; and every snow deposit on the slope was held in place by the green arms of this plant. Here was this beautiful vine-like shrub gladly growing on a slope that had been forsaken by all other plants.

To state the situation fairly, all had been burned off by fire and kinnikinnick was the first to come back; so completely had fires consumed the plant

food that many plants would be unable to live here until better conditions prevailed and the struggle for existence was made less severe. Kinnikinnick was making the needed changes; in time it would prepare the way, and other plants, and the pines too, would come back to carpet and plume the slope and prevent wind and water from tearing and scarring the earth.

The seeds of kinnikinnick are scattered by birds, chipmunks, wind, and water. I do not know by what agency the seeds had come to this slope, but here were the plants, and on this dry, fire-ruined, sun-scorched, wind-beaten slope they must have endured many hardships. Many must have perished before these living ones had made a secure start in life.

Once kinnikinnick has made a start, it is constantly assisted to succeed by its own growing success. Its arms catch and hold snow, and this gives a supply of much-needed water. This water is snugly stored beneath the plant, where but little can be reached or taken by the sun or the thirsty winds. The winds, too, which were so unfriendly while it was trying to make a start, now become helpful to the brave, persistent plant. Every wind that blows brings something to it — dust, powdered earth, trash, the remains of dead insects; some of this material is carried for miles. All goes to form new soil, or to fertilize or mulch the old. This supplies kinnikinnick's great needs. The plant grows rich from the constant tribute of the winds. The soil bed grows deeper and richer and is also constantly outbuilding and enlarging, and kinnikinnick steadily increases its size.

In a few years a small oasis is formed in, or rather on, the barren. This becomes a place of refuge for seed wanderers, in fact, a nursery. Up the slope I saw a young pine standing in a kinnikinnick snow cover. In the edge of the snow tuft by me, covered with a robe of snow, I found a tiny tree, a mere baby pine. Where did this pine come from? There were no seed-bearing pines within miles. How did a pine seed find its way to this cosy nursery?

Perhaps the following is its story: The seed of this little pine, together with a score or more of others, grew in a cone out near the end of the pine-tree limb. This pine was on a mountain several miles from the fire-ruined slope, when one windy autumn day, some time after the seeds were ripe, the cone began to open its fingers and the seeds came dropping out. The seed of this baby tree was one of these, and when it tumbled out of the cone the wind caught it, and away it went over trees, rocks, and gulches, whirling and dancing in the autumn sunlight. After tumbling a few miles in this wild flight, it came down among some boulders. Here it lay until, one very windy day, it was caught up and whirled away again. Before long it was dashed against a granite cliff and fell to the ground; but in a moment the wind found it and drove it, with a shower of trash and dust, bounding and leaping across a barren slope, plump into this kinnikinnick nest. From this shelter the wind could not drive it. Here the little seed might have said, "This is just the place I was looking for; here is shelter from the wind and sun; the soil is rich

and damp; I am so tired, I think I'll take a sleep." When the little seed awoke, it wore the green dress of the pine family. The kinnikinnick's nursery had given it a start in life.

Under favorable conditions kinnikinnick is a comparatively rapid grower. Its numerous vine-like limbs — little arms — spread or reach outward from the central root, take a new hold upon the earth, and prepare to reach again. The ground beneath it in a little while is completely hidden by its closely crowding leafy arms. In places these soft, pliable rugs unite and form extensive carpets. Strip off these carpets and often all that remains is a barren exposure of sand or gravel, on bald or broken rocks whose surfaces and edges have been draped or buried by its green leaves and red berries.

In May kinnikinnick rugs become flower beds. Each flower is a narrow-throated, pink-lipped, creamy-white jug, and is filled with a drop of exquisitely flavored honey. The jugs in a short time change to smooth purple berries, and in autumn they take on their winter dress of scarlet. When ripe the berries taste like mealy crab apples. I have often seen chipmunks eating the berries, or apples, sitting up with the fruit in both their deft little hands, and eating it with such evident relish that I frequently found myself thinking of these berries as chipmunk's apples.

Kinnikinnick is widely distributed over the earth, and is most often found on gravelly slopes or sandy stretches. Frequently you will find it among scattered pines, trying to carpet their cathedral floor. . . .

Many a morning I have awakened late, after a sleep so long that I had settled into the yielding mass, and kinnikinnick had put up an arm, either to shield my face with its hand, or to show me, when I should awaken, its pretty red berries and bright green leaves.

One morning, while visiting in a Blackfoot Indian camp, I saw the men smoking kinnikinnick leaves, and I asked if they had any legend concerning the shrub. I felt sure they must have a fascinating story of it which told of the Great Spirit's love for kinnikinnick, but they had none. One of them said he had heard the Piute Indians tell why the Great Spirit had made it, but he could not remember the account. I inquired among many Indians, feeling that I should at last learn a happy legend concerning it, but in vain. One night, however, by my camp fire, I dreamed that some Alaska Indians told me this legend : —

Long, long ago, kinnikinnick was a small tree, with brown berries and broad leaves which dropped to the ground in autumn. One year a great snow came while the leaves were still on, and all trees were flattened upon the ground by the weight of the clinging snow. All broad-leaved trees except kinnikinnick died. When the snow melted, kinnikinnick was still alive, but pressed out upon the ground, crushed so that it could not rise. It started to grow, however, and spread out its limbs on the surface very like a root growth. The Great Spirit was so pleased with kinnikinnick's efforts that he decided to let it live on in its new form, and also that he would send it to

colonize many places where it had never been. He changed its berries from brown to red, so that the birds could see its fruit and scatter its seeds far and wide. Its leaves were reduced in size and made permanently green, so that kinnikinnick, like the pines it loves and helps, could wear green all the time.

Whenever I see a place that has been made barren and ugly by the thoughtlessness of man, I like to think of kinnikinnick, for I know it will beautify these places if given a chance to do so. There are on earth millions of acres now almost desert that may sometime be changed and beautified by this cheerful, modest plant. Sometime many bald and barren places in the Rockies will be plumed with pines, bannered with flowers, have brooks, butterflies, and singing birds, — all of these, and homes, too, around which children will play, — because of the reclaiming work which will be done by charming kinnikinnick.

Enos A. Mills

Note. — Do people ever remind you of plants, or trees, or flowers, or animals? In various ways such associations come, and differently to different persons. One friend may remind you of a gently spreading tree that casts a pleasant shade; another, of a pointing poplar; another, of a gnarled oak. And someone else may make you think of a fawn, or a lion, or a bee.

Indian Prayers[1]

Great Spirit! have pity on me and my people. Help me to be pure and to lead a straight life. Grant that I may be kind-hearted to all my people, and may our children and relatives live to be old.

Great Sun Power! I am praying for my people that they may be happy in the summer and that they may live through the cold of winter. Many are sick and in want. Pity them and let them survive.

Great Spirit! bless our children, friends, and visitors through a happy life. May our trails lie straight and level before us. Let us live to be old. We are all your children and ask these things with good hearts.

[1] Prayers of a Blackfoot chief in the Sun-dance ceremony of the Pueblos, from *The Old North Trail*, by Walter McClintock. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

SACAJAWEA, THE BIRD WOMAN

SACAJAWEA, the Indian girl, was lonely. She sat on the banks of a broad river and watched the muddy waters glide silently through the prairies that stretched level and far to the misty horizon. Wherever she looked, the earth was flat, and when she looked up the sky seemed far away. In her own country, Sacajawea had felt close to the sky. As she sat and mused, her thoughts followed the muddy river westward to a country where tall fir trees pointed toward shining snow peaks that touched the stars at night. The Indian girl's body lived and worked among the Indians of these desolate plains, but always her heart was hearing the clear waters of the Shining Mountains that had been her home.

For Sacajawea was a captive of the Minitaris, the Indians of the plains of North Dakota. Her own people were the Shoshones, or Snake Indians, who lived far away in the Rocky Mountains. Her heart beat faster as she remembered the day that she had been taken from home. She lived all over again that wild hour when she rode her galloping pony through the sweet sagebrush, fleeing from the Minitari warriors who had come whooping down upon her village. She could feel herself drop from the pony's back and wriggle through the tall grass to the river; now she was sliding into the river bed; now she was leaping desperately from rock to rock. . . . It was no use; her pursuers caught her. Deaf to her pleadings, they

carried her off with them ; they brought her down into the plains. Here now, in those same plains, she lived and labored. But always she kept the vision of her Shining Mountains and longed for her own people.

One day a French Canadian trapper named Charboneau arrived at the Minitari village. He noticed Sacajawea, sitting sadly among the Minitaris. Her captors had given her a new name, "Bird Woman," perhaps because she was so quiet yet so quick in her movements. At any rate, when the trapper saw her she seemed to him strangely like a bird imprisoned in a cage. He bought her from her captors and led her away to his home with the Mandan Indians, farther down the river. When she was fourteen, he married her. But still Sacajawea was lonely, and still her heart turned longingly toward home.

That ceaseless longing of hers brought her a great opportunity for service. There came to the Mandan village, in the autumn of 1804, two white men who were looking eagerly for somebody to show them the way up the Missouri River and through the Rocky Mountains at the source of the river. These men were Captain Meriwether Lewis and Lieutenant William Clark of the army of a very new country, the United States.

Before this time the great valley where Sacajawea and Charboneau lived belonged to France. But in 1803 Napoleon, the French Emperor, had sold to the United States a vast tract of land between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains. Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, sent a

representative to France to attend to the matter, and in Paris one April day the treaty was signed that ceded the French territory in America to the United States and made our country almost twice as large as it had been before.

Very little was known about this wide stretch of country. A few French trappers and missionaries had made their way up the Missouri to the Great Falls, but no one except Indians had gone over the Rocky Mountains and down the other side to the Pacific Coast. So President Jefferson asked Captain Lewis and Lieutenant Clark to explore the new territory for him.

When they arrived at the village on the Missouri River where Sacajawea and Charboneau lived, they asked the Indians if there was anyone who could speak both the Indian language and the English. To their joy, Charboneau answered them in their own tongue.

"Can you lead us to the beginning of the big river and across the mountains to the headwaters of the Columbia?" they asked him.

Charboneau shook his head; he could not do that. Smiling, he went and fetched Sacajawea, his wistful-eyed wife. The Bird Woman, Charboneau explained, came from the Shining Mountains; she would show them the way! So it came about that Sacajawea led Lewis and Clark and Charboneau into the great unknown country of the Northwest — unknown to the white men, but ever becoming more and more familiar to Sacajawea as the party journeyed on. With every mile her dark eyes grew less and less wistful.

They spent the winter at Fort Mandan, waiting for the ice in the river to melt. There a son was born to Sacajawea and Charboneau, and they named him Baptiste. It was in February that little Baptiste came, and soon the time drew near for the company to press on again. Some mothers would shrink from taking a two-months-old baby on a journey of three thousand miles, which is the distance from Fort Mandan to the Pacific Coast and back again. But Sacajawea tied her sturdy brown baby to a board, papoose fashion, and set out bravely on her long, long quest. Was she not carrying the little boy back to the Shining Mountains of his mother's own people?

For all her pluck, though, it was a hard journey. The explorers had no food except what they could get by hunting and fishing. Still they went on and on, traveling sometimes by water, in canoes, sometimes by land. One day they were chased by a great grizzly bear; he followed them even out into the river. A bullet brought him down just in time to save their lives. Another day, a great wind came up and tipped over the large canoe, in which Sacajawea and her husband and child were traveling. Only the sail, lying flat on the water, kept the canoe from turning upside down. When the boat tilted, some very valuable papers belonging to Lieutenant Clark fell out. While Charboneau steered, Sacajawea, holding her baby above the river with one arm, leaned far out and grasped the papers as they floated past her. The other men, bailing and pushing with all their might, managed to get the canoe safely to shore.

Slowly the party pushed on. By June they had reached the Great Falls of the Missouri River; very few white men had ever set foot beyond that point. For Lewis and Clark the region that lay ahead was wild, uncharted wilderness. But Sacajawea knew! She read signs in every wood and stream; she caught familiar scents in every wind. Sometimes, halting with Baptiste asleep on her back, she pointed out trees from which strips of bark had been peeled. Her own people had done that, she said. Every spring they took quantities of the young bark and of the sweet sap for food. The explorers named two high, parallel rocks on the banks of the river the "Gates of the Rocky Mountains." Sacajawea was not thinking of English names; at last, at last, her eyes could see in the distance the Shining Mountains that she had so long seen in her heart.

Strange to say, there were no Indians to be found. Lieutenant Clark discovered a road and strewed bits of white cloth on it to show the natives that strangers were near. But there was no response; only the deep silence of the hills day after day. Then, one night, the travelers saw a sullen glow on the horizon. They guessed what it meant; some of the Shoshones had heard a shot from one of the guns, and, thinking that enemies were at hand, had set the prairie on fire, as a signal to others.

Several days passed before the glow faded. By this time the white men were greatly discouraged. It was hot July weather; the river had grown so shallow that they had to pull their canoes with ropes,

Alice Cooper, Sculptor

SACAJAWEA, THE BIRD WOMAN

and their feet were sore with the spines of the prickly pear. They saw the footprints of Indians, but the Indians themselves they could not find. Yet Sacajawea was full of hope. The land was not strange to her; she kept coming upon familiar things. Here was a creek, she said, where her people used to get clay, of which to make bowls. To-morrow they would certainly come to the three forks of the river. Beyond that they would see a great rock, the Beaver's Head, and a little farther on they would find the summer camp of the Shoshones. They must trust her — did she not know?

It all happened as Sacajawea had said it would. They found the three forks of the stream, naming them, as they passed, the Jefferson, the Madison, and the Gallatin rivers; then they saw the Beaver's Head. From that point Lieutenant Clark pressed forward with part of the company to find the Indians.

After he had been gone several days, Sacajawea, with Captain Lewis and the rest of the party, set forth. Suddenly, as they went, Sacajawea put her baby down on the grass and burst into a dance of joy, whirling, waving her arms, and uttering little cries of happiness. For down the trail toward her came Lieutenant Clark with a little band of her own people. She danced and sang like a wild thing, joy in her every movement. The white men watched her in astonishment; they had not dreamed that she cared so much. Presently a woman came forward from the little group of Shoshones and threw her arms around Sacajawea. The Bird Woman's face was full of light. She was at home at last.

That evening the chief of the Shoshones asked Lewis and Clark to smoke the pipe of peace with him. Then he called for Sacajawea to come and interpret their talk for them. She came quietly into the tent and sat down. Then, all at once, she sprang to her feet with a cry, and running to the chief, embraced him. Tears streamed down her cheeks. She had recognized him as her brother, Cameahwait, the only one of her family left alive except her sister's little son, whom Sacajawea later adopted as her own.

Because they had brought his sister back to him, Cameahwait, chief of the Shoshones, was most friendly to Lewis and Clark. And in truth the white men needed a friend just then. They were obliged now to leave their boats and find horses to take them across the high mountains. The Shoshones sold horses to them so that they might continue their journey.

The day came when Sacajawea said farewell to her own people and turned her horse's head westward, to follow her white friends toward the Great Water that lay beyond the mountains. The little Baptiste, riding on his mother's back, was nine months old when the expedition reached the coast near where the Columbia River empties into the Pacific.

The following spring the party started on the fifteen-hundred-mile journey back to Dakota. From her home in the Shining Mountains Sacajawea led Lieutenant Clark down the Yellowstone River to the Missouri, where they met Captain Lewis. When they reached the Mandan village, in the summer of 1806, little Baptiste could run on his own stout legs and had learned to dance for the two brave leaders.

One day in August, Lewis and Clark bade their guides good-bye. To Charboneau, who had done their talking for them, they paid money. To Sacajawea, who had led them through all that long difficult journey, they made a promise that was worth more than gold. That promise they afterward fulfilled: when little Baptiste was old enough they brought him to St. Louis, the white man's city, and there they had him educated in a white man's school.

NOTE. — Years later, a white-haired Indian woman was living at the Shoshone Reservation in Wyoming. When she told the other Indians that she was a hundred years old, they could hardly believe her, because her movements were so quick, her mind so active. This was the very Sacajawea who had led Lewis and Clark into the wilderness, when the West was young. Together they were the "bold and far-seeing pathfinders who carried the flag of the young republic to the western ocean, and revealed an unknown empire to the uses of mankind."

At Portland, Oregon, where she first saw the Pacific Ocean, is a statue of the young Sacajawea, by Miss Alice Cooper, of Denver. At the base of the monument is this inscription:

ERECTED

BY THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES

IN MEMORY OF SACAJAWEA

THE ONLY WOMAN

IN THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION

AND IN HONOR OF

THE PIONEER MOTHERS OF OLD OREGON

IF I WERE A SWALLOW

If I were a swallow, I'd follow
The sunrise around the world,
And linger from moment to moment
Where day was being unfurled.

For dawn is always somewhere
Dew-flushed with early light,
And I'd rather stay with the sunbeams
Than fold my wings at night.

A myriad roofs might beckon,
But I'd only pause for rest
Once in a day, for brief delight
In the warmth of my own wee nest.

Frances Avery Faunce

Note. — In the famous story about King John and the Abbot of Canterbury, the King was told to ride around the world with the sun. Nowadays the conversation might have gone on as follows: —

King John: And now tell me how fast I should need to travel, to ride around the world with the sun?

The Abbot's Poor Shepherd: You must ride at the equator a thousand miles an hour, and more. Or if, wishing to be leisurely, Your Majesty were to step up and let the world go twirling on beneath, you would look down and find the earth's scenery spinning under your feet at the same breath-taking speed.

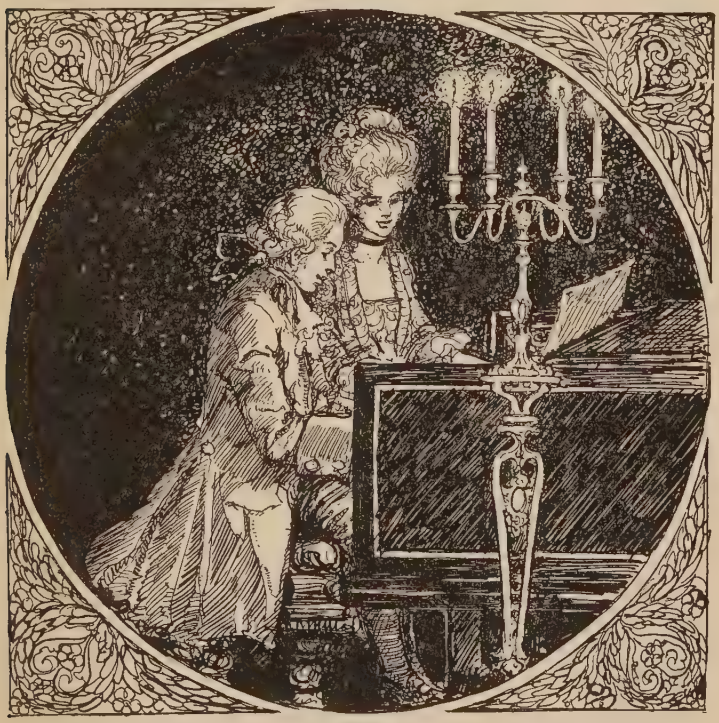
MAGIC NOTES

They made him a little lilac coat, with ruffles at the neck and wrists and a border of gold, and tied his curls back with a black silk bow. And he played before the Empress, in Vienna, with small rose-leaf fingers fluttering over the beautiful harpsichord keys. The sounds that came forth were enchanting; they were like a hundred rills and violet fields of springtime.

His name was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, and he was six years old. His sister Marianne, who was eleven, played duets with him, and wore her pretty hair high on her head. Her dress was of silk brocade with a Watteau pleat at the back. The ladies on valentines often wear Watteau pleats. Little Mozart and Marianne looked as if they had stepped out of a valentine. All the hearts that saw and heard them were happy and full of love. The great Empress Maria Theresa forgot for an hour her cares of state, and the young Princess Marie Antoinette made games with the delightful children.

Marianne and Wolfgang went to Paris and then to London. There they played for the king and queen, and were showered with blessings and with gifts. Then father Mozart took his little ones home to Salzburg, in Austria, and educated them quietly and well. He might have made a fortune by traveling and allowing the wonderful children to give concerts while their fame was high, but not for all the money in the world would he run the risk of hurting his precious

darlings. He was a great teacher, and a good and wise father. "Next after God comes my father," little Wolfgang used to say.



HIS SISTER MARIANNE PLAYED DUETS WITH HIM

When Mozart was fourteen, his father took him to Italy to hear the good music and see the noble pictures of that country. In the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican at Rome, on the Wednesday and Friday before Easter, was performed a famous piece of music

which was never given out to be sung anywhere else. It was called the "Miserere," and people came from all over Europe to hear this solemn work. Mozart heard the "Miserere," and that night in his room, by the bright light of the Italian moon, he wrote out the whole composition from memory. Not one least note was missing. The famous "Miserere" was now no longer secret.

As time passed, the young composer had not the dear father to guide and shield him. And so little did Mozart think of worldly things for himself that he was frequently cheated and imposed upon by selfish and jealous people. Although he was writing those beautiful sonatas and symphonies and operas which were to delight the world for years to come, he and his young wife Constance were often wretchedly poor. Through all their deprivation, however, their hearts were light, and gayly they lived, and thought of music, and made the best of hardships.

One winter day a caller came to Mozart's door, but his rap brought no response. There seemed to be an extraordinary noise in the house, a shuffling, clattering noise. The caller felt sure that someone must be at home and rapped again. Still no response. He could not make himself heard. Finally he opened the door himself and entered. There in a bare room were Mozart and Constance, dancing vigorously, out of breath, but wholly happy.

"Come in! Come in!" they welcomed the visitor. "We had no wood, and so we were dancing to keep warm!"

The small, slender hands of Mozart were exquisitely formed and trained, and to hear him play the harpsichord was said to be a joy beyond all telling. Yet he loathed holding a pen and writing out his music. He would wait to put down on paper the compositions that were stored in his mind until he was fairly driven to it.

Once a new opera of Mozart's was to be given in the city of Prague. An opera is like a play, in which the parts are sung to music. On this occasion the singers were engaged, the parts learned, the tickets sold. But one important thing was missing; and that was the very beginning of the opera. The overture is the orchestral piece played before the curtain rises. It gives a sense of what is to come, much as the preface to a book tells about the stories that are to follow. It was the overture to the new opera that was missing. In his busy days filled with the countless details of rehearsals, Mozart had put off till the last moment the actual writing of this part of his work. As the time drew near, the director became gravely concerned and besought him to hasten. He thought that Mozart had not yet composed the music, but really it was all in his head.

"Do not be uneasy," Mozart told him. "It will be ready."

The day before the performance arrived, and still the overture was not written.

"I am a ruined man!" cried the director. "We shall have to play the overture from another opera, and the whole effect will be spoiled."

Mozart assured him that he would write it at once.

"But even so," replied the director, "the parts must be copied, and there will be no time for the men to rehearse them."

The men of the orchestra were all well-trained musicians. Mozart had worked with them, and he knew their skill. He felt confident that they would be able to play the overture at sight.

"Then I shall tell the copyist to call at seven in the morning for the manuscript, and all will be well," concluded the director.

Mozart hastened home to put on paper the music already so perfectly formed in his mind. But alas! first one interruption and then another came. The work was still untouched when the composer was carried off by a merry party of friends who gathered each evening to discuss the approaching performance. It was nearly midnight when someone chanced to mention the overture. Mozart turned pale. He had completely forgotten about it!

Now indeed he bade the company good night and set to work in earnest on the wearying task. Constance prepared him food, and brought fresh candles as the old ones burned low. She sat beside him and told him fairy tales — "Cinderella" first, and then "Aladdin's Lamp" — to keep him from falling asleep, as sheet after sheet of the clean music paper was filled with the magic notes. When he could hold the pen no longer, Constance let him rest while she watched the time. One hour — two hours — then she called him, and with more candles and more paper he set

to work again. Just as the copyist entered, at seven to the dot, the last note of the overture was dashed down.

That night when the people were already assembled and the musicians were in their places, the parts arrived, with the ink scarcely dried. Then the orchestra, under the composer's guidance, played at sight the immortal music that thrilled everyone with its immeasurable beauty.

The great Mozart died neglected and in poverty, but the works of his genius live on. And through them his spirit shines as brightly and joyously as it did on that day when, in his lilac-colored coat, he played minuets for the Empress and melted the proud court to love and happiness.

META KNOX HANNAY

NOTE. — Marie Antoinette was the little Austrian princess who became Queen of France — the same unhappy queen who was executed during the French Revolution. The king and queen in England, before whom the young Mozart played, were George III and Queen Charlotte.

The minuet is an old-fashioned dance, in $\frac{3}{4}$ time; but instead of swinging in the $\frac{3}{4}$ rhythm of the waltz, it is slow and dignified. The form follows a certain figure or pattern, with stately steps, and bowing, and curtsying. Perhaps you have danced the minuet. Perhaps you have danced to Mozart's music.

A YOKE OF STEERS [1]

A HEAVE of mighty shoulders to the yoke,
Square, patient heads, and flaring sweep of horn;
The darkness swirling down beneath their feet
Where sleeping valleys stir, and feel the dawn;
Uncouth and primal, on and up they sway,
Taking the summit in a drench of day.
The night-winds volley upward bitter-sweet
And the dew shatters to a rainbow spray
Under the slow-moving, cloven feet.

There is a power here that grips the mind;
A force repressed and inarticulate,
Slow as the swing of centuries, as blind
As Destiny, and as deliberate.

They will arrive in their appointed hour
Unhurried by the goad of lesser wills,
Bearing vast burdens on.
They are the great
Unconquerable spirit of these hills.

DUBOSE HEYWARD

NOTE. — Nearly every word of this poem suggests some reaching thought. Have you ever risen before daybreak on a farm, and worked by the sweat of your brow, getting your living straight from the very soil that is its source? All of

[1] From *Skylines and Horizons*, by DuBose Heyward. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

our trades and professions are essential, and may be made ennobling, but some are far removed from that elemental toil on which they all depend. Direct from the earth itself comes man's sustenance; it comes through the strength, and labor, and patience of his untiring soul.

Have you risen while the night is yet chilly in the valleys, and then from a hillside seen the lifting mists and smelled them "bitter-sweet"? And do you remember how, as you went for the milk a mile away and up, one sentinel pine tree always came out of the mists first — a pine tree that you could never pick out from the others when the day was on?

A CHANTED CALENDAR

First came the primrose,
On the bank high,
Like a maiden looking forth
From the window of a tower
When the battle rolls below,
So looked she,
And saw the storms go by.

Then came the windflower
In the valley left behind,
As a wounded maiden, pale
With purple streaks of woe,
When the battle has rolled by
Wanders to and fro,
So tottered she,
Dishevelled in the wind.

Then came the daisies,
On the first of May;
Like a bannered show's advance
While the crowd runs by the way,
With ten thousand flowers about them they came trooping through the fields.
As a happy people come,
So came they,
As a happy people come
When the war has rolled away,
With dance and tabor, pipe and drum,
And all make holiday.

Then came the cowslip,
Like a dancer in the fair,
She spread her little mat of green,
And on it danced she.
With a fillet bound about her brow,
A fillet round her happy brow,
A golden fillet round her brow,
And rubies in her hair.

SYDNEY DOBELL

NOTE. — This is an English calendar. In some parts of the United States the windflower comes first; then the cowslip. And the daisy troops come when the fields are thousand-flowered, overlaid with bloom like old tapestry backgrounds.

A happy thing to do would be to write a chanted calendar for the place you know the best, so that there would come to be such a calendar for each part of America and the islands far away. Then a still happier thing would be to exchange calendars, so that you might have one from Alaska — Texas — Maine — Manila — in return for yours.

THE LOST WHITE WILD STRAWBERRIES[1]

THE last workmen left Wildflower Woods in February. From then until spring there was leisure to plan the laying-out and planting of the grounds.

The only thing to do was to let Nature take her course. If I wanted to grow a red bed successfully, I must plant red flowers where the signs were propitious for red. From tangles of vines the bloody berries of the wild bittersweet draped the lake shoreline in their season; here and there, a few yards farther in, grew the red wood lilies; columbine, almost blood-red, was waving on a slope halfway up the hill; Jack-in-the-pulpit was holding aloft bright fruit at a slightly higher elevation; and near by came the lace and fruit of ginseng. On top of the hill in front of the garage was wonderful soil, the accumulated riches of ages, waiting for any growth the locality afforded.

For several years I had been finding and marking wild specimens in Northern Indiana. I knew where elders, with berries of red velvet, flourished. I knew where wild tiger lilies bordered swamp after swamp. I knew where burning bush, mountain ash, and scarlet haws were to be had. In this hunting ground of mine, which I had been working over since I was a schoolgirl, there was not a red flower or fruit or berry that I had not discovered.

[1] Adapted from *Tales You Won't Believe*, by Gene Stratton-Porter; Doubleday, Page & Company, publishers. Reprinted by special permission of Gene Stratton-Porter, Inc.

Around the northern holly at the top of the upward slope from the lake, between the clumps of cardinal flower and fox fire, there was a bit of space left bare. From the corner of a field we brought in five hundred red wild strawberries, scattering them all the way from the fern bed down the hill to the borders of the ginseng with its flaming red berries.

When we had finished planting the red bed, we started on the white, which we placed adjoining. Evidently here the soil was best suited for lilies of the valley, arrowhead lilies, white adder's-tongue and trillium, and the white violets, because we found it full of dogwood, white asters, and every wild white thing that grows in the woods of Northern Indiana. Following our line of reasoning, we advanced around the lake shore, allotting an acre to each of the beds of pink and blue and mauve, until we reached the Cabin and circled it with an even larger sheet of yellow. This season we worked so hard that, by the following spring, when bloom-time came, every bed was outlined in its own color.

The fame of my wild flower garden had begun to spread over the state, and not only that, but through the whole United States. It reached to the ends of the earth. There were kind people who wanted to help. The first was a doctor in Colorado, who sent me a bundle of pasque flowers. From a schoolgirl in Maine came a bunch of partridge berries for Thanksgiving decorations. She had snipped the little sprays two or three inches in length. Remembering my mother's art in growing wild things, I pinched the

berries from the top, made a fresh diagonal cut of the stems, and fixed them in trays containing a mixture of sand with a little woods earth. After moistening this, I let my cuttings have sunshine through glass, and by spring I had enough rooted partridge berries to cover a large space under one of the oaks in my red bed.

For years one of my former assistants shipped to me uncounted baskets filled with very carefully named and numbered specimens — rare violets, wild larkspur, shooting star, dozens of beauties that had not grown so far north as Wildflower Woods. A schoolboy in western New York sent me a box full of bee-balm roots while a girl in Georgia gave jasmine. From a man in California came enough wildflower seed to cover one hill with almost every wild annual from that state. Another friend added to my collection the painted trillium, a yellow wood lily, three orchids, azaleas, and rhododendrons; the State of Minnesota furnished more pasque flowers, and Northern Michigan gave trailing arbutus and wintergreen.

A flower-lover near Medicine Hat, Canada, contributed half a dozen packets of roots, including one tiny evergreen tree which is growing beautifully to-day. There were wild red iris from Russia and an exquisitely dainty and beautiful blue iris from France; hardy ivy from an old abbey in England; beautiful white asters from Norway — asters of lacy white, with gold centres, on smooth reddish stems covered with the overlaying frost that botanists call "bloom." From far-away South Africa came golden wattle.

There were packages of seed from a teacher in New Zealand, and others from India and the Bermudas. And thus the wild flowers continued to come from almost the world over.

But perhaps the greatest thrill of the entire experience came when I received a packet containing half a dozen strawberry plants, guaranteed to bear *white* wild strawberries, from the home grounds of the author of *Ben Hur*.[1] When those white-strawberry plants were put into my hands, I knew the keen joy that every collector feels over a new specimen.

These plants had a history. General Wallace, a great flower-lover, had found them growing wild in the woods near his beautiful house in Crawfordsville, Indiana. I had visited it; I knew the proportions of the great beeches which grew for the General in the most elaborate manner, truly lordly beeches, with wide-spreading arms of gray moleskin, great velvet trunks, and branches almost sweeping the ground. On these trees the General had spent in tree surgery what was considered by most of us a fortune in those days. Through the grasses beneath them there grew a world of violets, mostly blue, but a few white and yellow. The General's house was big and spacious, with an air of leisure, of quiet and contentment, and of the love of growing things — things that grew as if they loved the man who lived there and would show their appreciation of the time and money he lavished upon them.

I studied my space allotted for white, from the

[1] "Lew" Wallace, the American general, lawyer, and author.

lake shore to the garage, back and forth, searching for soil that came nearest to matching the earth still clinging to the roots of the new plants. I used particular care as to the degree of light and shade; and then, on my knees, with my own fingers I tucked in the roots of the white strawberries from the wild-flower collection of the man who could write such books as *Ben Hur* and *The Fair God*. When the holes had been properly dug and fertilized, and a little water added, and the roots had been covered according to their running habit, and everything was finished, I prayed my prayer to the God of Growing Things.

For four or five years they not only grew, but flourished abundantly. They ran and spread from the roots, and they seeded down, and by and by my six plants had multiplied to dozens. At the time of blossoming, they whitened a wide space, and at berry time still kept their whiteness. The berries were large and delicious and like pearls in color. As not one of all the thousands of visitors who came to the Cabin and walked down past the bed had ever seen a white wild strawberry, mine were one of the marvels of the grounds.

Then came a bitter cold winter, when the snows drifted almost as high as the fences and lay on the ground for weeks. When spring came, I found that great havoc had been wrought in the woods. Many an orchid had lost its life in the bitter weather; many a fern had been frozen past endurance; many a wilding that I had thought securely acclimated failed to appear; not a trace of trailing arbutus remained.

And my white wild strawberries were wiped out as completely as if they never had been. There was not one plant left.

That same spring, I found that one of my big beeches across the driveway, several yards from the old white-strawberry bed, had died. I was not much surprised. We had taken a long chance on tree surgery with this huge beech, which was now fairly a shell with its branches dead for forty or fifty feet. We had taken an almost foolhardy risk in trying to save it, but it graced an isolated spot; it was a splendid tree, its crown beautifully shaped, its trunk mast-straight and velvet-fine. We made an effort to keep every one of these giants of the forest that could possibly be saved. Now came the problem of how to get the tree down and out of the wild garden. At last the tree was felled, the wood carried away, and the big cement trunk rolled back in the swamp.

We discovered that even the larger roots were hollow, and many squirrels had been homing among them. They had burrowed under the cement from root to root to make their winter quarters. We filled the hole and raked it over, and considered that expensive work finished.

Now we reach the part of this story that seems extraordinary — and yet things are very simple when Nature is left to her own devices.

Early in the following June, as I was taking a short cut through the woods, I was dumbfounded to discover a big bed of white wild strawberries spreading over every inch of ground the beech tree had

occupied. There could be no mistake about them. There was a shiny gloss on the white strawberry leaf, with a green not so dark as the leaf of the red; the veinings were more deeply grooved, the leaf slightly different in shape; there was a pure whiteness, a waxy texture in the bloom, which lifted higher than the leaves. There lay the bed of white wild strawberries, nearly ten feet in diameter, with plants of a thrift and vigor that the first tiny bed had never attained. There they were, and the question was how they got there.

Only one answer could be made to that question. The squirrels had been feeding on white strawberries and had sowed the seed all over this new place. After the tree had been removed, the earth was raked smooth; the snows blanketed it and the sun shone and the rains fell. Then all those little seeds germinated and sprang up and gave back to me my dearly loved white wild strawberry plants. Nature had returned to me my lost gift from the wildings of the great General.

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

NOTE. — Red wild strawberries are incomparable for their fragrance and their beauty. Would you know the most delicious shortcake that can be eaten? It is made of biscuit crust, baked in a large oblong pan. When the biscuit is done and golden brown, it is split, without breaking, into two thin and steaming layers — a delicate process, requiring great nicety. Only the crusty edge is cut with a knife. The separation of the fluffy inside part is made gently, with a fork, so that the flakiness remains. The two halves are turned back

on their crusts, and much fine butter is laid upon them as they rest open.

Then each half is covered with quantities of wild strawberries, lovingly gathered with much searching and finding and stooping and tasting, in the wild fields and the wild breezes and to the wild bird's note. There are quarts of the berries, the reddest of red, garnered in little cups and baskets. They leave sweet-smelling stains on all the fingers that have picked them, hulled them, and prepared them for the cake. They tumble in a shower on the open white biscuit with its yellow butter-shine, making bright red spots where they bob and dance into place.

When the berries are laid evenly, more butter is put on in lumps, with sugar. But the sugar is maple. It has been made in early spring, when the sap was flowing. The sweet syrup was boiled in great kettles in the woods and sugared off while the snows were yet deep. Now it has been melted to the consistency of honey and is freely dropped upon the cake.

Then the two layers are set one upon the other, with some extra berries on the upper layer for beauty, and the cake is put into the oven for a few moments, so that the juices of the whole may melt through and through and through.

If this cake is eaten at a sunset supper hour, within an open doorway overlooking mountain valleys —

If in the room where this is eaten are old hand-woven stuffs of wool and linen, raised on the spreading farm lands, and spun and dyed and patterned in days gone by —

If the heart takes in this beauty —

Then the cake will have a flavor beyond any yet known.

(If such a doorway is not to be had, nor the wild berries, nor the maple sugar, the cake may be *pretended* with brown sugar and cultivated berries cut in halves and left standing for a while in sugar to bring out their juice.)

Take care of the minutes,
for the hours will take care of themselves.

CHESTERFIELD

Honest labor bears a lovely face.

DEKKER

The best doctors in the world are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman.

SWIFT

THE WEAVER

All night the lady spider spun
Her silver tapestry upon
A loom that reached from edge to edge
Of rosebush branch and window ledge —
A wooden wall, a curtain green,
With the fine fabric hung between.
All night unceasingly she toiled
While thread on silky thread uncoiled,
And, barred and ringed and woven through,
The dainty wonder-pattern grew.
Now and again a wind breathed by
And shook the sheer strands fitfully;
Once in the dark a blundering moth
Was tangled in the fragile cloth,
But a good firefly held his light
Till she could set the trouble right;
A thread respun, a mended rent,
And on the happy weaving went.
Near dawn, a rose cup overflowed
And all the texture thickly sewed
With gems of dew. Then, as the last
Soft line was being tethered fast,
Up rode the sun — and lo, the thing
Of the small toiler's fashioning
Was shimmering silver, golden-flecked,
Shot with rare colors, diamond-decked;
Delicate, perfect, filmy-fair,
Fit for a fairy queen to wear!

Ah me, with never warning cried,
Sudden the noiseless blinds flew wide,
And on the shaken rosebush flew
A fluttering broken thread or two!
The lady spider scurried out
Safe from the ruins — put to rout,
Defeated, overthrown, in vain;
At dark she will begin again.
Already she has chosen the site;
A wondrous web she'll weave to-night,
A mesh of lacy gossamer
Hung with the finest skill of her
Lovingly, on another loom —
The window of another room!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

NOTE. — Beset by his enemies, King Robert Bruce of Scotland lay in hiding. One day he saw a spider near his bed, trying to fix her thread to a spot in the roof. Six times she tried to reach her mooring, and six times she fell back.

"Now shall this spider teach me what I am to do," said the King, "for I also have failed six times."

Gathering all the forces in her little body to yet another effort, the spider swung again, reached the hold, and fastened her line. Then quickly and with certainty she passed and repassed, building and strengthening her web.

Thereupon Bruce left his hiding place, collected a band of his followers, and surprised the enemy, eventually gaining the independence of his country. We are told that in remembrance of this story it has always been considered a foul crime in Scotland for anyone with the name of Bruce to injure a spider.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

THERE was once a Scotch boy named David Livingstone. His father was a poor man, so poor that he put his son to work in a cotton mill instead of sending him to school. But he taught the boy how to read, and after that David went on studying by himself. He took his lesson book to the mill with him and propped it up on his spinning jenny, and every time he walked past the machine, striding to and fro at his task, he read a little bit. In this rather curious way he managed to learn a great deal.

David cared most for books of travel. He read them eagerly — snatching the words sentence by sentence as he passed the spinning machine. He read that old tale by Herodotus about the brave Greek mariners who, two thousand years before, had sailed around the great unknown continent that lay to the south of them. His heart was stirred by the adventures of travelers who found what they called "the fountains of the Nile," supposed to be the headwaters of that famous old river. He read, too, the story of Karl Gützlaff, a doctor who had gone to take care of the Chinese.

As he read, he pondered greatly about what he should do when he became a man. It seemed to him that above all things he would like to discover new places. At length he made up his mind to be a missionary; and as time went by he kept thinking the matter over. At last he decided, not only that he would go

out to foreign lands and preach to people who did not know about God, but that he would take care of those people's bodies also; he would be both a preacher and a doctor. All this would require a great deal of training. So in time he left the mills; somehow he had gathered the money to enter the University of Glasgow in order to prepare himself for his life's work.

At the age of twenty-seven he was ordained as a missionary. It had been his hope to go, like Karl Gützlaff, to China; but he found that he was to be sent to Africa instead. At that time Africa was a practically unknown continent. To-day the map is covered with the names of its towns, mountains, rivers, and lakes; but in Livingstone's youth there was a broad blank all over the central part of the map. Not even the "fountains of the Nile," the mention of which had so fascinated little David Livingstone, were written down. The great space was left blank simply because there were no names to put on it; no one had the slightest idea what the interior of Africa was like.

The thought of that vast unknown territory took tremendous hold on Livingstone's mind. It seemed to him that here was a great query to be answered: What lay in that dark, unfathomed region? And in the back of his head an old question rang: "Where are the fountains of the Nile?"

When the day came for the young Livingstone really to set sail for Africa, he left his native land on

the packet George, bound for Port Natal, which is in the southernmost part of the continent. On his arrival he hired an ox wagon and, riding day and night in that strange vehicle, slowly made his way into the interior of the country. He traveled seven hundred miles by ox team and at last reached the station called Kuruman. At this place lived Robert Moffat, a missionary who had penetrated farther into Africa than anyone before him. There Livingstone remained until he had learned the language of the black people.

One day the white preacher-doctor caught sight of a big lion behind a bush about thirty yards away. He raised his gun, and fired.

"It is done! It is done!" cried the natives joyously. "Let us run and drag the lion off!"

But Livingstone knew better. Over the top of the bush he could see a tawny tassel switching angrily back and forth.

"Wait," he shouted, "let me fire again!"

Suddenly, with a great roar, the lion sprang from behind the bush and pounced on Livingstone, plunging great teeth into his shoulder. Together the man and the beast fell to the ground; then the lion struggled to his feet and, grasping Livingstone in his jaws, shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. One of the natives fired again, and the creature turned and ran at him. Another Negro, remembering how Livingstone had saved his life when he was being tossed by a buffalo, rushed up to kill the lion with his spear. But the great animal had been badly wounded already, and at that instant he dropped dead.

SUDDENLY THE LION SPRANG FROM BEHIND THE BUSH

Livingstone's shoulder was broken, and for a long time he had to wear his arm in a sling. He returned to Kuruman, and while recovering from his wounds there, he married Dr. Moffat's daughter, Mary. Not long afterward he and his wife went back into the wilderness to Mabotsa, and while they lived there three children were born to them.

Later they passed on even farther north. At length they came to the country of Chief Sechele, whose child Livingstone cured of a severe illness. Sechele became one of the first converts to Christianity. While the family were with Sechele, they heard the natives speak of another black chief, one who had traveled across the desert, bearing northward, until he came to a great lake. When Livingstone heard of this perhaps he thought to himself, "That may be the lake where I shall find the fountains of the Nile!"

The travelers moved on northward, and eventually happened upon two English sportsmen. After talking together, the three white men decided to go in search of the lake. As they journeyed on, the country grew drier and drier. They were doubtful as to which way they should go. After a time they caught sight of a creature running through the bushes. Thinking that it was an animal of some kind, they rode closer; but they found it was a bushwoman — one of a small, dark, stunted tribe that live in the interior of Africa. They caught her, treating her gently, for she was badly frightened. After they had pleased her with the gift of some bright beads, they told their Negroes to ask if she could show them the way to the great lake.

The next day the bushwoman led them a long, long distance, and at last, to their joy, they came to the lake. It was Lake Ngami, familiar now in all geographies. Livingstone had succeeded in making the middle part of South Africa less entirely unknown.

The following year he took his whole family exploring. It was his plan to go back and cross the new lake. The travelers lost their way and for five days walked on and on without any water to drink. The children cried with thirst, and the mother's heart was heavy, but she did not complain. At last they found the chief Sebituane, who made them comfortable in his village.

Leaving the family in his care, Livingstone went inland till he came to a great river. How he longed to follow that river across Africa to the sea! But the thought of his wife and children held him back. At length he decided to take the family down to Cape Town and send them to England, where the children could have a chance to go to school. A thousand miles by ox team they traveled, and then, at Cape Town, Livingstone said good-bye to his wife and children, as they sailed away for their own country.

Livingstone himself returned to the great river that he had wanted to follow. He chose men from among the Makololo Negroes, and with them set out along the river in a northerly direction. Before long he became very ill with fever, but in spite of that he staggered on under the fierce heat of the tropical sun. At last he and his followers dragged themselves into

Loanda, a Portuguese town on the west coast of Africa.

In the harbor of Loanda was a ship riding at anchor, ready to sail for England. If Livingstone had boarded her he might have gone immediately to his wife and children. Yet he firmly held to his determination to find the fountains of the Nile. Turning again into the fierce jungle, therefore, he set his course along the Zambezi River toward the east coast, marching straight across Africa to the other side.

In the course of their journey he and his followers came to a place where they could see five tall columns of mist rising out of a valley that stretched below them.

"See, there is the smoke that sounds!" said the natives.

Pressing on, Livingstone soon saw that the sounding "smoke" was in reality great columns of spray tossed out by a beautiful, roaring waterfall. He had discovered the falls of the Zambezi — falls that are twice as high and twice as full as our Niagara. In honor of the Queen of England he named them "Victoria Falls."

When he reached the east coast, Livingstone sailed for home, and on his return to Africa brought his wife with him. When they landed on the east coast his faithful Makololos were waiting for him. He took them inland with him to explore Lake Nyasa, and when that trip was over he left them at their home in the interior, where he had found them some years before.

A great sorrow now came to Livingstone. Soon

after he returned to the coast his wife fell ill; and though he nursed her faithfully, she died. Now again Livingstone went back to England. But he was too restless to remain there long; his heart was in the jungle.

In 1865 he was glad indeed to set out again for Africa, on a mission for the Royal Geographical Society, to find out definitely about the sources of the Nile. On his arrival he selected a number of natives to accompany him into the interior. He took with him four goats to give him milk. For a long time after that nothing was heard of him. Then, at last, a native came to the coast and told people that Livingstone had been murdered.

But he had not been murdered. He had gone to a great lake in the jungles called Lake Tanganyika. Here some of his followers left him. He had the misfortune to lose his four goats, too, which meant that he could no longer have the nourishment of good milk. His medicine chest was stolen, so that when he fell ill with a fever, he had nothing to cure him. But still he pressed on, trying to find the "fountains," unwilling to give up his dream. When he reached Ujiji in the spring of 1869, he wrote in his diary that he was nothing but a "ruckle of bones." Exploring from that point he discovered two more lakes, the headwaters of the Congo River.

When he was sitting in his house at Ujiji one morning, suddenly Susi, one of the most faithful of the natives, cried out in excited tones: "Englishman!

Englishman!" and ran off at top speed toward the village.

Down in the village a crowd of curious natives had gathered to meet a little caravan that was coming up the trail. At the head of the strange band a flag fluttered in the hot air. It was the American flag. The Negroes marveled as they looked, and no wonder, for this was in truth a queer procession. Behind the flag a white man in a strange hat was riding; a tin bathtub swung from the back of one of the oxen that followed.

"Good morning, sir!" called Susi loudly in his master's language. The white man started with surprise, and looked round excitedly.

"Did I hear English words?" he thought to himself. No, he decided at once, that was impossible: there were only Africans around him.

"Good morning, sir!" cried another voice. This time it was Chumah, another loyal black.

Susi pushed his way through the throng to the stranger's side. "I am Livingstone's man," he said.

The newcomer's face lighted with joy. "Take me to your master, quickly!" he urged. So Susi led the way back to the house, while Chumah ran ahead to tell Livingstone that a white man was coming.

Long afterward, the white man wrote an account of that meeting. "Livingstone," he said, "was dressed in the well-remembered blue-gray coat of his marching costume, and the blue naval cap, gold-braided, regarding me with eyes so trustful, and face so grave and sad. . . ."

As the stranger approached, Livingstone, starting to his feet, took off his faded cap. The stranger came forward with his hand out.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" asked the visitor, as the two looked eagerly into each other's faces.

The stranger then introduced himself as Henry Morton Stanley, an American newspaper reporter. No one in the civilized world — he explained — had known whether Livingstone was alive or dead. Stanley's newspaper in New York City had sent him all this distance to find the explorer and to bring him help. Thousands of miles he had journeyed searching for the explorer, and now at last the two had met, in the wild heart of Africa.

The time came when Stanley had to return to the outside world. In vain he begged Livingstone to come with him.

"You will stay, then," he asked, "until you are sure you have found the sources of the Nile?" And Livingstone answered that he should.

"Then farewell," Stanley said. "And may God bring you back safe to us all!"

They shook hands in warm friendship. Then Susi and Chumah stooped and laid their dark faces against Stanley's palms. Tears rolled down the American's cheeks.

Stanley had promised to send up from the coast a party of men who could guide Livingstone on his further explorations. When at the end of five months the escort came, the patient explorer, his heart still unafraid, set forth again.

For weeks they wandered in the swamps of the jungle east of Lake Tanganyika. Again Livingstone fell ill with fever, and as they went on he grew worse and worse. At last his Negro boys had to carry him on a litter. When he became too weak to travel at all, they laid him in a hut beside the lake, and built a camp fire outside. One of the boys slept in the hut to be ready if Livingstone should call.

Very early one morning the boy came to the door and called softly to the other natives. "Come!" he said. "I am afraid!"

The others entered the hut. Livingstone was kneeling by the bed, his head bowed in his hands. The boys had often seen him kneeling like that in prayer, so at first they were not alarmed.

"But he was that way when I went to sleep," said the young bodyguard. "And see — he is that way still."

Susi and Chumah went nearer to their master, and leaning down, listened. He did not stir. They touched him and found that he was no longer living.

Among the poor blacks there was great grief. Those of them who had not known him so long said to Susi and Chumah: "You are his oldest followers. Lead us, and we will obey as if he were here with us again!"

Susi and Chumah collected Livingstone's simple belongings and packed them carefully in boxes. Then they embalmed his body after a fashion of their own, and buried his heart at the foot of a tall tree on which they carved his name. After that the forlorn but

faithful band began the long march to the sea. All that was left of him, they said, should go back to his own people. For ten long months they carried their precious load through jungles and swamps and deserts, across rivers and plains. When they came to hostile villages they fought their way through.

At last, in February, 1874, they arrived at Zanzibar on the coast. Faltering with weariness, they carried their beloved burden through the streets, and gave it to the British consul. Livingstone's black friends had been loyal to the end. In April all that was earthly of the great explorer was reverently buried in Westminster Abbey, London, where the British people lay away those who have done great deeds for England.

So lived and died David Livingstone. He did not find "the fountains of the Nile," but how much more he had accomplished! For he had opened up an unknown continent, discovered countless hidden places, and carried light and love into thousands of darkened lives. When as a little boy he tramped up and down in the mill, spinning dreams while he spun cotton, he could never have imagined any greater service than this.

MARY LEE

NOTE. — Since the days of Edward the Confessor, the sovereigns of England have been crowned at Westminster Abbey. The coronation chairs stand in the Confessor's Chapel. The one used by the sovereign dates from the time of Edward I, and contains beneath its seat the Stone of Scone, or stone of destiny, on which the Celtic kings were crowned. And the

Abbey is likewise the burial place of many of the kings and queens, and of the nation's most illustrious dead.

After Livingstone's death, Henry Morton Stanley was again sent to Africa, where he made more geographical discoveries than any other explorer on that continent. One of his achievements was the building of a road in the cataract region of the Congo. For this work he earned from the natives the name *Bula Matari*, meaning "the rock breaker," "the all-powerful." Stanley has written the account of one of his African adventures in the book called *In Darkest Africa*. Some of his other books are *My Early Travels and Adventures in America and Asia*, *Through South Africa*, and *My Dark Companions and Their Strange Stories*.

UNDER THE TREES

. . . . .

I NEVER feel afraid
Among the trees;
Of trees are houses made;
And even with these,
Unhewn, untouched, unseen,
Is something homelike in the safe sweet green,
Intimate in the shade.

. . . . .

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

NOTE. — When you walk along a street bordered with shade trees, and see the branches curving overhead, it is like passing down the aisle of a great cathedral beneath the splendid arches.

NEXT TO —

"NEXT to winning yourself, is to lose to a delightful companion."

This was the remark I overheard on coming into the clubhouse after a wonderful day at golf. And much as I had enjoyed the day, that remark was worth more to me than all the rest put together. And it has come back to me time and again. Now I give it to you.

"Next to —"

I wonder if there is not packed into these little words some of the finest suggestive possibilities for happiness in all this life. Let's see:

Next to — winning yourself, to see somebody else win.

Next to — breathing life and spirit and wonder and imagination and inspiration into the heart of some instrument of music yourself, to drink in the art of a master.

Next to — being a great leader, to be a worthy follower.

Next to — writing some great book or painting some great masterpiece, to interpret rightly what the writer or artist has felt; and thus, in living, to make his work a thing of satisfaction and permanence.

Next to — being helped, for you to help.

Next to — being loved, for you to love.

Next to — grandly succeeding, for you to help bring success to someone else.

GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

NOTE. — There is a beautiful miracle in these words, "Next to." Emerson said, "There are probably many who have tried the experiment on a hilltop, of bending the head so as to look at the landscape with their eyes upside down. What new softness in the picture! It changes the landscape from November into June."

So the words "Next to" change, even while we think upon them; they become "More than." This we may prove as truly as the radiant butterfly proves the promise in the chrysalis.

TO CERTAIN GOLDFISHES

RESTLESS forms of living light
Quivering on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
With a thousand shadowings;
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
Reflected on your native streams
In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams!
Harmless warriors, clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale,
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing,

. . . . . .

Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mazy dance;
Seeming still to grow in size
When ye would elude our eyes —
Pretty creatures! we might deem
Ye were happy as ye seem. . . .

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

THE SEA GYPSY

I AM fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard
her
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again to-morrow!
With the sunset I must be
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the Sea.

RICHARD HOVEY

"MY DEAR HOWELLSES"

Not many years ago, when Samuel Clemens was writing for a newspaper in a western mining town, he chose to sign his articles with the name "Mark Twain." This is an old boating term, a leadsman's call, meaning two fathoms, or twelve feet. In his earlier pilot days on the Mississippi River that call had been a pleasant sound to hear, for it meant safe waters; and by this name he became known the world over. It was Mark Twain who wrote those stories of his own boyhood days, *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. But he wrote also many books that reached much deeper and that traveled further in their thought. In *The Gilded Age* and *Innocents Abroad* and *Joan of Arc* this author's delightful humor breathes behind more serious words.

In his own scrapbook Mark Twain once wrote: —

"How to Take Life. — Take it just as though it was — as it is — an earnest, vital, and important affair. Take it as though you were born to the task of performing a merry part in it — as though the world had awaited your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heartbroken, brother. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires,

idolizes; and it only illustrates what others may do if they take hold of life with a purpose. The miracle, or the power that elevates the few, is to be found in their industry, application, and perseverance under the promptings of a brave, determined spirit."

Mark Twain was a great friend of William Dean Howells, the author, and in the following letter to Mr. and Mrs. Howells he tells the story of one who took life in this brave spirit: —

ELMIRA, *Aug.* 25, '77

MY DEAR HOWELLSES, — I thought I ought to make a sort of record of it for further reference; the pleasantest way to do that would be to write it to somebody; *but* that somebody would let it leak into print, and that we wish to avoid. The Howellses would be safe — so let us tell the Howellses about it.

Day before yesterday was a fine summer day away up here on the summit. Aunt Marsh and Cousin May Marsh were here visiting Susie Crane and Livy at our farmhouse. By and by mother Langdon came up the hill in the "high carriage" with Nora the nurse and little Jervis (Charley Langdon's little boy), Timothy the coachman driving. Behind these came Charley's wife and little girl in the buggy, with the new, young, spry, gray horse — a high-stepper. Theodore Crane arrived a little later.

The Baby and Susy were on hand with their nurse, Rosa. I was on hand, too. Susy Crane's trio of colored servants ditto, these being Josie, housemaid;

Aunty Cord, cook, aged sixty-two, turbaned, very tall, very broad, very fine every way (see her portrait in "A True Story Just as I Heard It" in my Sketches); Chocklate, the laundress, (as the Baby calls her — she can't say Charlotte), still taller, still more majestic of proportions, turbaned, very black, straight as an Indian, age twenty-four. Then there was the farmer's wife and her little girl, Susy.

Was n't it a good audience to get up an excitement before? Good excitable, inflammable material?

Lewis was still down town, three miles away, with his two-horse wagon, to get a load of manure. Lewis is the colored farmer. He is of mighty frame and muscle, stocky, stooping, ungainly, has a good manly face and a clear eye. Age about forty-five, and the most picturesque of men when he sits in his fluttering work-day rags, humped forward into a bunch, with his aged slouch hat mashed down over his ears and neck. It is a spectacle to make the broken-hearted smile. Lewis has worked mighty hard and remained mighty poor. At the end of each whole year's toil he can't show a gain of fifty dollars. He had borrowed money of the Cranes till he owed them $700, and he being conscientious and honest, imagine what it was to him to have to carry this stubborn, helpless load, year in and year out.

Well, sunset came, and Ida the young and comely (Charley Langdon's wife), and her little Julia and the nurse Nora, drove out at the gate behind the new gray horse and started down the long hill, the high carriage receiving its load under the porte-cochère.

Ida was seen to turn her face toward us across the fence and intervening lawn. Theodore waved good-by to her, for he did not know that her sign was a speechless appeal for help.

The next moment Livy said, "Ida's driving too fast down hill." She followed it with a sort of scream, "Her horse is running away!"

We could see two hundred yards down that descent. The buggy seemed to fly. It would strike obstructions and apparently spring the height of a man from the ground.

Theodore and I left the shrieking crowd behind and ran down the hill bareheaded and shouting. A neighbor appeared at his gate a tenth of a second too late! the buggy vanished past him like a thought. My last glimpse showed it for one instant, far down the descent, springing high in the air out of a cloud of dust, and then it disappeared. As I flew down the road my impulse was to shut my eyes as I turned them to the right or left, and so delay for a moment the ghastly spectacle of mutilation and death I was expecting.

I ran on and on, still spared this spectacle, but saying to myself: "I shall see it at the turn of the road; they never can pass that turn alive." When I came in sight of that turn I saw two wagons there bunched together, one of them full of people. I said, "Just so — they are staring petrified at the remains."

But when I got amongst that bunch, there sat Ida in her buggy and nobody hurt, not even the horse

or the vehicle. Ida was pale but serene. As I came tearing down, she smiled back over her shoulder at me and said, "Well, we're *alive* yet, *are n't* we?" A miracle had been performed — nothing else.

You see Lewis, the prodigious, humped upon his front seat, had been toiling up, on his load of manure; he saw the frantic horse plunging down the hill toward him, on a full gallop, throwing his heels as high as a man's head at every jump. So Lewis turned his team diagonally across the road just at the turn, thus making a V with the fence; the running horse could not escape that, but must enter it. Then Lewis sprang to the ground and stood in this V. He gathered his vast strength, and with a perfect Creedmoor aim he seized the gray horse's bit as he plunged by and fetched him up standing!

It was down hill, mind you. Ten feet further down hill neither Lewis nor any other man could have saved them, for they would have been on the abrupt turn, then. But how this miracle was ever accomplished at all, by human strength, generalship, and accuracy, is clean beyond my comprehension, and grows more so the more I go and examine the ground and try to believe it was actually done. I know one thing, well: if Lewis had missed his aim he would have been killed on the spot in the trap he had made for himself, and we should have found the rest of the remains away down at the bottom of the steep ravine.

Ten minutes later Theodore and I arrived opposite the house, with the servants straggling after us, and

shouted to the distracted group on the porch, "Everybody safe!"

Believe it? Why, how *could* they? They knew the road perfectly. We might as well have said it to people who had seen their friends go over Niagara.

However, we convinced them; and then, instead of saying something, or going on crying, they grew very still — words could not express it, I suppose.

Nobody could do anything that night, or sleep, either; but there was a deal of moving talk, with long pauses between; pictures of that flying carriage, these pauses represented — this picture intruded itself all the time and disjointed the talk. But yesterday evening late, when Lewis arrived from down town, he found his supper spread, and some presents of books there, with very complimentary writings on the flyleaves, and certain very complimentary letters, and more or less greenbacks of dignified denomination pinned to these letters and flyleaves; and one said, among other things (signed by the Cranes), "We cancel $400 of your indebtedness to us. . . ."

Lewis has sound common sense, and is not going to be spoiled. The instant he found himself possessed of money, he forgot himself in a plan to make his old father comfortable, who is wretchedly poor and lives down in Maryland. His next act, on the spot, was the proffer to the Cranes of the $300 of his remaining indebtedness to them. This was put off by them to the indefinite future, for he is not going to be allowed to pay that at all, though he does n't know it.

A letter of acknowledgment from Lewis contains a sentence which raises it to the dignity of literature:

"But I beg to say, humbly, that inasmuch as divine providence saw fit to use me as a instrument for the saving of those presshious lives, the honner conferd upon me was greater than the feat performed." That is well said.

Yrs ever,

MARK

Real humor comes from a rich soul — one that understands sorrow and mistakes and the hearts of men. One who knew Mark Twain in his youth said: —

"He was a tender-hearted boy. He would never abuse an animal. . . . He had a real passion for cats. Each summer he carried his cat to the farm in a basket, and it always had a place by him at the table. He loved flowers — not as a boy botanist or gardener, but as a companion who understood their thoughts. He pitied dead leaves and dry weeds because their lives were ended and they would never know summer again or grow glad with another spring. Even in that early time he had that deeper sympathy which one day would offer comfort to humanity and make every man his friend."

To read what Mark Twain says about the Sphinx makes one better understand the man who wrote about Tom Sawyer and his friends, "in that early time": —

"After years of waiting it was before me at last.

The great face was so sad, so earnest, so longing, so patient. There was a dignity not of earth in its mien, and in its countenance a benignity such as never anything human wore. It was stone, but it seemed sentient. If ever image of stone thought, it was thinking. It was looking toward the verge of the landscape, yet looking at nothing — nothing but distance and vacancy. It was looking over and beyond everything of the present, and far into the past. . . . It was thinking of the wars of the departed ages; of the empires it had seen created and destroyed; of the nations whose birth it had witnessed, whose progress it had watched, whose annihilation it had noted; of the joy and sorrow, the life and death, the grandeur and decay, of five thousand slow-revolving years. . . .

"The Sphinx is grand in its loneliness; it is imposing in its magnitude; it is impressive in the mystery that hangs over its story. And there is that in the overshadowing majesty of this eternal figure of stone, with its accusing memory of the deeds of all ages, which reveals to one something of what we shall feel when we shall stand at last in the awful presence of God."

ANOTHER BLUE DAY

So here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away? . . .

THOMAS CARLYLE

IN AUGUST

All the long August afternoon,
The little drowsy stream
Whispers a melancholy tune,
As if it dreamed of June,
And whispered in its dream.

The thistles show beyond the brook
Dust on their down and bloom,
And out of many a weed-grown nook
The aster flowers look
With eyes of tender gloom.

The silent orchard aisles are sweet
With smell of ripening fruit.
Through the sere grass, in shy retreat
Flutter, at coming feet,
The robins strange and mute.

There is no wind to stir the leaves,
The harsh leaves overhead;
Only the querulous cricket grieves,
And shrilling locust weaves
A song of summer dead.

William Dean Howells

Note. — To mark the summer hours, could you make a sundial? It need not be of graven bronze or sculptured stone. It may be of wood, grooved and painted, and set in a pleasant garden plot. And let there be about its rim a motto, and in its making, joy.

THE RAIN

I HEAR leaves drinking Rain;
  I hear rich leaves on top
Giving the poor beneath
  Drop after drop;
'T is a sweet noise to hear
These green leaves drinking near.

And when the Sun comes out,
  After this Rain shall stop,
A wondrous Light will fill
  Each dark, round drop;
I hope the Sun shines bright;
'T will be a lovely sight.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

KATE GREENAWAY AND JOHN RUSKIN

Long ago, it seems, we older people too were children, playing in the sunshine mists of far-away. We moved on dancing feet in ring-around-a-rosy, and we wore blue ribbon sashes. We skipped the rope and whipped the top and rolled red hoops decorated with bells and bright ribbons. And we loved Kate Greenaway's thin and gay little books called *Marigold Garden* and *Under the Window*, with the rhymes about Gertrude, Kate, and Marie, and the girl who was proud.

About the name of Kate Greenaway there floats a memory fragrant and tender. A modest little woman, living in a quiet English street, she saw children everywhere about her with the eyes of happiness and love. She caught them in flower nets, and preserved them on paper to dance out of the pages again in picture and verse and those children, grown old and gray, put on spectacles to see how light-heartedly they had played their merry games in those days when —

> By hollyhocks they measured who
> Was grown the taller of the two.

Kate Greenaway was an intimate friend of John Ruskin, the same John Ruskin who wrote *The King of the Golden River*, and he always took a great interest in her progress as an artist. He helped her with his advice as well as with his admiration. This was a bit of criticism in one of his letters : —

"You're a good girl to draw that leaf. The four princesses in the green tower will be delightful, but the first thing you have to do in this leafy world is to learn to paint a leaf green, of its full size, at one blow, as a fresco painter does it on a background, with the loaded brush opening by pressure to the leaf's full breadth and closing to its point."

And this was a bit of his praise: "I never was so much pleased with any drawing yet as with this, for it is complete in idea, and might become a consummate picture, with very little effort more; nor were ever faces more lovely than those of the central girl and the one on her right hand. You must paint me this some day — in Mays to come, when you're doing all sorts of lovely things, and the books give you no more trouble and yet bring you in showers of gold like the celandines.[1] You have given me a very happy May Day."

Kate loved to draw flowers, and Ruskin wrote her once about her favorite: "Oxalis out everywhere — wanting to be drawn. They say they'd like to feel how it feels, for they never were drawn in their lives."

And she tried diligently to profit by his suggestions.

"I am depressed often when I can't do this new painting as I like," she wrote to him. "I take a rush on, and think every difficulty is over, when I find myself plunged deeper than ever in things that won't come right. *But they've got to.* They don't know that, but it is so. I'm not going to be beaten. I can see loveliness surely. My fingers have got to learn to do

[1] Golden poppies in the picture.

what my eyes wish — they will have to, so there it is. *I see such color*, and I can't find a paint to make it."

If Kate loved flowers and brightness, she loved poor weeds and rain also, and said in a letter to her good friend: "It poured with rain here yesterday. I hope this may make the gardener less depressed when he contemplates our weeds. Poor weeds — fine, tall, fresh green thistles, and docks spreading out their leaves in lovely curves. I'm sorry for all the things that are not much wanted on this earth. And long ago I loved docks; we used to play with the seeds and pretend it was tea. We used to have a tea shop and weigh it out and sell it for tea. Perhaps docks do not mean that for anyone else in the world — like the purple mallow and the seeds I used to call cheeses, sweet little flat green things, do you know?

"But I long to be at work painting may trees.[1] There are such beauties on the Heath, only they are black instead of gray, or else they twist about beautifully. May trees have such sharp curves, don't they? — grow at right angles, in a way, instead of curves. I always look with envy at the may tree Burne-Jones painted in 'Merlin and Vivien': — it is so wonderful.

"I saw two little children in an omnibus yesterday, two little girls. I was so much taken with their faces, they had such small eyes, but exactly the shape of some Italian ones. I seemed to know every line as I had seen it in carved Italian faces — it was so beautifully formed, all the eyelid round the eye. I

[1] The hawthorn, or English may.

did long to ask their mother to let me draw them. I could have done them with such joy.

"Do you like the sound of things in the streets? I feel so cheerful when I hear an organ playing nice lively tunes. I love a band. I like the sound of the muffin bell[1] for I seem again a little girl coming home from school in the winter afternoons. I like the flower-sellers, and the fruit stalls, and the sound of church bells. I should not like silence always. It is often when I have had enough silence I go into the cheerful streets and find a rest.

"But if only the models would not talk so much! I can't see why they want to talk so and never think. How funny it would be to have a mind that never liked to be alone with its own thoughts — very dreadful I should find it."

What John Ruskin thought of Kate Greenaway's mind he phrased in beautiful letters to her — letters which tell of his own work, and his high wishes for the happiness of this most child-hearted of all artists.

"You cannot conceive how in my present state I envy — that is to say, only in the strongest way, long for — the least vestige of imagination such as yours. When nothing shows itself to me all day long but the dull room or the wild sea, I think what it must be to you to have far sight into dreamlands of truth, and to be able to see such scenes of the most exquisite grace and life and quaint vivacity. Whether you draw them or not, what a blessing to have them there at your call. . . . There I stopped and have been

[1] The bell of the man who had muffins to sell.

lying back in my chair the last quarter of an hour, thinking. If I could only let you feel for a quarter of an hour what it is to have no imagination — no power of calling up lovely things — no guidance of pencil point along the visionary line — oh, how thankful you would be to find your mind again. . . .

"It was nice hearing of your being made such a grand lioness [1] of at the tea, and of people's praising me to you because they had found out you liked it.

"I've begun my autobiography — it will be so dull! and so meek!! I'm not going to talk of anybody more disagreeable than myself, so there will be nothing for people to snap and growl at. What shall I say about people who I think liked me? That they were very foolish? . . .

"This is quite the most beautiful and delightful drawing you've ever given me, and I accept it with the more joy that it shows me all your powers are in the utmost fineness and fullness, and that you are steadily gaining in all that is best, and indeed will do many things, — heaven sparing you and keeping your heart in peace, — more than have ever yet been seen in all human dreams."

When at last these two friends had both laid down their work, leaving us the celandines and may trees of their thoughts and visions, another friend — the poet Austin Dobson — wrote these lines about Kate Greenaway: —

[1] A *lion* is the name humorously given to some notable who is made much of in society.

"K. G.," Nov. 6, 1901

Farewell, kind heart. And if there be
In that unshored Immensity,
Child-angels, they will welcome thee.

Clean-souled, clear-eyed, unspoiled, discreet;
Thou gav'st thy gifts to make Life sweet;
These shall be flowers about thy feet.

MAY IS BUILDING HER HOUSE

May is building her house. With apple blooms
She is roofing over the glimmering rooms;
Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams,
And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
With arras of leaves each wind-swayed wall
She pictureth over, and peopleth it all
With echoes and dreams,
And singing of streams.

May is building her house of petal and blade;
Of the roots of the oak is the flooring made,
With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover,
Each small miracle over and over,
And tender, traveling green things strayed.

Her windows the morning and evening star,
And her rustling doorways, ever ajar,
With the coming and going
Of fair things blowing,
The thresholds of the four winds are.

May is building her house. From the dust of things
She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings;
From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old;
Yea! out of winter's flying sleet
She is making all the summer sweet,
And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
She is changing back again to spring's.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

NOTE. — How fine to be the mistress of such a house! But if one may not be the mistress, one may be the guest. And for the guest all things most beautiful and most honored are prepared. Joyously and reverently do the feet of guests enter the house of May.

A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE

IT happened one day that the Angel-who-attends-to-things was hastening along the street, with his wings tucked in and his robes tucked up, for he was in a hurry, when a Duke looked out of his castle window and called to him.

"Stop a moment, please!" said the Duke. "I wish to consult you about the succession to my dukedom. You know my grandfather, the Archduke —"

"I cannot attend to you this morning!" said the Angel. "I am engaged on business of importance; your affair must wait till another time." And he passed on.

"Dear me!" said the Duke. "What can be more important than the succession? I really must follow him, and see what this great matter is."

So he followed the Angel.

The Angel hurried along, and presently he passed by a Bishop's palace, and the Bishop put his head out of the window and called to him.

"Please come in a moment!" said the Bishop. "I wish to consult you about the Great Synod which is to be held —"

The Angel shook his head.

"I am on business of importance," he said. "I cannot attend to trifles this morning." And he passed on.

The Bishop looked after him. "What mighty business can this be," he said, "that makes the Great Synod seem a trifle? I really think I must go and see." And he followed the Angel and the Duke.

Presently the Angel passed by a King's palace, and the King looked out of the window and called to him.

"Please come in here!" said the King. "The enemy's forces have crossed the border, and threaten to besiege the capital. I wish to consult you at once on the steps to be taken."

"By and by," said the Angel. "I am on business of importance now, and cannot stop for trifles." And he hurried on.

The King looked after him. "It must be something of world-wide importance," he said, "which can make the invasion of my kingdom seem a trifle. I must really go and see what it is." And he followed the Angel and the Duke and the Bishop.

The Angel turned from the wide street, and passed down a narrow lane and into a dingy court where poor clothes hung drying. In the middle of the court stood a little child, with its eyes tight shut and its mouth wide open, crying and roaring as if its heart would break.

The Angel ran to the child, and knelt down and took it in his arms.

"Hush! Hush!" he cried. "It is all right, dear. You took the wrong turning, that was all. She is just round the corner. Quick, let me wipe the tears away! Look! There she comes this minute."

A woman came flying round the corner, wild-eyed and panting. The Angel put the child into her arms, and the two melted together, and sobbed and laughed themselves away out of sight.

The Angel drew a long breath, and rustled his wings a little, and turned to go back. And as he turned, he saw the Duke and the Bishop and the King, all out of breath and crimson, and staring with big round eyes.

"Oh! Are you there?" said the Angel. "Well, now I can attend to your little matters."

LAURA E. RICHARDS

NOTE. — A day's work is full of Dukes and Bishops and Kings and little lost children. And each one of us may be the Angel of our day.

QUEENS, DRONES, AND BUSY BEES

When a beehive becomes too crowded for its thousands of citizens, the queen bee, who has been the mother of the city, decides to leave the care of the realm to a young princess. Many of the queen's subjects choose to follow her to a new home, and out they go in a thick black swarm, lighting on a bush, or perhaps on the high branch of a tree. There they hang in a great living cluster, clinging to one another, waiting for a signal from the queen to fly to the new hive, which her scouts may have found very near at hand.

Into their unaccustomed abiding-place the bees settle very methodically, for each bee knows very well what she is supposed to do toward the well-being of the community. A bee would die of loneliness away from her companions, because each one realizes her dependence on the intelligent work of all the others.

Now in each hive the bee mother is called the queen. In her body are formed the many eggs which give promise of more and more bees. The citizens of the beehive are very attentive to the queen bee, feeding her carefully, for she is too busy to gather her own food.

Several hundred bees perform the duties of the father of the little city, but they seem wholly idle. They are very beautiful, with fine golden hairs and an important, glossy appearance. Their lives are spent in luxury, basking in comfortable places, and sleeping, and taking their meals very often and quite at ease. There comes a day when they form a body of escorts, following the queen out of the hive, high, high up into the clear sky, where one of the drones is chosen as her mate and becomes the father of her many, many children. After this flight, the laborers of the hive have little use for the drones, and when the winter food supply is being endangered by these idlers, all of the workers band together to rid the city of their presence.

It is after the queen's meeting with her drone mate that she begins her untiring work of placing one egg after another in the cells which the devoted citizens have prepared for their future brothers and sisters.

Besides the queen and the drones there are in each hive thousands of working bees. It is difficult to believe that so many could live in so small a space. Some of them attend to the hive and to the feeding of the very young bees. Others fly over the country-side, gathering materials for honey and wax. One cannot conceive how such tiny beings can know when a field is offering fresh blossoms for their plundering. Flowers are glad indeed to welcome these visitors, because without insects the pollen would not be spread in the way that brings seeds into being for the plants of another season. That is one reason why the flowers deck themselves in such attractive colors, often with beautiful markings, and why they have a fragrance which invites small flying creatures.

When a bee lights on the flower of her choice, she draws out the nectar with her little elastic tongue. The sweet liquid sticks to the hairs in the smallest of drops; some of the tiniest bits the bee draws up with the spoon-shaped end of her tongue. If one of these honey-makers comes to a flower which is too deep for her tongue to reach into and gather all the nectar, she makes an opening of her own through the flower. Her jaws are very strong, as indeed they must be when they serve at the making of wax.

Every part of the working bee's body is minutely adapted to her purpose in the busy community. Her two pairs of wings are small enough to be folded closely over her back when she tucks her head into a flower or when she crawls into a cell. Like an aëroplane, she runs along the ground, filling her air sacs, until

she is able to take flight. To collect pollen, the chest of the little bee is thickly covered with spiked hairs. With her antennæ she finds her way about the dark hive and communicates with other bees. In these long feelers are her means of smelling and of hearing.

After she has covered herself with golden pollen, a bee needs every one of her six legs, which are arranged in pairs. She uses the brushes on her hind legs to gather the grains together into a little ball of pollen, with a bit of honey added. The second pair of legs serves to place this ball in one of the tiny baskets on her hind legs. In her honey sac the bee digests the nectar with a few grains of pollen, and this becomes honey. When she has taken in plenty of the sweet nectar and has filled her baskets with the little balls of pollen, she is ready to return to the hive. Even though she flies for several miles away from her home, never once does she make a mistake about her return straight for the hive. That is why we speak of a "bee line."

When she arrives at her doorway, other bees come out to help carry her burden safely into the hive, and she herself starts for one of the empty cells that are especially tipped to hold each particle of honey. On the way, she may meet the queen mother and give her a sip of the freshly made sweet liquid. She has a share also for the nurses who have been busied at home. A little she saves for herself, because this is her food, and she must keep her own body fit for her long days, which begin and end with the sun.

With the help of other bees that are ready to relieve

her of her load, she loosens her pellets of pollen into certain cells, to prepare for the future of the community. The moment the worker is free, she pushes eagerly through the crowded hive and off into the sunshine, to gather more and more of the precious necessity of bee life from the hearts of the waiting flowers.

The many cells awaiting the honey and the pollen have involved careful invention on the part of the bees. The wax is made in little pockets, which lie close to the bee's stomach. From her body the bee sweats this wax, and when a thin layer has gathered she rubs it from the pockets with her legs. Then she works the wax together, moulding and cutting the material according to its purpose. The architects of the city build these little layers of wax into six-sided cells, which are so accurately adjusted to their small space that one would think the bees themselves must see ahead exactly how they are to look. Their carpenters know that the cells must be a certain size and a certain shape, for economy of space in the hive. Two bees will place two six-sided cells back to back with a single partition between, and though neither bee can see what the other is doing, the two cells will match precisely in size and pattern. All of this work is very slow, because of its necessary perfection; but as time goes on comb after comb is made, with passageways between like streets of a city.

While some of the cells are made to store honey and pollen, others are nests to hold the young bees. When the bee awakes for the first time, her appearance as a matter of fact is very unlike that of a bee. She

is a tiny white worm when she comes out of the egg that the queen has carefully laid in a cell of its own. Attended by her ladies-in-waiting, the mother has passed tirelessly from cell to cell. As one larva after another comes from the eggs, nurse bees feed them very diligently with a simple sweet bee-milk. Gradually the tiny things can take stronger and stronger food until they are able to eat pure honey. Then each one spins herself a soft cocoon within her cell, where she waits for perhaps fourteen days. One of the working bees seals over the opening of this cell with a protecting cover of wax, but when the time comes for the second awakening, the nymph, as she is called, begins to gnaw away the wax from within while other bees work from the outside, until at last she emerges as a real bee.

The nurses welcome her, and clean her and brush her and feed her, and soon she is ready for work. Strangely enough, she does not need to be taught what to do next. She seems to know all about this bustling city, and what work belongs to her, and how she must pay respect to the queen.

When she first flies from the hive into the world of sunlight and blossoms, she crosses the threshold and looks carefully all about her to make sure of the location of her home. Not a detail escapes the keen eyes of the little venturer as she takes her bearings, and then she fares forth.

The little princesses of each city are born from eggs like those of the workers, but they are favored with special cells shaped like a thimble, fastened to the

edge of the combs. For such cells wax is used unsparingly, and the tiny larva in each is fed with a royal kind of food which the nurses prepare by a special recipe of their own. When several young queens are ready to emerge from the royal cells, they become very impatient, but the nurses and the wax bees stand guard to prevent their working themselves free. The queen mother becomes so jealous of her waning power that she tears some of the royal cells open and rends certain princesses to pieces. When her instinct finally tells her that her reign is over in this hive, she starts forth with her swarm of followers to found a new bee city.

No sooner has the queen taken her departure than the young princesses proceed to fight for the royal power — a quarrel essential to the future of the hive, because there is room here for only one queen to go about her faithful work of carrying on the race. The young queen who survives commands the same reverence and the same tenderness as the former queen, and, after choosing her mate, she goes about the very work her mother pursued so patiently.

Many, many bee workers remain with the new queen to share all the burdens of the hive. As soon as the cells are filled with honey or pollen, certain bees become responsible for sealing them with wax. The wings of many bees, worn with miles of traveling over the fields, find their owners only too ready to care for the young and to pursue the household tasks. Still others busy themselves with carrying water to the hive from some near-by supply, and on warm

days certain citizens may be seen fanning the hive with their wings to keep the city cool. At the door, guards stand ready to drive away thieves. And there are little workers cleaning the combs, and small chemists dropping bits of acid into the cells as rapidly as they are filled, to preserve the honey. Each bee has her own trade to follow, and each one crowds her moments to the full in her effort to do her share.

When flowers cease to flaunt their bright petals announcing sweets for the taking, the problem of winter confronts the hive. Those members of the community that live through this season fall into a kind of sleep, eating a bit of honey, in drowsy expectation of the arrival of spring, when they may start out to the crocuses, the willows, and the other early flowers. As soon as the first bees of the new year have grown strong enough to carry on the duties of the hive, life draws to a close for these faithful bees of the previous year.

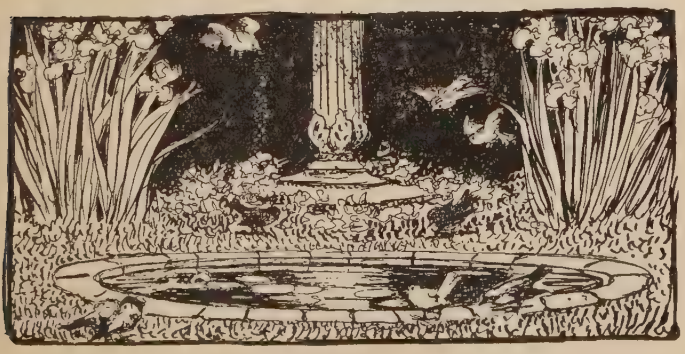
In the very early springtime, sap begins to stir in the sugar maples with pleasant promise. It is strangely wonderful for food to come from within a tree because of the way the leaves have of absorbing sunlight, and the way the roots have of taking in moisture, and the way the sap has of flowing through the trunk and the branches. But even more marvelous is the way that honey is made, because it requires a complete government of thousands of intelligent flying creatures, all at their special work of carrying on the hive, which is their home and their city. Without these swift-

winged, industrious bee people, who know precisely when, where, and how to carry out their work, there would be no honey at all.

FRANCES AVERY FAUNCE

NOTE. — Since time out of memory, beehives have been made by men to welcome these busy communities. Hollow trees are used as hives by wild bees, but the little thatched and platformed houses of the Old World, sitting quaintly side by side as if riding to market with bonnets and shawls and mittens and umbrellas, and the neat and up-to-date bee-apartments, are provided by human landlords.

Many a great author has studied and written about the bee — Fabre, the scientist; Maeterlinck, who also told the story of Mityl and Tyltyl and the Bluebird for Happiness; and the Latin poet Vergil two thousand years ago. Nectar is the food of fairies, and of the gods. When Æneas went down into Hades he took with him a honey cake for Cerberus, the three-headed dog, guardian of the horrid portals. With sleep-giving herbs was the honey cake prepared, to close the creature's watchful eyes.



AFTER SUNSET

I HAVE an understanding with the hills
At evening, when the slanted radiance fills
Their hollows, and the great winds let them be,
And they are quiet and look down at me.
Oh, then I see the patience in their eyes
Out of the centuries that made them wise.
They lend me hoarded memory, and I learn
Their thoughts of granite and their whims of fern.

. . . . . .

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THE DEW-LIGHT [1]

THE Dew-man comes over the mountains wide,
Over the deserts of sand,
With his bag of clear drops
And his brush of feathers.
He scatters brightness.
The white bunnies beg him for dew.
He sprinkles their fur,
They shake themselves.
All the time he is singing
The unknown world is beautiful!

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Poems by a Little Girl*, by Hilda Conkling. Copyright, 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

He polishes flowers,
Humming "*Oh, beautiful!*"
He sings in the soft light
That grows out of the dew,
Out of the misty dew-light that leans over him
He makes his song . . .
It is beautiful, the unknown world!

HILDA CONKLING

NOTE. — The poems, "The Dew-Light" and "After Sunset," are by a little girl and her mother. The little girl's poem is about the pretty things she loves. She could not fully know about the patience in the eyes of hills, and their hoarded memories. But the mother loves to have the little girl write about white bunnies.

A WIRELESS FROM SOMBRERO

BEFORE the wireless telegraph station was built on Osborne's Key, Donald's motor boat, the Mesquit, was the only connecting link with the mainland fourteen miles to the northeast. Every summer Donald left the school at Tampa and spent his vacation on the island with his father, whose health made it necessary to seek for several months each year the mild breezes that blow along the Florida coast.

When the government proposed erecting a wireless plant to report the shipping in the southern passage, Mr. Osborne offered a site on the key, and about the middle of June, when the Mesquit brought Donald

from the mainland, two steel towers holding up a network of wires reached high over the bungalow and the new operating building.

When, a few days later, the batteries were installed, Donald stood beside the instruments and saw the streak of fire that roared across the spark gap as the first message was flashed to Key West. A moment later the operator pressed the receiving telephones to his ears and copied down the response : —

"Greetings from Key West. Get you strong. Good luck."

All day Davis sent out the weather reports, received messages from vessels, and relayed them to other stations along the coast. That night Donald asked dozens of questions about the new station.

"It is n't very hard to learn to operate," Davis said, "and perhaps you can pick it up in a few weeks. First you must study and learn by heart the dots and dashes of the continental telegraph code."

Donald found it easy to memorize the code characters. He spent many hours in the operating room learning them and familiarizing himself with the call letters of the different stations. Davis sometimes placed the telephones over his ears and taught him to recognize the soft, faint *burr-r-r* of the ship stations, as well as the loud, harsh sound of the more powerful K–W station at Key West.

For weeks the weather remained calm and clear. It was almost the end of August when the news of the first tropical storm of the season reached Osborne's Key. Wireless dispatches had located the centre of

the trouble off Barbados, moving rapidly northwest, and every steamer equipped with wireless received storm warnings from the coastal stations.

Until the third day after the first reports arrived, the water along the Florida coast lay as placid as a lake. On the morning of the third day the barometer fell rapidly, the sky became overcast, and a fitful wind, with frequent rain-squalls, came from the east. By noon a stiff breeze began to pile the surf on Osborne's Key.

"It seems to be coming our way," said Mr. Osborne, at luncheon, "although the centre may shift and place us outside of the trouble. If you can take an hour off, Davis, we'll run over to Sombrero before high water and get a load of weed to bank round the station. We can start at two o'clock, when Key West relieves you for the afternoon."

Donald watched the Mesquit bounce over the choppy water on the four-mile run to Sombrero, a speck of rock barely visible in the west. Then he returned to the house and sorted over the curiosities that were to be carried back to Tampa in a few days — shells, sponges, and strings of shark's teeth. When this had been done, he settled in a cozy corner and looked over the old schoolbooks that had been neglected since spring. The air was warm and sultry, and the sound of the wind and water made him drowsy. He was soon fast asleep.

Not for hours did the loud hum of the wires above the station and the rattle of the windows waken him. He found himself alone and in total darkness, while

outside a gale was tearing the water into foam and spray.

By the light of a match he saw that it was seven o'clock. He hurriedly pushed open the door and made his way toward the inlet, holding himself back against the wind. The anchorage was vacant, and here and there the water boiled over the protecting ledges and sent clouds of spray into the air.

As Donald looked out over the surging masses of water, a vague feeling of alarm gave way to a rush of fear. He turned again to the south and stumbled through the darkness, fighting his way against the almost unyielding wall of air.

Many things could have happened since the Mesquit had left. Often the engine had stopped for unaccountable reasons. Donald remembered a five-mile row on one of these occasions. If this had happened to-day, two pairs of oars would have been of little use against the wind and tide.

Or she might, when the tide was rising, have been stranded and injured on the rocks that lay concealed about Sombrero.

Donald knew that if his father and Davis were left on Sombrero they were in grave danger; the tide would cover the reef with two feet of water before midnight, and no living being could hope to stand up against the rollers that would sweep over the sunken ledge. With all the pictures that passed through his mind, as he made his way toward the cliffs on the point, this one thought remained. He pushed hurriedly along the narrow trail and gained the top.

Nothing but an impenetrable blackness greeted him. The gale forced him to his knees, and an occasional drop of rain struck his face and stung him sharply.

Suddenly, far to the northwest, so faint that Donald strained his eyes to keep it in view, a tiny, wavering glow appeared to come out of the darkness. For almost a minute he held his breath and watched. Once he thought he saw it move, but the distance was too great at his position to be certain. Then he turned, found the path, and raced toward the bungalow.

It was the work of a moment to light a lantern and go again into the wind. This time he turned in another direction. He passed the inlet, reached the station, and found himself at the foot of one of the great steel towers.

The aërial of the wireless station had been built to withstand the wind pressure that comes with tropical storms. The two towers that supported the maze of wires rested on square bases twenty feet on a side, the four corner girders converging as they neared the top ninety feet above.

The corner supports were joined and braced by strips of steel five inches wide running zigzag fashion from the base to the top at angles of twenty degrees from the side pieces, and crossing in the centre. The strips thus made a kind of ladder, with sloping steps two feet apart. Choosing a corner that placed his back to the wind, Donald hung the lantern over his shoulder, grasped the girder with both hands, and began to climb.

At first every step threatened to be his last, for the

strips made treacherous supports, and he did not dare to place his full weight on his feet. His arms had to do a good part of the work. As he alternately pulled and pushed himself up and up, every muscle in his body was strained by the unusual exercise.

The lantern was greatly in the way. Only the wire netting about the glass chimney saved it from smashing to pieces against the iron work. Judging from the distance between the corner girders, his progress was snail-like. He tried not to look down, but once he forgot his resolution, and a faint feeling came over him as he caught a glimpse of the ring of white that marked the limits of the key.

Not until he felt himself growing weak did he stop the ascent. The deadened sound of the surf and the increased vibration of the tower told him that he must be very nearly at the top. Throwing his leg over a strip, he seated himself on the bar and braced his feet against the parallel support below. Then with his left arm hugging the main girder, he grasped the lantern with his free hand, leaned slightly out to clear the framework, and swung the light slowly to and fro.

The lantern was almost torn from his hand. It required all the strength left in his arm to make the backward swing; but he clenched his fingers tightly until perhaps a dozen circles had been completed before he placed the lantern beneath his jacket and looked seaward.

Directly before him a light — the same he had seen from the cliff — swung rapidly from side to side, and then round and round in quick circles.

Donald gripped his support and watched breathlessly. The swinging ceased and the light faded for an instant, but only to appear again, and again disappear at short intervals, as if someone was passing a dark object before it. He noticed that some of the intervals were longer than others, and there seemed to be two sets of flashes, one set short and quick and the other much longer. About twenty long were followed by the same number of short, and then came a combination of the two repeated over and over again.

Long-short-long-short; long-short-long-short.

For a moment Donald struggled to seize hold of an idea that came up on the far edge of his consciousness and hung there, trembling in the balance.

Long-short-long-short — dash-dot-dash-dot — the letter C in the characters of the wireless code. It came to him as quick as the flash of the distant light.

Dot-dash; dot-dash; dot-dash — the letter A.

Dot-dash-dot-dot — L. Then another L.

"Call," Donald murmured, as the letters were slowly repeated. It was hard to take the signals this way, because he had always written the letters down on paper. His sense of hearing had been trained to distinguish between the characters, while now his eyes were doing it alone.

Dash-dot-dash stood for K, and *dot-dash-dash* for W. Again the light flashed "K–W, K–W," and disappeared.

"Call Key West."

Almost before the last flash Donald was slipping and

sliding down the side of the tower. Twice he nearly lost his footing on the wet bars, and hung on by main strength. The rough iron scraped and bruised his hands, and every joint seemed pulled apart. But of this he was hardly conscious.

Fourteen miles away was the Key West life-saving station, where the great motor boat stood upon the ways ready to slip into the sea at a moment's notice. No other craft on the coast could make the distance to Sombrero ahead of the tide. He must get a message to Key West as Davis had ordered, and notify the authorities.

After an endless time his feet touched ground. Still holding the lantern, he stumbled over the rough surface toward the dim outline of the station.

Donald had spent many hours in the operating room, watching Davis handle the instruments. But now that he was alone everything appeared to look different and confused, and he almost feared to touch the complicated apparatus.

First he stood on a chair and reached for a copper bar that connected the aërial into the circuit. In vain he pulled and tugged at the rubber handle. The switch refused to move. Luckily a broom stood in the corner, and with this he pried the bar loose and shoved it into the proper position. Two more small levers slipped readily into place.

Apparently everything was ready. Donald climbed on the high stool, placed the telephones over his ears, and pressed the key. But the expected flash of the spark and the "stick" of the key did not come.

What could be wrong? Anxiously Donald looked for the trouble. Each instrument seemed to be properly connected and every switch in its right position. Feverishly he ran his hand over the circuits, tightening the screws and testing the connections for poor contacts. Again he pressed the key without result.

At the second failure, he sat down in the chair and tried to master the fear that came over him. If Davis were only here now! He was sure that he had overlooked nothing, yet obviously there was a fault somewhere. He remembered that only that morning the batteries had been freshly charged. But had they been connected with the operating room?

He seized the lantern and entered the battery room. There stood the great double switch wide open. In a moment Donald had closed it with a clang and returned to the stool. He felt sick and dizzy as he cautiously reached for the key and gave it a light tap, but the roar of the spark reassured him, and he gripped the handle tightly, the blue flame answering every touch.

It was already an hour past the time that Davis should have given the signal to retire the Key West station from active duty until midnight, and McAdams was not in an agreeable frame of mind.

"If the wind has taken their aërial, we'll be in for a night of work," he said gloomily. "Every ship afloat seems to be round here in the storm. And they all want weather reports every five minutes. Last year, when we lost both towers — Hello, what's this?"

He turned to adjust the detector, listened a moment,

then threw over his switch to answer the call. "Never knew Davis was a drinking man," he said laughing. "He's giving us a new variety of continental, and his key is wabbling like the mischief."

But as he listened the smile left his face.

"It's Osborne's boy," he murmured. "Something's wrong."

There was a dead silence as McAdams copied down several incoherent sentences. The letters were confused and the words misspelled, but the sense was plain. McAdams threw off the receivers and reached for the telephone on the wall.

"Hello! Hello! Captain Duncan, please, and quick! Captain? This is McAdams at the wireless. Davis and Osborne are in trouble on Sombrero — stranded there since afternoon. They have managed to signal the key, and Osborne's boy just gave me the message. He says the place will be under water in three hours, if not before. Of course you'll send out the motor at once."

A moment later the receiving instruments at Osborne's Key responded to a series of electric waves that spelled out McAdams's slow "OK. OK. Coming, coming!" And Donald dropped the receivers, and went to the door just in time to see a pencil of light that traced its way through the western sky. It was the searchlight of the motor boat, and Donald knew that his father would see it and know its meaning.

For an hour he watched the light wander over the water and show up the glistening whitecaps. As the

boat passed to the north, the rays rested for a moment on the towers. Then the light turned to explore the darkness to the northwest, until it finally stopped its motion and rested on a minute pile of rocks almost hidden by the flying spray. As Donald lay in bed that night his father and Davis told how the little boat had been badly injured in landing at Sombrero, and of their efforts to attract attention through the long afternoon and evening, until the signal from the tower brought the first ray of hope. Donald turned away from the light and closed his eyes. "I wonder what we 'll do without the Mesquit?" he said, wearily.

ROBERT A. MORTON

NOTE. — There are times in the woods, on the lake, along the seashore, when it is most useful to be able to send and receive messages by means of signals. For wigwagging, a white flag shows clearly against a green or dark background, a red flag above the sky line, and a long staff gives a greater sweep so that messages may be more accurately read from afar. But if a flag is not at hand, the wigwag signals may be made with a handkerchief or anything that can be waved and distinctly seen.

Sound signals also are valuable, as when your friends are out of sight around a bend in the road or river. The voice carries to a distance beyond where the words can be distinguished, and messages may be sent by long and short calls in a code, either on a single note or on notes of different pitch. For greater distances a horn, bugle, or shrill whistle can be used. And in the darkness there are light signals such as those flashed by Donald's lantern.

Can you read the semaphores along the railroad, and catch the meaning of the whistles in the night?

ON PLANTING A TREE

Roots, take firm hold,
Catch and cling with a will
In the new-turned mould.

Sap, rise in the stem;
Work into the bud and leaf
And nourish them.

Sun, day after day
Shine on this growing thing
In your golden way.

Rains, warm from the west,
Clear and clean from the south,
Here do your best.

Winds gathering near,
Be not too boisterous,
Deal gently here.

This shall my prayer be:
God of all growing things,
Bless Thou my tree!

Nancy Byrd Turner

Note. — The little tree needs all the things that we need: food, and air, and sunshine; water for washing and drinking; exercise and play — with rowdy winds that ruffle it and make it wrestle and laugh; and love to protect it.

AN ARMY SURGEON [1]

Two small boys were playing together in an empty lot. They were really right in the city of Boston, but in their minds they were off on the broad plains, where cowboys twirled lassos, and rode their ponies after plunging steers, and fired guns. The ponies — in their imagination — stood near, with bridles dragging on the ground; and they, with hands in their pockets, stood watching the camp fire they had built in a little hollow in the ground. The camp fire was real.

"Your name'll be Bunty," said one, seriously, gazing into the fire. It was hard to see the fire, and one had to gaze pretty steadily to see any flame coming from the old boxes they had collected. There was plenty of smoke, though, and it blew into the boys' eyes when the wind came their way.

"Why Bunty?" said the other boy.

"Well," said the first boy slowly, "I had a dog named Bunty, and I was very fond of him, and he died — and your nose is like him." And he looked critically for a minute at the broad, thick nose of the other boy. The name, he thought, was a good one.

So "Bunty" the other boy was called, and Bunty he remained. Even when he was a grown-up man and went through college and learned to be a doctor, people still called him Bunty. The name stuck. And

[1] The quotations are taken by permission from *Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War against Germany*, by Mark Antony DeWolfe Howe; copyright by the Harvard University Press.

the reason why it stuck, I suspect, was because it fitted on to something in his character, as well as on to his nose. I think the first boy must have noticed about his friend a certain spirit of faithfulness that he had loved in his old dog.

At any rate, that spirit of faithfulness stayed with Bunty, like his nickname, through life. In one of his college vacations he went to Labrador with Dr. Grenfell. Later, when he was a student at the Harvard Medical School, he went again. After he had learned to be a doctor, he went to live in the little town of Castine, on the coast of Maine, and took care of the sick people in the towns and on the islands of the coast. Two rooms of his own house he fitted up like a hospital and, assisted by his wife whom he had met nursing in Labrador, he used to operate on people and nurse them back to health.

The people of the Maine coast felt the same spirit in him that his boyhood friends had felt, and to them, also, the kind, skillful, genial doctor was always "Bunty" Webster.

The same spirit came out again in the war. He wanted to be an officer of the line, but when the officials of the army discovered that he was a doctor, he was made a regimental surgeon. It was the middle of August of 1918 that Major Webster joined the 47th Infantry, Fourth Division, A.E.F. And this is what his assistant, Lieutenant Bergeron, wrote about the bluff, hearty man who arrived just as the Division was going into action along the Vesle.

"I loved him from the first time I saw him," writes

the Lieutenant, "and I'll tell you why. I joined the 47th Infantry in America. It was of the regular army, and when we heard that in the midst of our action in France our regular army surgeon, who had been shell-shocked, was to be replaced by a volunteer in the medical corps, we were prejudiced against him.

"Major Webster reached headquarters at night and went to sign papers before the Colonel in a shack where many of the men were already asleep on the clay floor. I was standing near the Colonel, and after the papers were signed the Colonel told me to take Major Webster to the regimental surgeon's tent. Now I knew, and Major Webster did too, that the regimental surgeon's tent had a good, comfortable bed in it and other things to match, and he had it to himself.

"The Major just looked down on those men asleep on the clay floor and said, 'I am much obliged, but I'll sleep here with my men'; and he just lay down beside them and went to sleep. That got me. And it was just the way it was all the time."

In a letter that Major Webster wrote home, he told of one of his experiences at the front: "We had an officer with a fractured thigh that Captain Hurley and I had fixed up in a little shack, and the wagon was outside, when a rain of big shells came over and the driver deserted. We got our patient into the wagon all right and made the trip out, and I drove the mules myself the rest of the afternoon and evening, riding the nigh mule, artillery style, and found that I had not forgotten how I used to handle the 'wheel team, second caisson' in old Battery A.

"With that wagon we kept the battalion stations well supplied and brought the patients to our regimental hospital. There is not much professional highbrow work about my job, but the more soldiering I put in, the better the results. The Colonel saw me driving the mules and thought it a great joke, but he says we delivered the goods when other regimental medical detachments fell down, and I guess we did. That sounds like boasting, but I want Andy [his little boy] to know that his father was not just a civilian dub, even if he was in the medical department."

In September Major Webster's regiment went into the front lines at Dead Man's Hill near Verdun, where there was to be a great drive.

"It was during this drive," wrote one of his friends later, "that Major Webster did one of the most remarkable deeds that I have ever heard of. He was not content with waiting for the wounded men to be brought in by the stretcher-bearers; he managed to get two mules from some source, hitched them to a German wagon that we had captured, and with one man as driver began traveling over the ground right behind the front line, picking up wounded and dead.

"Even when his man was killed and he was left alone, he did not stop. Instead, he climbed on the back of one of the mules and did everything by himself, getting down from his mount to pick up a man and then resuming his seat to go on farther. For hours he worked at this while the other doctors dressed wounds at the aid stations. He showed utter disregard for personal safety and had only one idea —

MAJOR WEBSTER PUT THE MULE'S HARNESS ON HIS OWN SHOULDERS AND HELPED DRAG THE WAGON

that of doing his very best for those who had fallen."

"Presently one of the mules was killed," wrote another observer, "and Major Webster put its harness on his own shoulders and helped drag the wagon. When I was told this, the words came into my mind: 'Take my yoke upon you . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls.'"

Here is another story about the brave Major, told by one of the men in his regiment: "On the 26th of September the Germans began the most terrific barrage that they had ever put over. At the time it started, the Major's men were in a corrugated iron hut, and one of them told me it was so frightful that he himself held with both hands to the little stool he was sitting on, for fear he would go out of his mind and rush into the barrage, and just as it got that way Major Webster came in, smiling.

"His boys said he was always smiling. He pulled up a stool and sat down and began to tell them funny stories, and presently they were so interested that they absolutely did not hear the barrage; afterward they knew that he sat there two hours telling them funny stories, all the time listening for the barrage to stop. The moment it did, he sprang up, still smiling, and said 'Come on, boys!' They all took pushcarts and followed close behind the soldiers. They said they would have followed him, as one of the men expressed it, 'through Hell.'

"He began working over the wounded, and presently they reached an absolutely ruined little village.

Major Webster used cellars and whatever places of shelter he could find for a hospital, and made use of the supplies he had brought. No ambulance got there for five days, and in that time he alone took care of seven hundred men."

On the night of October 12 a scout came into Major Webster's dressing station and said that the next in command, Major Hurley, was in a small wood with a lot of wounded men, and wanted him to come with ambulances and take them away. Major Webster was terribly tired, as he had not slept more than two hours together for a long, long time, and had often gone forty-eight hours without any sleep.

"I know where to find the men; let me go, Major, you need sleep to-night," said Lieutenant Bergeron.

"No, Bergeron," said Major Webster, "you are just as tired as I am and need the sleep as much, and you are going to have it this time."

Now, when the Major said "No," everybody in that regiment knew he meant it. So pretty soon he started off himself, with the ambulance, to get the wounded men. As he passed the Colonel's headquarters, the Colonel begged him not to go. The place was being shelled, they told him, and going meant certain death.

Major Webster smiled.

"The men are depending on my coming," he said, quietly; and the ambulance rattled on.

After midnight he got his ambulances loaded and started back. Ahead, in the blackness of the night, walked the Major with his orderly, peering into the

darkness to find the best way to go among the shell holes. Shells were screaming and whistling overhead, and bursting first on one side and then another. Slowly, slowly, the other ambulances lumbered along behind.

A shell burst near by.

"Are you all right, La Valley?" called the Major to the soldier.

"All right, sir."

Another shell.

"Are you all right, La Valley?"

"Yes — and you?" came the orderly's voice from the darkness.

"Oh, yes, and the boys are all coming behind."

Another shell burst, nearer this time, with a terrific crash.

"Are you all right, Major?" called the soldier.

No answer came.

MARY LEE

NOTE. — It is written: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

COURIERS OF THE WRITTEN WORD

It is a mark of a rich and cultivated mind to be able to see in the commonplace and familiar a truer and more significant meaning than lies on the surface.

Every day we drop letters into silent, unresponsive, steel mail boxes and open the door to the plodding, gray-clad postman, without seeing in either act anything to stir the imagination or widen the vision.

But let us stand for a moment in front of the Post Office Building in Washington and read the words of Dr. Charles W. Eliot there inscribed. No longer is the postal service a mere routine function of the government, the sending or the receiving of letters an insignificant incident. It has become a part of something vital and great — something that binds us closer to the hearts of others and extends our horizon to the ends of the earth.

MESSENGER OF SYMPATHY AND LOVE
SERVANT OF PARTED FRIENDS
CONSOLER OF THE LONELY
BOND OF THE SCATTERED FAMILY
ENLARGER OF THE COMMON LIFE

CARRIER OF NEWS AND KNOWLEDGE
INSTRUMENT OF TRADE AND INDUSTRY
PROMOTER OF MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCE
OF PEACE AND GOOD WILL
AMONG MEN AND NATIONS

"THE ANGEL OF THE BATTLEFIELD"

"How can I learn to ride a horse, David?"

In answer to that question, David Barton, the "Buffalo Bill" of the neighborhood, tossed his five-year-old sister Clara up on the back of a colt.

"Hold fast to the mane, Clara!" he called, as holding both reins in his hand, he threw himself on the back of the other colt. Then seizing his little sister's heel, he let the two wild colts gallop in and out among the other frisky colts in the pasture. Thus did Clara Barton begin to ride, and so well did she learn her lesson that she was soon as much at ease on horseback as in a rocking-chair.

Years afterward, when Clara Barton, the heroic nurse of the battlefields, often found herself on a strange horse, flying for life or liberty, she blessed those early lessons with her brother David.

David taught her many other things besides horseback riding. From him, Clara learned to throw with an under throw like that of a boy, and to make the ball go where she intended; she learned to strike a nail fairly on the head, and to tie a square knot that would hold.

On the New England farm where she lived, she early learned lessons in usefulness, endurance, and daring. When but five years old, she traveled a mile to school, sometimes going through drifts so deep that she had to be carried on her brother's shoulders. When a little older she milked the cows which she had

claimed since they were calves, cared for chickens and ducks, and even insisted upon helping to paper and paint the house.

"The only real fun is to do things," she used to say.

There were daring adventures, too, on that interesting farm. With other children, she explored every inch of the high wooded hills about her home ; searched a dark, forbidding cave, teetered with happy thrills on a narrow log over a small but deep and black river, and rode back and forth high over a rushing mill stream on a saw carriage for sawing logs. In the great barns the children leaped from the high beams down to the hay below, and landed safely on their feet.

But one day Clara was suddenly called away from all that wonderful life out of doors, and shut up in a sick room where she had her first lessons in nursing ; and long, hard lessons they proved to be for a little girl of eleven. Her brother David, who had taught her many things, and to whom she was greatly attached, had fallen from a great height. During the first days of his illness, he had clung to his little sister. Then as he grew worse, it seemed unwise to take her away from him. So as time went on, he began to think that no one could take Clara's place. For two years he was very ill, and Clara was constantly at his side. She learned to give him medicine just as a regular nurse does. During that time she says that she almost forgot that there was an outside to the house.

At last David got well, but his little nurse had not grown an inch during the two years, and had gained

but one pound. Always a bashful child, she now shrank from meeting people, even other children.

Her father gave her a fine, high-stepping horse, Billy, and encouraged her to spend much time in horseback riding. As Clara rode about over the country she began to grow stronger, and was able to continue her studies; but she was still so much afraid of people that it made her very unhappy. Finally a wise friend of the family said, "Give her a school to teach."

And they did. When Clara was but fifteen years old, and very small for her age, she passed the teachers' examinations, put her hair up on her head, lengthened her dresses, and went to meet her first school of forty pupils.

"It was one of the most awful moments of my life," she wrote long afterward. "I could not find my voice; and my hand trembled so, I was afraid to turn the page."

There among the children sat four boys as tall and almost as old as their new teacher; and they meant to try her out. It was said that, during the last summer school, these boys had shut their teacher out of the schoolroom and taken things into their own hands. But when the new teacher went out on the playground with the school, and the four boys found that she was as quick and good at games as they, and that her throw was as straight and sure as theirs, they were quite won over to her side. She soon became such a successful teacher that other schools asked to have her.

So for eighteen years Clara Barton taught and studied. Then her voice suddenly gave out, and she had to look for some other kind of work.

It was while she was holding an important position in the Patent Office in Washington that the Civil War began. When the first troops from Massachusetts arrived in Washington, there was no place to put them, so they were housed in the Capitol building. Among those men were some of Clara Barton's old pupils. There in the Senate Room, from the place where the Vice-President usually stood, Clara Barton read aloud to her "boys" and the other soldiers from a home paper. That was the beginning of her work for the soldiers. As the Government was very poor, she refused to take any pay for her work in the Patent Office. The Government could not allow that, so she resigned her position and prepared to give all her time to caring for the wounded soldiers.

As she worked in the hospitals, she saw that more food and bandages were needed, and she thought of the old linen and the nice jellies and other food in many a New England home. So she advertised in her home paper for supplies, which she would give out herself. So generous was the response, that she had to rent a room down in the business part of the town, where she could store and give out her supplies.

Then, as she worked with the wounded, she realized that if those men could have been cared for while on the battlefields, much suffering and many deaths might have been prevented.

"I must get to them on the battlefields," she thought.

Just at that time she was called to her father's sick bed. She told him of her desire to go to the front, and asked his advice.

"Go," he said; "I know the American soldier — he will welcome and honor you."

So Clara Barton wrote at once to the Governor of Massachusetts for permission to go with the Massachusetts troops to the battlefield. She said, "I ask neither pay nor praises, simply a soldier's fare, and the sanction of your Excellency to go and do with my might whatever my hands find to do."

But it was some time before she was allowed to go to the front. No woman had done such a thing before. When at last her request was granted, she did not go until she was sure of supplies to take with her, and of more to come, and of ways of giving them out to the men.

Now began very hard and busy days for Clara Barton. She has said that with all her being she hated war; yet for the sake of those who were fighting in the ranks, she followed the battlefields. In rough box cars and in army trucks she hurried off with her supplies wherever she was sure that a battle had been fought. But her arrival with supplies was too slow, and she began to follow in the open space right behind the cannon; thus she could reach the field ahead even of the ammunition, so that she was there with her supplies when the men began to be wounded. She slept many times on the wet ground; on the field in

the thickest of the fight, she built camp fires, prepared food, and dressed wounds. One of the very first to arrive, she remained until the last wounded man had been cared for. And she tended those who were fighting on the other side, too, when she happened upon one of them lying wounded. Not only was she a nurse, but she was a friend to every wounded man, so that they called her "The Angel of the Battlefield."

Just after the Battle of Fredericksburg, when every house was a hospital, Clara Barton, while going on her way from one hospital to another, stepped aside for a regiment to go by. Just then the commanding officer, seeing her, the only woman among that host of marching men, and thinking that she had been a resident of the enemy's city and had been driven from her home, dashed over to her and said, "You are alone, in great danger, madam — do you want protection?"

She thanked him and added, as she turned to the marching men, "I believe myself to be the best-protected woman in the United States."

The soldiers near by heard her words, and crying, "That's so! That's so!" set up a cheer. And that cheer was taken up by line after line of men, until the whole army was cheering. They did not know why they were cheering, but they had no doubt that there was a victory somewhere.

When the cheering had ceased, the gallant old General bowed low, saying, as he galloped away, "I believe you are right, madam."

In the midst of all her nursing, Clara Barton found time in an army hospital to superintend the cooking

of food for twelve hundred men. She saw that one hundred and fifty gallons of codfish were prepared for the New England soldiers in the old home way; and for the patients who were getting well, and wanted pie, she made ninety pies with her own hands.

After the long war was over, her labors did not stop. She spent all her own money in the search for missing men, and then went on the lecture platform to raise money to continue that work.

In Europe, where she had gone to regain her health, she learned of the splendid work of the Red Cross Society and became one of its workers. When she came back to her own country, it was with the determination to organize the American Red Cross. A long hard fight was before her, but in the end she succeeded. It was her idea that the Red Cross Society should help not only in time of war, but in any time of need. So wherever there has been a great fire, flood, earthquake, famine, or any other kind of disaster, that white banner with its red cross is sure to be seen, and the spirit of Clara Barton lives on in the work of mercy for which the banner stands.

MARY D. HUTCHINSON HODGKINS

NOTE. — Shakespeare says: —

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

CHIMES

Brief, on a flying night,
From the shaken tower,
A flock of bells take flight,
And go with the hour.

Like birds from the cote to the gales,
Abrupt — O hark!
A fleet of bells set sails,
And go to the dark.

Sudden the cold airs swing.
Alone, aloud,
A verse of bells takes wing
And flies with the cloud.

Alice Meynell

Note. — The bell is made of molten metal and must have no flaw, else it will not ring true. The making of beautiful bells is as old an art as that of violin-making, and of organ-building. Great bell-makers of the Middle Ages put their stamp upon their bells as an artist signs a painting. As violin-makers studied the finest variation in line and shape and wood and grain, so bell-makers studied the size and curve and heat and the metal mixture.

Many bells are beautiful to see. Some have a design or a motto cast in them. And those that come from the mould with the beauty of tone dreamed of by their makers become famous throughout the world. Some of them bear names, like ships, and the carillon in which they hang is like a fleet. For many of these fine bells are hung in groups to give the

tones of a scale, and the group, or carillon, is hung in a tower of its own. When the great cathedrals were built in the Middle Ages, and woodcarver and stonecutter and stained-glass worker wrought to the glory of God, it came to be the custom to build a separate tower for the bells. It takes skill to chime these great bells well, but when their music sounds, "O hark! . . . a verse of bells takes wing and flies with the cloud."

THE VIOLIN-MAKER [1]

One morning, in June of the year 1663, a man went climbing and scrambling through the forest that lies behind Mittenwald, a lovely market town of Bavaria. With an iron hammer he tapped now one, now another of the tall pines and firs, listening to the sounds his hammer awakened. Each time that a tree answered with a ringing vibration, he marked its bark with a certain sign.

When the height of the sun warned him that it was time to rest, he heard the clear sound of a small bell, and, looking around, saw some goats clattering down over the rolling stones of the hillside and slowly approaching him. Their keeper was a handsome brown-haired boy.

"What do they call thee, my little man?" questioned the stranger, upon whom the boy's dark eyes looked fearlessly.

"I am called Matthias Klotz."

"And whence comest thou?"

[1] Adapted from *The Violin Maker*, translated from the original of Otto von Schaching, by Sara Trainer Smith. Reprinted by special permission of Benziger Brothers, New York, publishers.

"From Mittenwald. My father is a tailor there."

"And thou — what art thou to be some day?"

"Ah, sir — " he said, hesitating.

"Well?" said the man looking at him with mild eyes. "Speak freely and open thy heart to me. I am the violin-maker, Jacob Stainer, of Absam-in-the-Tyrol; thou needst have no fear of me."

"You are the famous man who makes the fine violins?" asked the delighted boy. "Oh, sir — if only I could — if I could be a violin-maker!"

"What would thy father say to thy wish?"

"Oh, sir, he wishes it himself!" cried Matthias eagerly. "But my father is too poor, and —"

"I understand," interrupted Stainer. "Now poverty shall be no hindrance to thy desire. I will gladly take thee with me to my school at Absam, if thou wilt promise to be a good, industrious scholar."

"I will promise anything, sir!" cried the boy. "Only take me with you, I beg with all my heart!" The violin-maker took the hammer from his girdle and handed it to the boy with these words: —

"Take this, and make thy first trial. If it succeeds, then art thou my dear scholar from this day. Strike once on a tree, and then lay thine ear to its trunk. Thou must listen attentively, and then tell me how it sounds to thee."

Matthias hastened to strike, first one and then another, with short, sharp strokes, listening after each.

"Well?" cried Stainer, watching expectantly.

"I think I hear something that sounds as if one struck the back of an old violin with a finger."

Stainer's eyes brightened with satisfaction.

"My boy," he cried, drawing Matthias toward him, "thou art in the right; the good God has intended thee for a violin-maker. There can be no doubt of it! And I will make of thee such a master of thy craft that the world cannot produce thy equal."

"Oh, dear sir, how good you are to me!" cried Matthias. "I thank you a thousand times, and I will do what I have promised — I will be a good scholar — that I will!"

"Good! And I will talk with thy father to-day," Stainer promised the excited boy. "Moreover, thou canst enter upon thy apprenticeship with me at once."

When Stainer came to the poor tailor shop, he explained his intentions to the parents, promising to do his best to make a skillful master-workman of the boy. The tailor and his wife thanked the violin-maker with warmest gratitude.

The day of parting came. Matthias, with a little bundle in his hand, took a tearful leave of his father and mother, who charged him to be always good and honest. On the second day Stainer and his little companion reached Absam. How Matthias stared when he entered the workroom of the master and saw all the tools that are needed to make a violin, as well as the completed instruments and those in process of making, which hung on the walls!

"See!" said Stainer, "if thou art very industrious, thou wilt soon be able to make such violins as these."

"I must learn many, many things before I get so far as that," answered Matthias sensibly.

The next day the new scholar began his lessons in earnest, and it was not long before he was able to plane a board without assistance, while the shavings curled from under the steel and flew gayly about the room. Matthias showed himself so skillful at all kinds of work, and manifested so much modesty, that he not only became the favorite of Stainer, but pleased the other workmen.

It was not long, however, before Matthias Klotz lost his master and had to return home.

"Have no fear for me, dear mother," he said, "I will go to Cremona to the famous violin-maker, Nicolo Amati."

Arrangements were made for him to travel with the carrier, who went with a six-horse team to Italy. When the great Amati learned that Matthias had already studied with the famous Stainer, he received the boy with much kindness. Whenever Matthias was homesick, Amati tried to take his father's place, and gradually the lad became accustomed to his new home. He learned so easily that Amati often looked at him with silent astonishment, when the boy had finished the neck, the sounding board, the edges, the touchboard, or some other part of the violin, or carved with skilled hand those light, elegant heads for which the instruments of Amati are particularly remarkable.

As Matthias rose in favor with the Italian *maestro*, one of the other workmen, Francesco Muraldi, became filled with anger and jealousy. Time went on, and at last Klotz celebrated his eighteenth birthday. He had long since produced his masterpiece, and the

passing of time seemed to have softened the animosity of his companions. Not until it was discovered that Matthias had been receiving training as a sculptor, also, and had made a very fine statue to present to Amati, did they really turn against him. Then, indeed, they tried one night to do away with him in earnest.

At this, Klotz decided that he could not live in Cremona in peace. So, on a lovely spring morning, he took leave of his master and of his friends, and left Cremona.

After visiting various cities where violin-makers lived, Klotz stayed with a Master Scarlatti, who gave him an instrument to repair for a notable violinist by the name of Lupi. So well was the work done that the owner could scarcely contain his delight, but Scarlatti did not admit to Signor Lupi that the achievement was not his own. Klotz felt it unwise to stay longer with such a dishonest man, and on his way along the street, with his bundle packed to leave the city, whom should he meet but Signor Lupi. When the violinist had drawn from the young man the story of Scarlatti's deceit, he took Klotz with him to his house, entertained him with the best, and before he left gave him a large sum of money.

It was an oppressively hot summer day when Matthias turned his back on the town; and in the storm that broke, the lightning struck the fine house of the Marquis Cresci. At the moment when the stairs caught on fire, the children and their mother had been saved, but the Marquis was trapped. The people had

caught sight of him at one of the windows, but he had instantly disappeared. They now observed the figure of a man who, disregarding the burning brands which fell from the roof, mounted one of the ladders and, fearless of death, sprang like a squirrel through the window. This cool climber was Matthias. No sooner had he heard that the master of the house was missing than he risked his life, like a hero.

With his unusually strong arms Matthias laid the unconscious man over his shoulders and stepped slowly and carefully down the ladder. The villagers burst into joyful cries when they saw the brave deed, but Klotz slipped away and was not seen again that day. At the inn, however, the wife of the Marquis sought out the young man who had saved her husband's life. Matthias refused to accept the reward which she offered, — a heavy purse of gold, — but he answered her questions, unrolling before her all his past life.

While he sat at breakfast the next morning, word came that the Marquis Cresci wished to speak with him.

"How can I ever thank you!" cried the Marquis. "You have risked your life for me, a stranger. Tell me how I can repay you. Speak out your heart's wish; if I can, I will gladly fulfill it."

"Gracious sir," said Klotz, "do not make so much of what I did; it is not worth it. And there can be no talk of reward. A man dare not take pay for a good deed; that would be shameful."

"I see that you are in earnest," said the Marquis, "but I hear that you are a violin-maker. If I give

you an order to make me a fine violin, you will not refuse me that?"

The eyes of the young man sparkled.

"I shall be only too happy, gracious sir," answered Matthias.

The Marquis immediately made plans for Klotz to go to a certain violin-maker in Padua, where he was to spend his leisure hours upon the instrument which had been ordered. When he reached Padua, Matthias presented his letter of introduction and had no trouble in arranging a contract to his satisfaction. He was very content with his new master, and worked upon the violin for the Marquis with all his skill.

One day, as he was happily at work, a messenger brought word from his father that his good mother had died. Matthias sat with his face hidden in his hands, quietly weeping. Suddenly he rose and went to show his master the sad letter, saying that he must ask to be released to go to his father. But Matthias had not read the whole letter, and his master pointed out to him the following words: —

"Great to me is the loss of your dear mother, and often have I longed to see you, Matthias, but I would not on any account have you leave your work to come home. Remain in Padua as long as it suits you, and study hard, that you may become a skillful master."

Klotz finally resolved to stay, according to his father's wish. In spite of the shadow that hung over him, Matthias worked industriously at the violin of the Marquis and at last brought it to his master to examine. So perfect was the instrument that the

older man was quite envious of such skill, and invited Klotz to stay with him for good.

"I must go back to my father and to Mittenwald," was the decision of Matthias. "I cannot live without the mountains and the forest and my childhood's people for all my days."

Toward the end of his promised term, Matthias asked his master for a certificate, to show that he had been six years in his house as a journeyman.

"My dear Matthias," was the sorrowful reply, "if it were in my power, thou shouldst not go from me, for it is as if half of my life leaves Padua with thee. Because I cannot keep thee, thou must go into the world, and certainly with such a certificate as no journeyman ever bore away from me, nor ever will."

In about an hour he returned with a parchment beautifully and wonderfully written, which he handed to Matthias. Klotz beamed with joy and pride as he read these lines: —

"*Laus Deo, May* 10, 1678, PADUA

"I, the undersigned, do testify on my oath, that Matthias Klotz, of Mittenwald, served in my workshop during six years, as journeyman, with all honest and good service; was always obedient, punctual, and modest, never transgressing the limits of good behavior and respectability, but always serving as an example in his work and his conduct."

Then followed the signature and seal.

Matthias could not speak for emotion, and could only press his master's hand in thanks.

After many hardships, Klotz at last drew near his

home, but no one recognized the stately young man. When he reached his father's house, with the shady arbor and the overhanging, sheltering roof under which the swallows built their nests, there beside the house door stood the same bench, with the brook murmuring by it. Before the low window sat a man bending low over his tailoring.

"What will the gentleman have?" asked the tailor. "Perhaps a new coat?"

"Not that," answered Matthias, trying hard to suppress his feelings; "I want more."

"More?"

"Yes, I want my father — my good, dear father," and he clasped the old man in his arms. "Father! Father! Don't you know your own Matthias?"

"Art thou really Matthias? Oh, to have thee with us once again! Thou art welcome to me a thousand times. If thy mother had but lived!" cried the gray-haired man.

The news that Matthias Klotz had come home from Italy flew from house to house, and soon the tailor's home was filled with acquaintances of his childhood.

Matthias wished to turn his knowledge and experience in violin-making to good use for Mittenwald immediately, by founding a school. In time pupils flocked to him, but the little he had saved was soon exhausted in enlarging the house and in providing tools for the workroom. One day, when his heart was greatly troubled, a messenger came from Italy, bringing a heavy packet from Signor Lupi and the Marquis Cresci. On opening it, Matthias found a beautifully

ornamented box containing a quantity of gold pieces.

"Father!" he cried, falling on the old man's neck in his joy. "God has heard my prayer! He has not forgotten me when the need was greatest! Now we are helped, Father!"

When the young master had at last finished a number of fine violins, he carefully packed his wares together and went forth to market them. His first stopping place was the cloister of Ettal, the home of the sons of Saint Benedict, not only enthusiastic musicians themselves, but teachers and leaders of music. There the Abbot, on hearing the story of Matthias, took one of his instruments and drew the bow across it. Klotz listened entranced; such playing he had never heard. And he, Matthias Klotz, had made this violin, from which the Abbot knew how to summon such heavenly tones!

"How many such violins have you here?" inquired Abbot Eberhard.

"Ten in all," answered Klotz, who could have shouted for joy.

"And are they all like this?"

"Yes, most reverend Father."

"Good! I will take them all. And if you come to Ettal again, just knock on the door."

Years passed, and throughout the country Klotz was known, even in the castles of the nobles, as one of the leading masters. Then, on an autumn day came a lonely traveler to Mittenwald. He walked wearily, and pale hunger looked from his eyes. His skin and

hair were of the South. His little strength left him entirely, and he sank with a bitter sigh into the ditch beside the road. As the night approached, suddenly a step sounded near by.

"Signor, stay with me," he called faintly. "I am almost dead of hunger and want."

The man hastened to help the unfortunate and took him to his own house. The stranger looked slowly around the room of his rescuer; on the wall there hung some violins and some tools of a violin-maker.

"Where am I, then?" asked the Italian.

"In the house of the violin-maker, Klotz," was the answer.

Suddenly the Italian sank down at his feet and cried, with a burst of tears, "I do not deserve so much kindness! Do you not know me?"

In an instant the truth flashed upon Matthias.

"Art thou not Francesco Muraldi, from Cremona?"

"Yes, I am that wretch," sobbed the poor fellow. "I have done thee so much evil, Matthias; thrust me out of thy house —"

"Rest easy!" said the violin-maker in comforting accents, trying to raise the kneeling figure.

"I will not rise until thou hast forgiven me!" said Francesco.

"I forgive thee gladly," said the good-natured Klotz, with tears in his eyes.

For many years Francesco had not slept so well; at last he had the pardon of the man he had treated so badly.

The pupils of Matthias Klotz increased yearly, and

among them were his own three sons. For a long time after his death, the art of violin-making was held in the Klotz family as a sacred inheritance, and men called the Klotz brothers and their relations simply "The Violin-Makers." There in the valley the freshly varnished instruments, great and small, from the gigantic bass viol to the little child's violin, hung in rows on long cords in the gardens, where the sun and air might season them.

The grateful citizens erected a monument to the master, but more lasting is the music of the countless violins which spread the fame of Matthias Klotz.

Otto von Schaching

Note. — Some of the most beautiful violins were made by the Amati family, — father, sons, and grandson, — by Antonio Stradivari (pupil of Nicolo Amati) and his sons, and by the Guarneri family, at Cremona in Italy, toward the end of the seventeenth century and early in the eighteenth century. These violins are like music itself. To touch one of them is to touch the soul of music. George Eliot says: —

"When any master holds 'twixt hand and chin
A violin of mine, he will be glad
That Stradivari lived, made violins
And made them of the best. . . .
For while God gives them skill,
I give them instruments to play upon,
God using me to help Him. . . .
If my hand slacked,
I should rob God, since he is fullest good,
Leaving a blank behind, instead of violins.
He could not make Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio."

I MET AT EVE

I MET at eve the Prince of Sleep,
His was a still and lovely face,
He wandered through a valley steep,
Lovely in a lonely place.

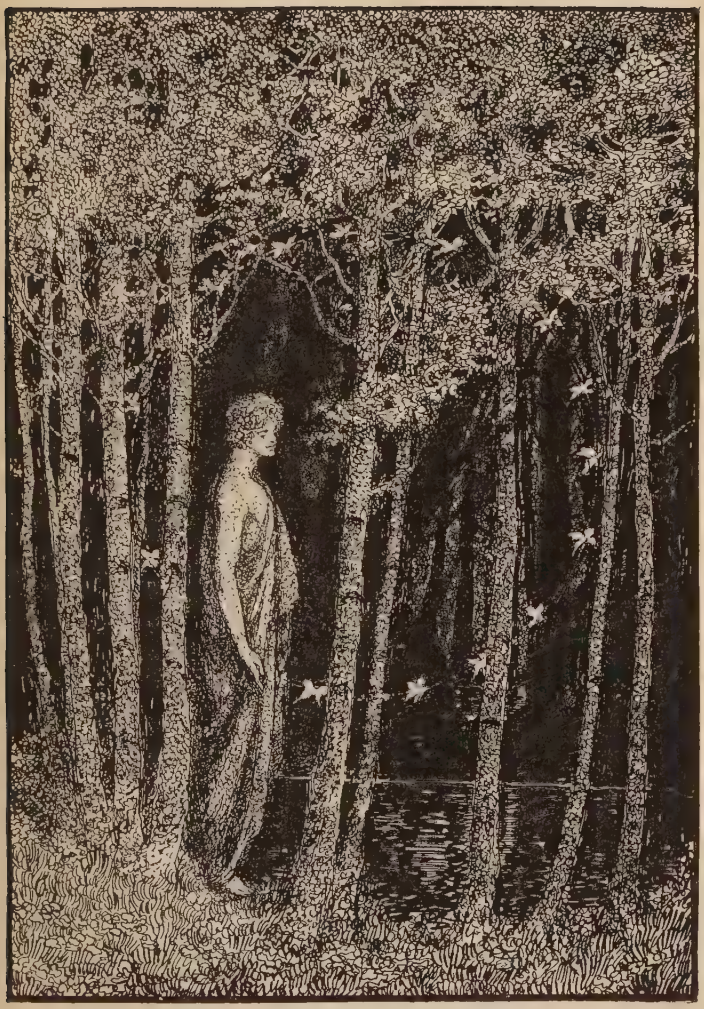
His garb was grey of lavender,
About his brows a poppy-wreath
Burned like dim coals, and everywhere
The air was sweeter for his breath.

His twilight feet no sandals wore,
His eyes shone faint in their own flame,
Fair moths that gloomed his steps before
Seemed letters of his lovely name.

His house is in the mountain ways,
A phantom house of misty walls,
Whose golden flocks at evening graze,
And witch the moon with muffled calls.

Upwelling from his shadowy springs
Sweet waters shake a trembling sound,
There flit the hoot-owl's silent wings,
There hath his web the silkworm wound.

Dark in his pools clear visions lurk,
And rosy, as with morning buds,
Along his dales of broom and birk
Dreams haunt his solitary woods.



FAIR MOTHS THAT GLOOMED HIS STEPS BEFORE
SEEMED LETTERS OF HIS LOVELY NAME

I met at eve the Prince of Sleep,
His was a still and lovely face,
He wandered through a valley steep,
Lovely in a lonely place.

WALTER DE LA MARE

NOTE. — Poppies are the symbol of sleep.

"Along his dales of broom and birk." Here the Prince of Sleep walks in English places, for *birk* is an old English word for "birch," and the *broom* is an Old World shrub with slender branches, small leaves, and yellow flowers. With twigs of broom are cobwebs swept from the sky.

THE WILDS WITHOUT FIREARMS

HAD I encountered the two gray wolves during my first unarmed camping trip into the wilds, the experience would hardly have suggested to me that going without firearms is the best way to enjoy wild nature. But I had made many unarmed excursions beyond the trail before I had that adventure, and the habit of going without a gun was so firmly fixed and so satisfactory that even a perilous wolf encounter did not arouse any desire for firearms. The habit continued, and to-day the only way I can enjoy the wilds is to leave guns behind.

On that autumn afternoon I was walking along slowly, reflectively, in a deep forest. Not a breath of air moved, and even the aspen's golden leaves stood still in the sunlight. All was calm and peaceful around and within me, when I came to a little sunny frost-tanned grassplot surrounded by tall, crowding pines.

I felt drawn to its warmth and repose and stepped joyfully into it. Suddenly two gray wolves sprang from almost beneath my feet and faced me defiantly. . . .

Now the gray wolf is a powerful, savage beast, and directing his strong jaws, tireless muscles, keen scent, and all-seeing eyes are exceedingly nimble wits. He is well equipped to make the severe struggle for existence which his present environment compels. In many Western localities, despite the high price offered for his scalp, he has managed not only to live, but to increase and multiply. I had seen gray wolves pull down big game. On one occasion I had seen a vigorous long-horned steer fall after a desperate struggle with two of these fearfully fanged animals. Many times I had come across scattered bones which told of their triumph; and altogether I was so impressed with their deadliness that a glimpse of one of them usually gave me over to a temporary dread.

The two wolves facing me seemed to have been asleep in the sun when I disturbed them. I realized the danger and was alarmed, of course, but my faculties were under control, were stimulated, indeed, to unusual alertness, and I kept a bold front and faced them without flinching. Their expression was one of mingled surprise and anger, together with the apparent determination to sell their lives as dearly as possible. I gave them all the attention which their appearance and their reputation demanded. Not once did I take my eyes off them. I held them at bay with my eyes. I still have a vivid picture of terribly gleaming teeth, bristling backs, and bulging muscles. . . .

They made no move to attack. I was afraid to attack and I dared not run away. I remembered that some trees I could almost reach behind me had limbs that stretched out toward me, yet I felt that to wheel, spring for a limb, and swing up beyond their reach could not be done quickly enough to escape those fierce jaws.

Both sides were of the same mind, ready to fight, but not at all eager to do so. Under these conditions our nearness was embarrassing, and we faced each other for what seemed, to me at least, a long time. My mind working like lightning, I thought of several possible ways of escaping. I considered each at length, found it faulty, and dismissed it. Meanwhile, not a sound had been made. I had not moved, but something had to be done. Slowly I worked the small folding axe from its sheath, and with the slowest of movements placed it in my right coat-pocket with the handle up, ready for instant use. I did this with studied deliberation, lest a sudden movement should release the springs that held the wolves back. I kept on staring. Statues, almost, we must have appeared to the camp bird whose call from a near-by limb told me we were observed, and whose nearness gave me courage.

Then, looking the nearer of the two wolves squarely in the eye, I said to him, "Well, why don't you move?" as though we were playing checkers instead of the game of life. He made no reply, but the spell was broken. I believe that both sides had been bluffing. In attempting to use my kodak while continuing the bluff, I brought matters to a focus. "What a

picture you fellows will make," I said aloud, as my right hand slowly worked the kodak out of the case which hung under my left arm. Still keeping up a steady fire of looks, I brought the kodak in front of me ready to focus, and then touched the spring that released the folding front. When the kodak mysteriously, suddenly opened before the wolves, they fled for their lives. In an instant they had cleared the grassy space and vanished into the woods. I did not get their picture.

With a gun, the wolf encounter could not have ended more happily. At any rate, I have not for a moment cared for a gun since I returned enthusiastic from my first delightful trip into the wilds without one. Out in the wilds with nature is one of the safest and most sanitary of places. Bears are not seeking to devour, and the death list from lions, wolves, snakes, and all other bugbears combined does not equal the death list from fire, automobiles, street cars, or banquets. Being afraid of nature or a rainstorm is like being afraid of the dark.

The time of that first excursion was spent among scenes that I had visited before, but the discoveries I made and the deeper feelings it stirred within me led me to think it more worth while than any previous trip among the same delightful scenes. The first day, especially, was excitingly crowded with new sights and sounds and fancies. I fear that during the earlier trips the rifle had obscured most of the scenes in which it could not figure, and as a result I missed fairyland and most of the sunsets.

When I arrived at the alpine lake by which I was to camp, evening's long rays and shadows were romantically robing the picturesque wild border of the lake. The crags, the temples, the flower-edged snowdrifts, and the grassplots of this wild garden seemed half unreal, as over them the long lights and torn shadows grouped and changed, lingered and vanished, in the last moments of the sun. The deep purple of evening was over all, and the ruined crag with the broken pine on the ridge top was black against the evening's golden glow, when I hastened to make camp by a pine temple while the beautiful world of sunset's hour slowly faded into the night.

The camp fire was a glory-burst in the darkness, and the small many-spired evergreen temple before me shone an illuminated cathedral in the night. All that evening I believed in fairies, and by watching the changing camp fire kept my fancies frolicking in realms of mystery where all the world was young. I lay down without a gun, and while the fire changed and faded to black and gray, the coyotes began to howl. But their voices did not seem so lonely or menacing as when I had had a rifle by my side. As I lay listening to them, I thought I detected merriment in their tones, and in a little while their shouts rang as merrily as though they were boys at play. Never before had I realized that coyotes too had enjoyments, and I listened to their shouts with pleasure. At last the illumination faded from the cathedral grove, and its templed top stood in charcoal against the clear heavens as I fell asleep beneath the peaceful stars.

Enos A. Mills

It burteth not the toung to give faire words.

HEYWOOD

If you bear a wise sentence or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory.

SIR HENRY SIDNEY

And thou my minde aspire to higher things:
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

SHAKESPEARE

A KNIGHT WRITES TO HIS SON

When Sir Philip Sidney, the English poet, statesman, and soldier, was mortally wounded on the battlefield, he refused a cup of water for the sake of a dying soldier near by.

"Thy necessity," said the knight, "is greater than mine."

This sacrifice was not surprising in such a gentleman as England held Sir Philip to be — a man who said, "They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts." He was so beloved by his friends that they could declare of him, "He approached more nearly to the ideal of a perfect man as well as a perfect knight than any character of any other age or nation."

Even more than two hundred years after Sir Philip's death, the young poet Shelley remembered to call him

> . . . Sidney, as he fought,
> And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
> Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot. . . .

In the time of Philip and his dignified father, Sir Henry Sidney, people had ways of expressing themselves which seem very formal to us to-day. The great dramatist, Shakespeare, lived and wrote in Sidney's time, and he made Hamlet, a character in one of his plays, coach a group of actors in this fashion : —

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too

much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. . . . Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature." [1]

Letters that were written when Sir Philip was a boy sound strange to us, just as ours of to-day would have seemed to him full of queer phrases. We have to imagine ourselves to be young Sidney in an English school at Shrewsbury, more than three hundred years ago. Then we know how a twelve-year-old boy could feel sure that his father was both affectionate and natural when he wrote to his son this quaint letter: —

"I have received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French, which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often; for that will stand you in good stead in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And as this is the first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it will be all empty of some good advices.

"Use moderate diet, so as after your meat you may find yourself fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively and not more heavy. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril to your joints and bones. It will increase your force, and enlarge your breath.

[1] *Hamlet:* Act iii, Scene 2.

"Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body to do anything when you be most merry.

"Above all things tell no untruth, no, not in trifles. And let it not satisfy you, that for a time hearers take it for truth; for after it will be known as it is to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman, than to be accounted a liar.

"Well, my little Philip, this is enough for me, and too much I fear for you; but if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourisheth anything the weak stomach of your capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with stronger food.

"Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God."

That father little knew, when he sent this letter, that the schoolboy's name was to go down through the centuries, standing for all that is most manly.

NOTE. — Sir Humphrey Gilbert — he who perished in a tempest off the Azores when sailing home from "Western Planting" — was in his early days a captain in the army of Ireland under Sir Henry Sidney. On that last voyage, Sir Humphrey refused to leave the little frigate Squirrel and sail in his "great ship," the Golden Hind.

"The frigate was near cast away, . . ." wrote the captain of the Hind, "yet at that time recovered; and, giving forth signs of joy, the general, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out to us in the Hind, 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land.' . . . The same Monday night, about twelve, the frigate being ahead of us in the Golden Hind, suddenly her lights were out . . . in that moment the frigate was devoured and swallowed up by the sea."

THE SANDPIPER

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit —
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach —
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery;
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong —
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

CELIA THAXTER

NOTE. — Tracks on the wet beach, or in the snow, or in the deep black forest soil may be preserved in plaster of Paris, like fossil imprints. They may be tracks of pheasant, squirrel, rabbit, deer; the barefoot print of a little brother making castles in the sand; the flower-prints of cats and dogs; the crowded, sociable marks of bouncing sparrows.

If the track is firm, chip out the piece and carry it home for a model. There paint it carefully with shellac, or with plain soap. This is something like greasing a griddle. It is to prevent the plaster from sticking. A wax model is protected by the oil already in it; an ice model will melt out; but if the model is of a material that will cling to the plaster, something must be used to keep the two parts separate. For this, common soap is very good.

Place the painted track in a pasteboard box that fits it closely and is about half an inch deeper than your pattern. If the box is too wide or too long, place strips of cardboard against the model, making an additional, closer frame. This is to confine the plaster. Any cracks in the frame, through which the plaster may leak, should be stopped up with wax or chewing gum.

An old dish should be used for mixing the plaster, and care taken that no bubbles come, if the impression is to be smooth.

The water is put into the dish first and allowed to become still, after which the plaster is sifted in slowly and carefully. It will sink quietly to the bottom. If the plaster is tossed or spilled in, air bubbles will rise to trouble the mixture. When the plaster is smooth and thick enough, spread it in spoonfuls into the hard track, making sure that it creeps into all the corners of the design. Then gradually add more and more of the mixed plaster until the box frame is filled, and wait for it to set. Be sure to wash your dish and spoon at once, under running water, or the plaster will be very difficult to remove.

After the plaster has set, but while it is still moist, tear away the pasteboard and shave down the sides of the cake with a knife until the line between the model and the mould shows continuously along all four sides. Then gently make the separation, using a chisel and a hammer. Tap lightly at different points, easing up an opening, until the line widens and the two parts fall away from each other.[1]

What is really desired is an exact duplicate of the footprint record. You will need, therefore, to repeat the complete process, this time painting the newly made plaster mould with soap, setting it in a pasteboard frame, and taking from it a perfect plaster impression, which is called a *cast*. If the face of the mould is colored, a fine streak of the color will indicate the line of separation between mould and cast. The plaster mould may be kept and used again. It should be lightly washed and re-soaped each time a new cast is taken from it. Too much soap causes irregularities and bubbles.

[1] If the footprint you have found is in softer snow or mud or sand, an impression may be taken on the spot. For this, pour a thin coat of shellac into the track and about the edges, working carefully in order not to spoil the shape, and then pour in enough plaster to preserve the form — a little at a time, however, lest too heavy a weight spread the outline. When the set plaster is lifted out, the soil will wash off readily and the shellac film will come away, leaving the plaster clean and white.

If you wish to have a hook to hang your cast, make one of wire and bury the twisted ends in the wet plaster before it sets. Bend the hook part of the wire at right angles to the ends, so that it will not sink into the plaster and be lost, but stand upright instead. When the cast is finished the hook may be bent to its proper position.

The finished cast is tinted, to take away the dead white look. A soft brown — sepia or burnt sienna — is the best color. This is mixed with water in a dish and poured over the face of the cast while the plaster is still moist. If the cast has dried, it should be held under water for a while, else it will absorb the color too quickly and become spotted; dry plaster drinks the water thirstily. Let the color flow into the hollows and settle there, emphasizing the shadows.

On the back of your cast, paste a slip of paper with the name of the child or the creature whose print it is, and the date and place where you found the track. It will be one of the "footprints on the sands of time."

THE PASSING OF THE FLOCKS

It is September. August — the month of gray days for birds — has passed. The last pinfeather of the new winter plumage has burst its sheath, and is sleek and glistening from its thorough oiling with waterproof dressing, which the birds squeeze out with their bills from a special gland, and which they rub into every part of their plumage. The youngsters, now grown as large as their parents, have become proficient in fly-catching or berry-picking, as the case may be. Henceforth they forage for themselves, although if

we watch carefully we may still see a parent's love prompting it to give a berry to its big offspring (indistinguishable save for this attention), who greedily devours it without so much as a wing flutter of thanks.

Two courses are open to the young birds who have been so fortunate as to escape the dangers of nestling-hood. They may unite in neighborly flocks with others of their kind, as do the blackbirds of the marshes; or they may wander off by themselves, never going very far from their summer home, but perching alone each night in the thick foliage of some sheltering bush.

How wonderfully the little fellow adapts himself to the radical and sudden change in his life! Before this, his world has been a warm, soft-lined nest, with ever-anxious parents to shelter him from rain and cold, or to stand with half-spread wings between him and the burning rays of the sun. He has only to open his mouth and call for food, and a supply of the choicest morsels appears and is shoved far down his throat. If danger threatens, both parents are ready to fight to the last, or even willing to give their lives to protect him.

Little wonder is it that the young birds are loath to leave; we can sympathize heartily with the last weaker brother, whose feet cling convulsively to the nest, who begs piteously for "just one more caterpillar!" But the mother bird is inexorable and stands a little way out of reach with the juiciest morsel she can find. Once out, the young bird never returns.

Even if we catch the little chap before he finishes his first flight and replace him, the magic spell of home is broken, and he is out again the instant our hand frees him.

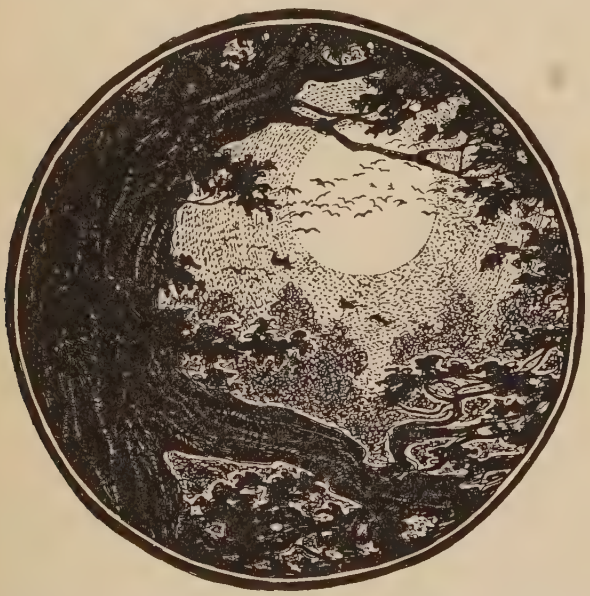
What a change the first night brings! Yet with unfailing instinct he squats on some twig, fluffs up his feathers, tucks his wee head behind his wing, and sleeps the sleep of his first adult birdhood as soundly as if this position of rest had been familiar to him since he broke through the shell. . . .

It is September — the month of restlessness for the birds. Weeks ago the first migrants started on their southward journey, the more delicate insect-eaters going first, before the goldfinches and other late nesters had half finished housekeeping. The northern warblers drift past us southward — the magnolia, blackburnian, Canadian fly-catching, and others, bringing memories of spruce and balsam to those of us who have lived with them in the forests of the north.

"It's getting too cold for the little fellows," says the wiseacre, who sees you watching the smaller birds as they pass southward. Is it, though? What of the tiny winter wren, which spends the zero weather with us? His coat is no warmer than those of the birds that have gone to the far tropics. And what of the flocks of birds which we occasionally come across in midwinter, of species that generally migrate to Brazil? It is not the cold which deprives us of our summer friends, or at least the great majority of them; it is the decrease in food supply. Insects disappear, and only those birds which feed on seeds and buds,

or are able to glean an insect diet from the crevices of fence and tree trunk, can abide.

This is the month to climb out on the roof of your house, lie on your back, and listen. He is a stolid person indeed who is not moved by the chirps and



THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF BIRDS, FLYING HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH

twitters which come down through the darkness. There is no better way to show what a wonderful power sound has upon our memories. There sounds a robin's note, and spring seems here again; through the night comes a whitethroat's chirp, and we see again the fog-dimmed fields of a Nova Scotian upland; a

sandpiper "peets," and the scene in our mind's eye as instantly changes; and so on. What a revelation if we could see as in daylight for a few moments! The sky would be pitted with thousands and thousands of birds, flying from a few hundred yards to as high as one or two miles above the earth.

It only adds to the interest of this phenomenon when we turn to our learned books on birds for an explanation of the origin of migration, the whence and whither of the long journeys by day and night, and find no certain answer! This is one of the greatest of the many mysteries of the natural world, of which little is known, although much is guessed, and the bright September nights may reveal to us — we know not what undiscovered facts.

William Beebe
(From *The Log of the Sun*)

Note. — *The Log of the Sun* is a record of some of Mr. Beebe's observations. On a vacation in the summer, it is a merry thing to keep a log of the house, in which every one under the rooftree takes a turn at putting down the chronicle of happy days. There may be poems, pictures, gay stories of good times, and interesting observations such as those of Mr. Beebe's. In after years such a book is a treasure shared by friends.

JULE–NISSE [1]

[In this extract from *The Old Town*, Jacob Riis tells how Christmas was kept when he was a boy, in the Danish town of Ribe.]

I do not know how the forty years I have been away have dealt with "Jule-Nisse," the Christmas elf of my childhood. He was pretty old then, gray and bent, and there were signs that his time was nearly over. So it may be that they have laid him away. I shall find out when I go over there next time. When I was a boy we never sat down to our Christmas Eve dinner until a bowl of rice and milk had been taken up to the attic, where he lived with the marten and its young and kept an eye upon the house — saw that everything ran smoothly. I never met him myself, but I know the house cat must have done so. No doubt they were well acquainted; for when in the morning I went in for the bowl, there it was, quite dry and licked clean, and the cat purring in the corner. So, being there all night, he must have seen and likely talked with him. . . .

The Nisse, or the Leprechaun, call him whichever you like, was a friend indeed to those who loved kindness and peace. If there was a house in which contentions ruled, either he would have nothing to do with it, or else he paid the tenants back in their own coin, playing all kinds of tricks upon them and making

[1] From *The Old Town*, by Jacob A. Riis. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

it very uncomfortable. I suppose it was this trait that gave people, when they began to reason so much about things, the notion that he was really the wraith, as it were, of their own disposition, which was not so at all. I remember the story told of one man who quarreled with everybody, and in consequence had a very troublesome Nisse in the house that provoked him to the point of moving away; which he did. But as the load of furniture was going down the street, with its owner hugging himself in glee at the thought that he had stolen a march on the Nisse, the little fellow poked his head out of the load and nodded to him, "We are moving to-day." At which naturally he flew into a great rage. But then, that was just a story.

The Nisse was of the family, as you see, very much of it, and certainly not to be classed with the cattle. Yet they were his special concern; he kept them quiet, and saw to it, when the stableman forgot, that they were properly bedded and cleaned and fed. He was very well known to the hands about the farm, and they said that he looked just like a little old man, all in gray, and with a pointed red nightcap and long gray beard. He was always civilly treated, as he surely deserved to be, but Christmas was his great holiday, when he became part of it, indeed, and was made much of. So, for that matter, was everything that lived under the husbandman's roof, or within reach of it. The farmer always set a lighted candle in his window on Christmas Eve, to guide the lonesome wanderer to a hospitable hearth. The very sparrows, that burrowed in the straw thatch and did it no good,

IN THE MIDNIGHT HOUR THE CATTLE TALKED TOGETHER

were not forgotten. A sheaf of rye was set out in the snow for them, so that on that night at least they should have shelter and warmth unchallenged, and plenty to eat. . . .

All the animals knew perfectly well that the holiday had come, and kept it in their way. The watchdog was unchained. In the midnight hour on the Holy Eve the cattle stood up in their stalls and bowed out of respect and reverence for Him who was laid in a manger when there was no room in the inn, and in that hour speech was given them, and they talked together. Claus, our neighbor's man, had seen and heard it, and every Christmas Eve I meant fully to go and be there when it happened; but always long before that I had been led away to bed, a very sleepy boy, with all my toys hugged tight, and when I woke up the daylight shone through the frosted window panes, and they were blowing good-morning from the church tower; it would be a whole year before another Christmas. So I vowed, with a sigh at having neglected a really sacred observance, that I would be there sure on the next Christmas Eve. But it was always so, every year; and perhaps it was just as well, for Claus said that it might go ill with the one who listened, if the cows found him out.

Blowing in the Yule from the grim old tower that had stood eight hundred years against the blasts of the North Sea was one of the customs of the Old Town that abides, however it fares with the Nisse; that I know. At sunup, while yet the people were at breakfast, the town band climbed the many steep

ladders to the top of the tower, and up there, in fair weather or foul, — and sometimes it blew great guns from the wintry sea, — they played four old hymns, one to each corner of the compass, so that no one was forgotten. They always began with Luther's sturdy challenge, "A mighty Fortress is our God," while down below we listened devoutly. There was something both weird and beautiful about those far-away strains in the early morning light of the northern winter. . . . When the last strain died away came the big bells, with their deep voices that sang far out over field and heath, and our Yule was fairly under way.

The great ball of the year was on the day after Christmas. Second Christmas Day we called it, when all the quality attended at the clubhouse, where the Amtmand and the Burgomaster, the Bishop and the Rector of the Latin School, did the honors and received the people. That was the grandest of the town functions. The school ball, late in autumn, was the jolliest, for then the boys invited each the girl he liked best, and the older people were guests and outsiders, so to speak. The Yule ball, though it was a rather more formal affair, for all that was neither stiff nor tiresome ; nothing was in the Old Town ; there was too much genuine kindness for that. . . .

When we had been sent to bed on the great night, Father and Mother went away in their Sunday very best, and we knew they would not return until two o'clock in the morning, a fact which alone invested the occasion with unwonted gravity, for the Old Town kept early hours. At ten o'clock, when the watchman

droned his sleepy lay, absurdly warning the people to

> Be quick and bright,
> Watch fire and light,
> Our clock it has struck ten,

it was ordinarily tucked in and asleep. But that night we lay awake a long time listening to the muffled sound of heavy wheels in the snow rolling unceasingly past, and trying to picture to ourselves the grandeur they conveyed. Every carriage in the town was then in use and doing overtime. I think there were as many as four.

Every house was a bakery from the middle of December until Christmas Eve, and Oh! the quantities of cakes we ate, and such cakes! We were sixteen normally, in our home, and Mother mixed the dough for her cakes in a veritable horse-trough kept for that exclusive purpose. As much as a sack of flour went in, I guess, and gallons of molasses, and whatever else went to the mixing. For weeks there had been long and anxious speculations as to "what Father would do," and gloomy conferences between him and Mother over the state of the family pocketbook, but at last the joyful message ran through the house from attic to kitchen that the appropriation had been made, "even for citron," which meant throwing all care to the winds. The thrill of it, when we children stood by and saw the generous avalanche going into the trough! What would not come out of it!

The whole family turned to and helped make the cakes and cut the "pepper-nuts," which were little

squares of spiced cake-dough we stuffed our pockets with, gnawing them incessantly. The pepper-nuts were the real staple of Christmas to us children. We paid forfeits with them in the game of scratch-nose (jackstraws); and in "Under which tree lies my pig?" in which the pig was a pepper-nut, the fingers of the closed hands the trees. Christmas without pepper-nuts would have been a hollow mockery indeed. We rolled the dough in long strings like slender eels and then cut it, a little on the bias. They were good, those nuts, when baked brown. I wish I had some now.

It all stood for the universal desire that in the joyous season everybody be made glad. I know that in the Old Town no one went hungry or cold during the holidays, if indeed any one ever did. Every one gave of what he had, and no one was afraid of pauperizing anybody by his gifts, for they were given gladly and in love, and that makes all the difference — did then and does now.

Christmas Eve was, of course, the great and blessed time. That was the one night in the year when in the gray old Domkirke services were held by candlelight. A myriad wax candles twinkled in the gloom, but did not dispel it. It lingered under the great arches where the voice of the venerable minister, the responses of the congregation, and above it all the boyish treble of the choir billowed and strove, now dreamily with the memories of ages past, now sharply, tossed from angle to corner in the stone walls, and again in long thunderous echoes, sweeping all before

it on the triumphant strains of the organ, like a victorious army with banners crowding through the halls of time.

So it sounded to me, as sleep gently tugged at my eyelids. The air grew heavy with the smell of evergreens and of burning wax. We youngsters clung to the skirts of Mother as we went out and the great doors fell to behind us. And yet those Christmas Eves, with Mother's gentle eyes forever inseparable from them, and with the glad cries of Merry Christmas ringing all about, have left a touch of sweet peace in my heart which all the years have not effaced, nor ever will.

Jacob A. Riis

Note. — The *Nisse* is a sort of elf, or familiar spirit, known to Danish folklore. He has a particular character of his own to distinguish him from the Brownie who "sits in the Scotchman's room," or the English Robin Goodfellow or Puck of Pook's Hill. The Nisse thinks a good deal of himself and his comfort, but he is also rather sentimental — and very human. In a story of Hans Andersen's it is told how he goes cold and hungry in order to sympathize through the keyhole with a poor student, and then, recollecting the butter tubs, skips off to warm his toes behind a rich grocer's table.

The Jule-Nisse is the Yule, or Christmas elf — no different elf at all, but specially remembered on this day with the things craved by his comfort-loving little soul.

THE OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER

Come listen to another song,
  Should make your heart beat high,
Bring crimson to your forehead,
  And lustre to your eye.
It is a song of olden time,
  Of days long since gone by,
And of a baron stout and bold
  As e'er wore sword on thigh!
    Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,
      All of the olden time!

He kept his castle in the north,
  Hard by the thundering Spey;
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
  All of his kindred they.
And not a man of all that clan
  Had ever ceased to pray
For the royal race they loved so well,
  Though exiled far away
    From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers,
      All of the olden time!

His father drew the righteous sword
  For Scotland and her claims,
Among the loyal gentlemen
  And chiefs of ancient names,
Who swore to fight or fall beneath
  The standard of King James,

And died at Killiecrankie Pass
With the glory of the Graemes;
Like a true old Scottish cavalier
All of the olden time!

He never owned the foreign rule,
No master he obeyed,
But kept his clan in peace at home,
From foray and from raid;
And when they asked him for his oath,
He touched his glittering blade,
And pointed to his bonnet blue,
That bore the white cockade,
Like a leal old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

At length the news ran through the land —
The Prince had come again!
That night the fiery cross was sped
O'er mountain and through glen;
And our old baron rose in might,
Like a lion from his den,
And rode away across the hills
To Charlie and his men,
With the valiant Scottish cavaliers
All of the olden time!

He was the first that bent the knee
When the standard waved abroad,
He was the first that charged the foe
On Preston's bloody sod;

And ever, in the van of fight,
The foremost still he trod,
Until on bleak Culloden's heath,
He gave his soul to God,
Like a good old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

Oh, never shall we know again
A heart so stout and true —
The olden times are passed away,
And weary are the new:
The fair White Rose has faded,
From the garden where it grew,
And no fond tears, save those of heaven,
The glorious bed bedew
Of the last old Scottish cavalier
All of the olden time!

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN

NOTE. — This is a ballad of a Scottish chieftain who rallied his clan to the support of Bonnie Prince Charlie, the grandson of King James II, when the Prince crossed the water from France to contend for the throne of Great Britain. Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Pretender, he is called in history.

The Stuarts were a Scottish royal family. The beautiful Mary Queen of Scots was of this house, as was her son, James VI of Scotland. He it was who became king of Great Britain and Ireland after the death of Elizabeth, under the title of James I — the same king for whom Jamestown and the river James were called.

The name Stuart means "steward," and came in the old, old days from the office of steward in the royal household of

Scotland. The founder of the house was Alan, a Norman baron and follower of William the Conqueror. The second son of Alan, Walter, entered the service of David I of Scotland, and became meat-bearer or steward. James, the fifth steward, fought under Wallace and died in the service of the Bruce. One of the "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," was he. You remember the poem [1] by Robert Burns, beginning:

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victory!

Walter, the sixth steward, held an important command at the battle of Bannockburn, and King Robert the Bruce bestowed upon him the hand of his daughter Marjory. Their son Robert became king of Scotland — the first of the long line of Stuart kings.

Great tales are told in song and story of valiant Scottish deeds, from the days of the early kings, through the times of Wallace and the Bruce, down to Prince Charlie and the lost cause of the Stuarts, when at Culloden field the "old cavalier" gave his soul to God.

[1] "Bruce's Address to His Army at Bannockburn."

Get up in the cream of the morning,
Get up at the sweet o' day,
When a blackbird down in the marshlands
Is singing his heart away,
And the east is soft and glowing
Like a melon newly sliced,
And a tiptoe wind is blowing,
And the dew is flower-spiced.
If you went to bed sort of weary,
Get up at the pink of dawn,
And see once and for all what a beautiful
ball
You're living and loving on!

FIRST SNOW

THE cows are bawling in the mountains;
Snowflakes fall.
They are leaving the pools and pebbled fountains.
Troubled, they bawl.
They are winding down the mountain's shoulders
Through the open pines,
The wild rose thickets and the granite boulders
In broken lines.
Each calf trots close beside its mother
And so they go.
Bawling and calling to one another
About the snow.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

NOTE. — The rhyme and rhythm in the poem in this book called "A Garden Spot" is like the garden, warm and colorful. Here, in "First Snow," the long and short lines and their rhymes are like the cows coming down the mountain.

GRANNY

"SHOO, shoo there! Ah, worse luck to yez! An' it's peckin' me tomatties ye'd be afther, is it? Be off wid ye, the whole botherin' Granny's lot of ye!" And Mrs. Bridget O'Toole shook a dilapidated broom fiercely at Granny's innocent looking flock of hens, and drove them into the little enclosure where they belonged.

"Ah!" she continued sagely, wagging her head, "a quare world it is, and a quare family is the O'Tooles!"

Granny's hens were indeed a great trial to her daughter-in-law; but so wonderfully did they thrive and multiply under Granny's watchful care, that they were a source of considerable revenue to that dear old lady; and when Bridget would lose her patience Granny would hear her out, and then say with the slyest of winks, and the mellowest of brogues, "But I notices that ye liked the dress purty well, Bridget, me dear, that I bought ye with me egg money, an' ye seem to relish a roast of thim."

Which was true, and no doubt the reason why the O'Tooles were so completely dominated by Granny's hens, that even the daily breakfast had come to consist, out of deference to them, almost invariably of "hasty pudding," a dish enjoyed alike by both parties.

The serving up of the family breakfast earlier was almost as interesting as Granny's administration of the remainder to the hens. Mr. Dennis O'Toole, her son, had inherited the politest of manners from his father, who had been a butler in a great house over in the old country, and he waited upon his family with the utmost ceremony.

"An' what will the Granny take for her breakfast?" Mr. O'Toole was in the habit of inquiring, as though the subject were a highly complicated one, and admitted of a variety of answers. At the same time he flourished his ladle, and regarded his mother with a smile of deferential interest.

"Mush an' milk, af it plaze ye, Dennis me son," Granny would reply with her silvery brogue.

"Biddy, me love?"

"Mush an' milk in coorse!"

Biddy had little admiration for the grand ways of her husband.

"Terry, me boy, an' how is it with ye the mornin'?"

"Mush an' milk, sir; af ye plaze."

"An' Norah, honey, what will ye have?"

"Mush an' milk, sir, plaze ye."

And so on until all were helped in due order.

But "moild" as was the father, and "sinsible" as was the mother, it was to Granny's lap the culprit always fled who had just escaped from the scene of some gay roguery; and it was into Granny's ear that they poured daily a recital of the trials and adventures of each individual little O'Toole, which is saying a good deal, for there were eight of them.

And when the day was ended, and from the four quarters of the globe the eight little O'Tooles came trooping in for supper and bed, while Dennis rested by the fire and Bridget bustled more softly than usual about the room, it was Granny's silver voice which related to them some marvelous story, giving them glimpses into beautiful paradises outside their own poor, besmirched little world.

Sometimes the story would be of the exquisite fairy Erina, who waved a wand and a green island rose from the depths and settled into the midst of the sea, "the same bein' called Ireland, me dears, at the prisent day"; sometimes it was of the noble giant Ap Tolladin, the founder of the kingly house of O'Toole; but oftener the story was of the charming and unfortunate Princess of Kilcannel, who, after being hunted from her father's

kingdom and treated with exasperating cruelty, was finally rescued and restored to her possessions by a brave and handsome knight, in whose society she enjoyed all manner of blessings forever after. This story Granny told to one child or another almost every day of her life.

One afternoon when Terry was eight or ten years old, he was trudging along the highway in a doleful mood, because he could not go to school. A maiden lady, who kept house by herself in the village near Terry's home, had that day opened a "select school," and as there was no other in the place just then, nearly all of Terry's mates were going. Terry had begged hard to be allowed to go too; but Dennis had answered sadly: —

"Spade it as hard as I can, me boy, it's little enough we get to ate, let alone the larnin'."

Terry knew that his father spoke the truth, so he had quite given up the idea, and was plodding homeward from the village with a package of nails, wherewith to make coops for some of Granny's expected broods, when he suddenly met the teacher face to face. Terry's eyes filled with tears the minute.

"What's the matter, my boy?" asked the teacher, who was odd, but kindly.

Terry paused to sob a bit, for the sympathizing tone had filled his heart full to overflowing; then added:

"Nothin' much, mum!"

"Tell me about it," said the teacher peremptorily.

"Nothin'" — with a great swallow of salt tears — "only — I can't go to school."

"Do you keep hens?" inquired the teacher with apparent irrelevance. She knew something about the O'Tooles.

Terry beamed all over with a vague sense of encouragement.

"Granny does."

"Well, bring me an egg a day, and you can come to school."

Terry went home hop-skip, sure of Granny's help; and every day he carried an egg to school, and learned far more than its worth, while Granny — Granny was the happiest little Irish woman in the world, to think that she could do something to make a "gintleman" of her pet.

Terry grew tall and strong very fast, and at sixteen could do a man's work, earn almost a man's wages, and take care of his own schooling evenings. Granny's hens were housed now, thanks to Terry's skill, in a regular palace which stood on a knoll behind the house and was surrounded by a village of ornamental coops. In fact a good many improvements had been made all about the modest O'Toole dwelling. This had originally consisted of two rooms below and a loft above, which was roughly partitioned into two dusky chambers.

Granny had always slept in a curtained little bed in her own special corner of the western and larger room below, which served also for parlor, dining-room, and kitchen; but now an ell had been built on one end of the little house, and the lower of the two nice rooms thus added was fitted up by Terry for Granny,

and Granny alone; for the bond between Terry and Granny waxed stronger year by year.

At a distance of only a few rods from the O'Toole cottage, though somewhat below it, ran a broad, deep brook, a mild, inoffensive little stream in ordinary weather, but quick to rise and overflow its banks whenever a steady rain saturated the neighboring hills. Still, as a narrow meadow stretched along the opposite side a little way downstream, there was usually plenty of room for the water to spread, so that no damage had ever come from it to the O'Tooles.

Shortly after their house had been repaired and enlarged, however, and when they were beginning to regard it as a more precious possession than ever before, an elm tree of enormous size fell across the broad brook just above the little meadow, and was allowed to lie there; and more than once they had thought seriously of possible danger from the great bridge above the cottage, which was old and very rickety. If the bridge should go down when the water was high, and lodge against the tree and thus dam the stream, the whole force of the current would be turned toward their own house; and though it had a little meadow beyond it also, the worst results might follow.

One night, after it had been raining hard for twenty-four hours, the sunshiny, stalwart young Terry came in very wet, and looking uncommonly sober.

"The old bridge is a-shakin' like the ager," he said anxiously.

Biddy began a sharp tirade about the selectmen, but Granny knitted silently away as usual. Terry

came and stood by her, and stroked her soft hair, still a satiny brown.

"If it's to coom, it'll coom, Terry, me boy," she said brightly. "I belave everythin's for the best, an', I'll go to bed to-night as aisy as ever. Besides," smiling upon the pride of her heart, "what a stout boy is here to take care of the old Granny!"

Her reassuring words made Terry feel a great deal calmer, and indeed it affected all of them comfortably, for they relied much on Granny's sweet wisdom, believing her, in fact, to be under the special protection of the saints; and the family retired only a little later than usual.

As the rain poured harder and harder on the roof above his head, however, Terry could not help getting up and half dressing himself. Then, feeling a trifle ashamed of his fears, he threw himself back upon the bed and lay there listening.

Suddenly he heard a distant crackling noise, and presently a swish of water different from the steady dashing and roar of a moment before. At that instant there was a loud knock at the door. A man shouted outside: —

"One pier's gone from the bridge! It'll be down in ten minutes! Get over your meadow to high land, and be quick about it!"

Terry woke his brothers and sisters, and sprang downstairs at a bound. His mother met him, dressing as she spoke.

"Here's the babies," she said, running back to the bed and bringing the two youngest children to him.

With but a single blanket around them, he hurried out of the house, and across the meadow.

Crack, crack, thud! Into a whirlpool din of waters went the bridge; and just as Terry, with his frightened little brothers and sisters at his heels, reached high land, they knew that the timbers had reached the old elm, and that the stream was dammed just as they had often foreboded; for it seemed as though the whole Atlantic Ocean had been suddenly let loose below and all about them. Ah! the dear cabin must go! Terry turned in silence, to meet the remainder of the family struggling up the knoll.

It was a chilly night in fall, and pitchy dark, though it was the time of the full moon. Dennis had caught up the lantern in his terrified flight, and had matches in his pockets, so that soon they were able to see a little, and to count up the shivering group. Eight children, father and mother — so far, so good; but where — why, where was Granny?

"Oh, Father!" cried Terry. "How could you leave her asleep when you knew I had the babies?"

Dennis wrung his hands, and silently heaped maledictions upon his own head. The children wept and howled, for how could they live without Granny? And even Biddy broke into a lament.

Suddenly from a window of their little home, the window of Granny's room, beamed a light.

Granny was awake, then, and so far safe and sound. They saw her raise the curtain, saw her moving about briskly and peering out, and then they all saw her sit down beside the window. They could not see her

face, but they knew that it wore the same calm as ever.

"Take care of ye'selves now," said Terry, pulling his hat down a little more firmly upon his head, and turning toward the seething flood that covered the acre and a half between him and the little house. "I'm off for Granny."

Biddy threw her arms up with a shrill cry. She was sure he'd be "did, stone did," by the time he got safe there. But the children applauded. It seemed a simple enough thing to them for Terry to wade to the house and to bring Granny over on his shoulders. They did not know that the water was already as deep in many places as Terry was high, and that if a piece of the solid old bridge timbers, which were whirling downstream one by one, should strike him, he would float away as dead as the timbers themselves; and you may be sure Terry did not stop to tell them.

He simply shut his teeth tight, and waded in. By the light of the lantern they could see him out a little way; then the darkness took him in, and there were ten minutes of suspense, in which the howling of the tempest and the thunder of the waters sounded more terrible than ever; at least to Dennis and Bridget.

Then the wind brought them a faint "Halloo!" Next, in front of the light that streamed from Granny's window, a dark figure was visible by Granny's side. Terry was safely over.

"Oh, but he'll never get the Granny safe across there!" groaned Dennis. "A plague on me ould rheumatism that I could n't go with the b'y."

"Terry'll manage," said little Norah shrewdly. "Terry's as strong as a horse."

But in her heart even Norah was anxious, and they held their breath, and shiveringly paced about on the knoll. The little ones, wet and cold and sleepy, began to cry vehemently and to demand dry clothes. Biddy tried to hush them; but at last, feeling the babies shiver in her arms, she decided to get them to the nearest neighbor's, a mile on to the north, put them to bed, and then return herself. As she hurried away, she and they all heard from the house the sound of rapid and vigorous pounding. In a moment it had stopped. What was Terry doing?

In fact, Terry was taking down the front door for a raft. The water was already up to the doorstep, and rising every instant. So while Granny, wrapped up and ready for flight, with all the valuables that she could carry fastened firmly to her clothes, sat placidly in her chair, crooning an old Irish song, Terry with a few stout strokes had the door off, and soon Granny was balancing on it out on the water; the clothesline was wound around it and over her lap, with plenty of it in her hands to hold on by. She had gathered together a pile of blankets and clothing, and Terry heaped them up about her.

"Ah, me hins!" groaned Granny tenderly. "Don't ye belave, Terry dear, that one coop could get on behint me here?"

Terry, the boy that Granny had educated with "an egg a day," could n't resist such an appeal as that. He waded around to the hencoops, securing Granny's

craft meanwhile to a window casement, brought back the best coop of hens, and established it as Granny had suggested, with a bend of the clothesline. Then he set out on the perilous return voyage, pushing his unwieldy craft before him when he could, pulling it by the clothesline when he could n't push it, and when he came to a deep place, swimming with it against his upper side.

The water grew deeper. Suddenly the lantern unaccountably disappeared from the knoll — it had gone with Bridget and the babies — and Terry had no longer any idea whither they were tending. The loud, steady rush of the broad river sounded ominously near. Before ten minutes had passed, it seemed to Terry as though he had been wading for a whole day, and as though he might as well give it up altogether, excepting for Granny's courage and calmness.

"Let the raft go, Terry, me boy!" she had said, observing his exhaustion, and pausing in telling a story with which she was beguiling the way. "The old Granny has lived her day, an' she's ready to go."

"Not without yer boy, Granny," said Terry, between hard breaths.

At that instant the dim star of light in the little cabin went out, and their last beacon was gone. They knew then, Granny as well as Terry, that the water had crept in and overturned the little stand on which they had left it burning. Even Granny gave a long, quivering sigh. Terry tugged and tugged. He could not speak, for not only was he strained and tired, but he was very sick at heart.

Suddenly he felt that the rain was ceasing, and at the same instant the clouds broke a little and it grew lighter. A knoll in the meadow scraped the raft, and

KEEPING TIGHT HOLD OF HIS SWAYING CHARGE, TERRY CLUNG TO THE STOUT YOUNG TREE

Terry sprang upon the small but precious Ararat, keeping tight hold of his swaying charge meanwhile, and clinging to a stout young tree which perhaps a kind, foreseeing Providence had planted directly on top of the knoll.

Terry could almost have cried, great stout fellow that he was, sitting there in the shallows on the knoll, clinging to the tree, dripping wet from top to toe, sore and tired to the last degree, his home gone, and

seeing nothing but a watery grave at last for the dear old Granny, and himself, and the precious "hins." But the moon began just then to make its presence known, and after a moment's struggle with the flying clouds, shone out clear and full and bright. The tempest was evidently over, and Terry's heart began to come back to him.

"Hooray, Granny!" he cried with a crazy laugh. "Here we are! We'll sail a few steps farther, and if we can't get on, we'll come back here. We can hold out here, if we can't anywhere else."

Granny's teeth were chattering with the cold, but she went on cheerfully with her discourse: —

"And thus it was with the beautiful princess. 'Alack, me lord,' she said, with the tears streaming down her purty cheeks, 'I'm no' ungrateful to ye. I'll not forget how in the darkness an' the storm ye stood by me.'"

"An' I niver understood it so well before," said Terry, putting his face up close to the dear old story-teller's, to see just how she looked once more.

The wind blew her soft hair about her forehead, but the eyes were shining underneath, and the kind old lips were smiling, as they had always smiled on Terry ever since he could remember.

The rain having subsided, Terry struck out boldly for a shore. The family came running along the bank to meet him, and a great shout burst from all the shivering group as Terry with his raft slowly made the land.

The hens were clucking, and the cocks were crow-

ing; the blankets and wraps had mostly fallen off in the struggle with the waters, but Granny, with the water dripping from her soaked clothes, sat placid and unruffled amid the tumult, though she was shaking with the cold, and though she knew that they had lost everything.

"An' it's a foine moonlit sail the boy has given the old Granny!" she said with her own delightful brogue. "An' it's a foine house he'll build us again."

"Ah, but I never could have got through it all," rejoined Terry, dropping exhausted, and covering her thin smiling cheek with kisses, "if every time I could stop to listen I had n't heard the dear voice, for all the world as if we were sitting by the fireside yonder, telling me the old brave story of the Princess of Kilcannel."

"An' she did that, did she?" cried Bridget admiringly, who had just returned from escorting the little ones to a place of safety. "Well, a quare world it is, and a quare family is the O'Tooles!"

KATE UPSON CLARK

NOTE. — Do you keep chickens? Or have you some other hobby? A fine thing to do is to take account of the various hobbies of the members of the class, and so organize them that they all help each other, making a community of hobbies. Exhibitions and fairs may be held, and the hobby-holders may call themselves by special names, and advertise in the galleries and fair grounds with posters. Some hobbies might be:

Photography — films developed and printed

Gardening — kitchen, flower, herb, wild (propagation of rare species; a few seeds and plants for exchange)

Animal husbandry — chickens, guinea pigs, rabbits (breeding, care, making of hutches)

Costume designing — for class and puppet plays

Orchestral playing — piano, violin, drum, triangle, mechanical canary, and such other instruments as are available

Dramatization — play writing and stage setting

Carpentry

Stamp collecting

With a well-organized set of hobbies many splendid undertakings may be planned and carried through successfully. The first thing is to let the hobbies encourage one another. The animal-husbandry boys may have an occasional odd stamp to give to him who collects them. The carpenter gives his help on rabbit hutches and on scaffolds for puppet shows. The gardeners keep the window boxes blooming. Once the hobby community is strongly organized, it can bring all its force together to work wonders in the way of achievement.

INTERIOR [1]

THE little moths are creeping
Across the cottage pane;
On the floor the chickens gather,
And they make talk and complain.

And she sits by the fire
Who has reared so many men;
Her voice is low like the chickens'
With the things she says again.

[1] From *Wild Earth and Other Poems*, by Padraic Colum. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

"The sons that come back do be restless,
They search for the thing to say;
Then they take thought like the swallows,
And the morrow brings them away.

"In the old, old days, upon Innish,
The fields were lucky and bright,
And if you lay down you'd be covered
By the grass of one soft night."

She speaks and the chickens gather,
And they make talk and complain,
While the little moths are creeping
Across the cottage pane.

PADRAIC COLUM

NOTE. — How beautifully this poem sings of the old mother in her Irish cottage — not mourning for the sons who have gone forth to make their fortune, but telling how they seem to her when they come home again. "They search for the thing to say" because they are filled with new thoughts, while she is filled with the old. "The fields were lucky and bright," she says, and she means the emerald green and the luck of faery. The lines of the poem are like music. They rise and fall about the picture, tenderly, and the last stanza is a refrain that fades away, like a sigh.

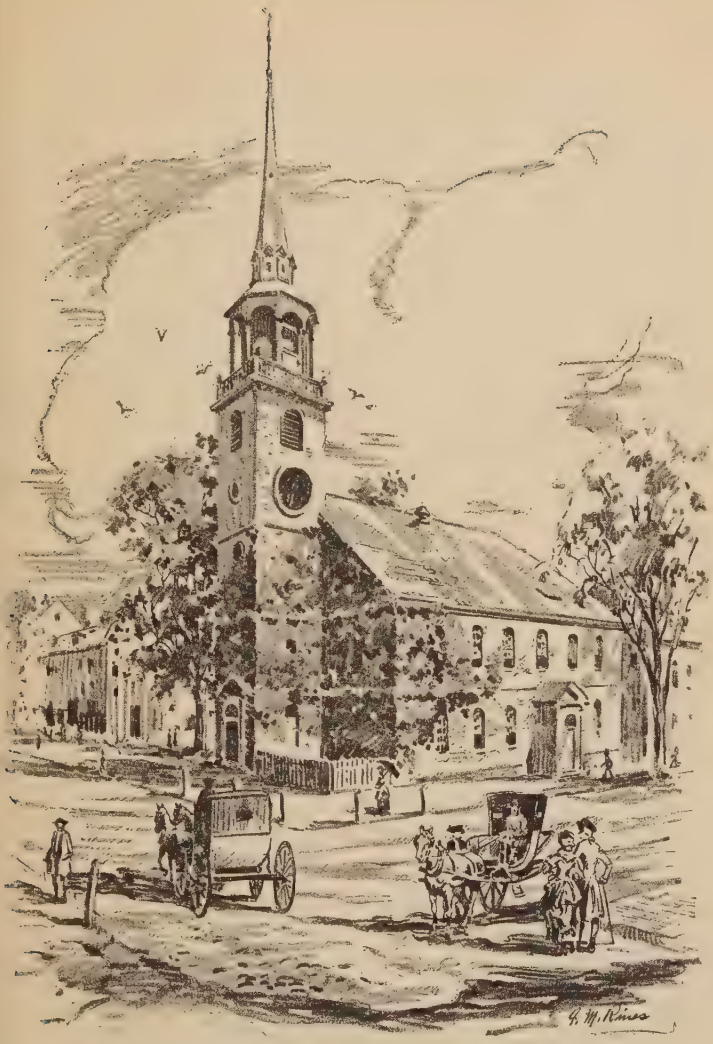
THE OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THIS GROUND WAS PART OF
THE LAND GRANTED BY THE COLONY
TO GOVERNOR JOHN WINTHROP
AND WAS HIS GARDEN

IN THE OLD CEDAR MEETING HOUSE
BUILT IN 1670 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
WAS BAPTIZED IN 1706

HERE DECEMBER 16, 1773, WAS HELD THE MEETING
THAT PRECEDED THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

HERE WERE HELD
THE TOWN MEETINGS
THAT USHERED IN THE REVOLUTION
HERE SAMUEL ADAMS JAMES OTIS
AND JOSEPH WARREN EXHORTED
HERE THE MEN OF BOSTON PROVED
THEMSELVES INDEPENDENT
COURAGEOUS FREEMEN
WORTHY TO RAISE ISSUES
WHICH WERE TO CONCERN
THE LIBERTY AND HAPPINESS
OF MILLIONS YET UNBORN



THE OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE,
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE MAIL CARRIERS

The wind whipped across the western end of Lake Erie, crushing the ice packs against each other and pushing them away from the Ohio shore, out into the gray water of the lake. On the edge of the ice jams the waves burst into great clouds of spray, which froze when it fell on the ice.

From the shore near Sandusky, two men, muffled up to their chins, caps pulled well down over their eyes, started out across the harbor ice. Behind them they dragged a strange thing that looked half boat, half sled. It was a flat-bottomed skiff with a mast near its bow. Instead of a keel there were two iron-clad runners, like those of a sled. When the men reached a strip of open water at the mouth of the harbor, they pushed their boat out into it, climbed aboard, and were soon ploughing through the angry water toward the first ice pack. They were the mail carriers, bound from Sandusky to Kelley's Island, which lies ten miles to the northward in the lake. Through all sorts of weather these two men took the daily mail, sometimes walking, sometimes sailing their boat across the ice, sometimes rowing or sailing across the water.

The day threatened a perilous passage across the open spaces, and a rough and dangerous climb over the ice jams between. They struck a great, floating piece of ice. Before they could pull their boat up, along came another and crushed the little craft, so

that it creaked and cracked and groaned under the impact. They could neither pull it out and go by ice nor work it loose and sail by water. And all the time the wild wind was whirling the ice pack off to the northward, out into the lake. The waves, splashing over them, covered their clothes with ice.

Past a dreary promontory they sailed, far out from land. Someone who sighted them from the shore ran to the telegraph office and hurried a message across to the people on Kelley's Island: "Look out for the carriers. They are fast in the ice and drifting your way."

The islanders answered to the call. The floating pack came on, with its two prisoners so coated with ice that they looked like snow men. After a long struggle with the wind and waves, the islanders reached the ice-jammed skiff and carried the imprisoned men ashore. In spite of such experiences they both went back to Sandusky to make the same trip over and over again. They were carrying the United States mail.

Who stops to think of the mail service as requiring especially brave people? The postman arrives each day in his blue-gray uniform. The rural free delivery man draws up near a box to drop the letters in. The mail carrier comes without fail. There are other mail routes as dangerous as the one between Sandusky and Kelley's Island, where these men take every risk. The Post Office records show that, in the two and one half years before August of 1924, fifty-five mail

carriers lost their lives in the performance of their duty.

One of the men who lost his life in this work was Reinhold Dreahn. Twice a week he carried the mail between the little towns of Murchison and Buffalo in South Dakota. Dreahn started from Murchison one Saturday morning, but did not report in Buffalo that night as usual. When Sunday morning came and still there was no sign of Dreahn, the good Murchison folk grew worried and went out to find him. Hours later they brought him in from the bleak road where he had died of cold and exposure.

On the mail route between Rocky Bar and Atlanta, in Idaho, the carriers travel on snowshoes in the winter time, up over the mountain trails. On his back each man bears fifty pounds of mail. One day, in January of 1924, a carrier started off, never to reach his destination. A search was made, only to discover that a great snowslide from the mountain tops must have swept him away beyond all finding.

On the Detroit River there is a post-office service without parallel in the world. The shipping of the Great Lakes that passes through the river depends upon this service for sending and receiving mail, telegrams, money orders, weather reports, newspapers, magazines, and parcels. Many thousand employees and passengers travel upon these vessels constantly, making a large river population. The boats begin to run in April when the ice breaks up in the river, and continue until December when the river freezes over. During this time as many as twenty thousand vessels

are met, and over two million pieces of mail are transferred. The shore office, with a superintendent and clerk, is known as the Detroit River Post Office Station. Attached to its service are rowboats and a steam tug, with a crew and seven or more mail carriers. These men are the most highly paid in the postal service, receiving by Act of Congress a special bonus over and above the regular salary.

Carved over the front of the New York City Post Office are these words: —

NEITHER SNOW NOR RAIN
NOR HEAT NOR GLOOM OF NIGHT
STAYS THESE COURIERS
FROM THE SWIFT COMPLETION
OF THEIR APPOINTED ROUNDS

The Detroit River letter carriers are not stayed by fog, gales, bluff seas, or freezing spray. Mail is taken out on a steam tug specially fitted for quick sorting. As a vessel comes in sight, the tug, towing a rowboat manned by a river carrier, moves out into the channel with the mail for the passing craft. In midstream, where the river is about a mile wide, the boatman casts free of the tug and rows almost directly in front of the approaching steamer. By a skillful movement of the oars he places his boat so that the moving vessel will push it aside as it passes. He throws a line to the deck overhead, where it is made fast by an attendant standing by for that purpose, and in another instant the rowboat is alongside, bounding through the water with bow high and spray flying.

The attendant lets down a bucket containing the mail to go ashore. With one hand on the tiller rope, the river carrier guides his frail craft so that it will not be crushed against the steel side of the vessel. With the other he exchanges the mail. The bucket is hauled up; the line is released; the rowboat bobs off in the swell, and the steamer is gone.

One rough day, as a rowboat was making back toward the tug, one of the men fell overboard. Because he did not cry for help, his companions failed to notice that he was gone. Suddenly they missed him. The tug steamed out, and discovered him swimming in the river.

"Why didn't you yell?" asked the tug captain.

"I was afraid you might miss that up-bound boat if I did," he replied, as they pulled him aboard.

During the fair days of summer the mail carriers' work is not easy. Even more difficult is their labor during the dark, foggy nights of late fall and winter, in high winds and blinding snow and rain, against hurricane and blizzard, on desolate routes, and through hazardous passes. Yet these couriers of hope and bearers of tidings push ever to "the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

NOTE. — On the lonely outposts, the forest rangers preserve our natural resources against fire, flood, and insect blight; the Coast Survey maintains the lighthouse beacons and marks the channels by chart and buoy and signal; the coast-guard crews watchfully protect our shores and the vessels nearing them. And while these boundaries of our land are upheld and guarded, the mail carriers keep open the roads of intercourse within.

THE FLOWER MAGICIAN

Of all the things that fairy tales tell about, perhaps the most fascinating is the magic wand. By means of that mysterious little stick common stones are turned into gold, pebbles into pearls, and rags into silk and satin garments.

There was a quiet man in the western part of the United States who found a magic wand and used it for the good of others. His name was Luther Burbank. The wand that he possessed was not given him by a fairy godmother; it was his own patient, observing mind, which knocked persistently at Nature's door until she opened it and revealed to him many of her secrets. This great magician was generally spoken of as the most successful breeder of plants in the world. He has made this world of ours far richer with new fruits and vegetables, and much fairer with new and lovelier flowers.

Luther Burbank was born in the little town of Lancaster, Massachusetts, on March 7, 1849. His father was a great booklover; his mother cared most for the beauty that she saw in the world around her. As Luther grew up, he shared their love for beautiful thoughts and beautiful things. Even when he was a baby he was different, in a way, from other children. When his mother or one of his sisters placed a flower in his small hands he did not crush it, but held it tenderly instead, until it faded. He seemed to feel, in some dim way, that it was a living thing.

As the baby grew older he did not care nearly so much for pet animals as for plants. Flowers and trees and other growing things were his particular friends. One of his special favorites was a lobster cactus that grew in a pot. The little fellow would toddle around, indoors and out, with the pot tightly clasped in his arms.

When he went to school his teachers noticed his fondness for study. But it was not only what he found in printed books that interested him. Outside the schoolroom there was a great book spread out for him to read — the book of Nature. He found endless interest in the pages of that wonderful volume. Birds and insects, flowers, roots, and trees — there was so much to learn about every one of them!

When Luther was old enough he studied at the academy of his home town. In summer he worked in a factory in Worcester. The work at the factory was hard and the wages were small, but the boy was not discouraged. And while he labored on faithfully, summer after summer, not once did he forget the work that he loved best. His dream was that he might help Nature by finding ways to make familiar fruits and flowers better than they were before, by breeding new ones that would be better than the old.

At last, when he was able to leave the factory, he began to raise seeds and vegetables in a little market garden. All the time he was plotting schemes. Finally there came a red-letter day in the young man's life — the day when he succeeded in bringing one of his plans to perfection.

For some time he had been closely watching the potatoes in his garden. The green tops were not all alike, he noticed; on one of them there was something he could not find on the others. It was a seed ball.

Luther said to himself: "If I plant this seed ball, it will bear potatoes that are very different from those that the other plants bear." From that seed ball came the delicious Burbank potato.

When he was not yet twenty-one years old and had saved only a small sum of money, he set out for California, taking with him ten of his new potatoes. Reaching San Francisco, he traveled northward till he came to a valley among the Coast Range mountains. After a while he got work in the nursery of a hothouse. He had never been very strong, and soon the hard work and the dampness brought on a fever. A kind-hearted neighbor, finding out how sick and poor he was, insisted on bringing him every day fresh milk from her only cow. Young Burbank stayed brave and hopeful; as soon as he was able to work, he managed to save small sums of money. All this time he had one ambition, and that was to have a garden of his own, where he could work and make experiments.

It was a happy day for him when he had saved enough to buy a small plot of ground and start a nursery. He little thought that the time would come when people all over the country would speak of the wonders of that place. Every morning found him at his work; every evening saw him tired, yet happy and contented.

One day an order came for twenty thousand young prune trees. The ranchman who sent the order said that Burbank must have the trees ready within nine months' time.

"I will fill that order," the young nurseryman said to himself.

But how was it to be done? It would require at least two years and a half to get that number of prune trees ready for planting. No matter how carefully they were nursed, they would grow only so fast, and no faster. It was right here that Burbank began to play the magician.

First of all, he sent out in different directions for men and boys to work for him. As soon as they arrived he set them to planting almonds. It seems strange that almonds could have anything to do with prunes, but Burbank knew what he was about.

It was already late in the season, but almond seed will sprout very late. Then, too, the almond tree grows very fast. As the seeds sprouted and pushed up into the air, it seemed to the young nurseryman that he could actually see them grow. Soon they were about to bud. By that time twenty thousand prune buds, too, had come to maturity. All was in readiness now for the last step in Burbank's scheme. Very skillfully and carefully he grafted the prune buds on to the almond shoots. It is not hard to imagine how eagerly he watched and tended his nursery after that. Everything went well, and at the end of nine months, lo and behold, there were twenty thousand prune trees ready for the pleased ranchman!

Burbank loved his work and was anxious to succeed, but he was too honest to be slack. Everything that he raised must be exactly what he said it was. People soon found that out. They would say to one another: "If it comes from Burbank, it must be all right."

The day came when he decided to sell the nursery and give all his time to breeding new plants. Thus he was able to put his whole attention on the work that was dearest to his heart. He took varieties of fruits and flowers with which he had not worked before, or varieties that he had improved through great care, and from them made others that were better or more beautiful. Slowly, but surely, he met with success. All the world began to hear of Luther Burbank and the wonderful things that he was doing. He had actually made new berries, new flowers, new fruits. He was Nature's helper in making the world fairer. Already he had made his country richer by millions of dollars. But his mind was full of plans for doing still greater things. All that he lacked was the money with which to carry out those plans.

At last help came. In the city of Washington there is an institution founded by the wealthy Scotch-American, Andrew Carnegie. It is called the Carnegie Institute, and its purpose is to help just such people as Luther Burbank. After a careful investigation into his work, it was decided that one hundred thousand dollars should be set apart for his use. Each year he should receive ten thousand dollars of that sum to use as he might think best in forwarding his

schemes. Of course the gift made Burbank tremendously happy. It was not that he himself was to be more comfortable; in fact, from that time on he would work harder than ever, if that were possible. But now he could make some of his dreams come true!

It is interesting to consider some of the good and beautiful things that his busy mind and hands set to growing in the earth. The man had a magic way of turning a simple thing into something much finer. Take the case of the cactus plant. This is a homely growth, with sharp thorns and prickly leaves; it flourishes in desert lands where no other plant will live. Burbank pondered over the cactus for a long time. The more he pondered the more he felt that he would like to rid it of its sharp thorns, or spicules. Better still, perhaps he could make it bear a fruit that would be edible; then it would furnish food for travelers and animals crossing the deserts.

With him, to think was to do. So he set to work on the cactus. And in the course of time his scheme for the plant worked out successfully. He created cacti that were not only thornless, but edible. It was as wonderful as the changing of Cinderella's rags into silk clothes. The new cactus fruit is shaped somewhat like a fat cucumber flattened at the ends. Sometimes it is bright yellow on the outside and crimson inside. All who taste it call it delicious. Some say it has the flavor of peaches; others consider it like a melon; still others, like a pineapple.

In making this new fruit did Burbank altogether

change the nature of the cactus? What he really did is a long story; but we know this much. First of all, he had a picture in his mind of the kind of cactus he wanted. For one thing, the thorns must be done away with; they used up much of the plant's strength. Then he learned all that he could about the different kinds of cactus. He found that in some countries the plant bore a fruit that could be eaten; in others it had few or no thorns.

"I will bring three different kinds together," he said to himself, "and from them breed a plant that will have all the good qualities of all three."

Much time passed before he could get seeds from the different kinds of cactus, because they were scattered all over the world. But finally it was possible for him to plant thousands of beds of earth that had been prepared with great care. Then, when the plants had begun to blossom, bees came to help by carrying the pollen from one plant to another. From that process came crossings — that is, when the seeds of a plant ripened, they were different from the former seeds of the same plant, because the germs of life inside of them partook of the nature of two very different cacti.

In order to bring about the most desirable alterations, it would be necessary, Burbank knew, to change the habits of the original plants — habits which had been growing, through the generations, for perhaps millions of years. Over and over, aided by the bees, he made these crossings, for the cacti could not change their habits easily; time and care and the greatest

patience were needed. But the man who had the plan of a useful and beautiful cactus in his mind would not be discouraged.

In and out among his plants he would move, selecting out of a myriad one that showed a change for the better. The seeds of that one would be used for the next planting. Years passed while he worked, but at last his gift was ready for the world — the new, thornless, fruit-bearing cactus by means of which deserts can be changed into gardens.

Then again, there is the magic that he worked with plums and apricots. Both of these fruits are pleasant. "But," he thought to himself, "if I could mix their good qualities, what a delicious fruit I should have!" No sooner said than done — or, at least, no sooner said than started. He set to work and kept on working until he had produced a delightful new fruit that was both plum and apricot, combining the best qualities of the two original fruits. He called it the plumcot.

He did more than that for the plum. It seemed to him that if he could somehow get rid of its inconvenient pits, the fruit would be ever so much better. After a great deal of work and experimenting he produced a tree that bore plums without pits. He has produced still other forms of the fruit, which have the delicate flavor of Bartlett pears.

Another piece of Burbank magic was uniting the raspberry and the blackberry into what he called the princess berry. And he made yet another marvel by joining the California dewberry and the raspberry;

that is so wonderful that it is known as the phenomenal berry.

When people heard that Mr. Burbank was planning to do those things they said, "It is not possible." To-day they have to acknowledge that the quiet naturalist not only carried out his strange ideas but has made many other wonders possible. He was a true magician.

On the hillsides near his New England home many wild flowers grew. As a boy he loved them all and watched for their coming in the springtime and knew how later, in the autumn, they could be found. One of his favorites was the little field daisy, a flower so common that many pass it by. After he grew up he remembered that little friend of his childhood. "I will make it over in such a way that everybody will call it beautiful."

He learned that in England there are daisies that are larger than those that he had always known, and that have coarser stems. In Japan the same kind of flower is small and pure white. The New England daisy, though neither large nor perfectly white, is strong and hardy. The "magician" planned to bring together the best daisies of the three continents and from that combination to make a fourth daisy that should possess the best qualities of all three. He trusted Nature to help him, and she was true to the trust.

Great care and faithful work were needed for carrying out this plan. Burbank had to plant hundreds of thousands of daisies and give them the most

watchful care. Again and again he chose out of millions one that seemed to bear the right kind of seed for his purpose. Season after season the bees helped on the great task by carrying pollen from the blossoms of one plant to the blossoms of another. Only the strongest plants were allowed to live; for, first of all, the new daisy must be strong.

At last the wonderful new flower was developed. Never has there been such a daisy. It will grow in cold lands as well as close to the equator. The blossom will remain fresh in water for weeks after it has been cut from the plant. It is a large, beautiful blossom with snow-white petals and a centre of velvety yellow. Not far from the Burbank home in California there is a high mountain peak with a summit that is always covered with snow. It is called Mt. Shasta, the word "Shasta" meaning snow. "I will name my new daisy after that mountain peak," Burbank decided, and so he did.

"Up with the birds," we often say of people who rise early to begin the day's work. It would have been more fitting to speak of Mr. Burbank as up with the bees; for during the season when the pollen is carried from flower to flower, he was at work with those little creatures from morning till night.

The men who helped him tend his plants were chosen with the greatest care. He knew that they must love their work, or they would fail to do it right — every part of such a task requires delicate and thoughtful attention. There was pride and eagerness in the faces of these men as they made new beds

and dug up and reset the delicate plants. The head worker, Burbank himself, moved in and out among them, noticing a thousand things that we should pass by without a glance. Occasionally he would halt to choose one plant among many for the special purpose that he had in mind. Sometimes he found it necessary to walk over his entire ranch without stopping for breakfast. He was busy all day, watching his nursery, directing the workmen, and attending to letters from all over the world.

One of the Burbank ranches is at Santa Rosa, where the master lived in a lovely, vine-covered cottage. The other ranch, which is still larger, is eight miles away, at Sebastopol. Many thousand people would visit Santa Rosa every year. If Mr. Burbank had met and talked with them all, he would have had no time for his work; he could see only a few of them. His clear, expressive blue eyes were the first thing that one noticed on meeting him. Sometimes they danced, sometimes they looked serious; then again they sparkled as with a sudden bright thought. People instinctively trusted the owner of those eyes.

It was no wonder that when evening came this busy man stretched himself out like a tired child on a couch in his sitting-room. There he would rest for an hour or more; by nine o'clock he was glad to turn in for a long night's sleep. He was not very vigorous and had more than once broken down under his work. But his loving interest in the great task seemed to give him strength to go on.

The whole world is richer and happier because of the life of Luther Burbank. He did not find it hard to be a kindly, lovable man and a magician at one and the same time. Certainly his kind of magic is the best kind of all: the magic that works through the love of Nature, through faith and patience and diligence, early and late, until it brings forth wonders for his fellow men.

MARY H. WADE (*adapted*)

NOTE. — And the little Dwarfs in the story said to Drusilla, "We shall have strawberries for supper." "How can that be, when it is winter-time?" thought Drusilla. But they only gave her a broom and told her to go out and sweep the snow from the door. And Drusilla took the broom and did as the Dwarfs had told her and under the snow the ground was covered with ripe, red strawberries, enough and to spare, for all.

But when Patchella came to the little Dwarfs, hoping for strawberries, and they gave her a broom and told her to go out and sweep the snow from the door, she said, "Sweep it yourselves," and neither she nor they had any strawberries.

From this tale may be drawn a formula for magic.

THE WORLD NOW AWAITS YOU

[This letter is written by an author as a dedication of *The Torch, A Book of Poems for Boys*, to her grandson.]

My dear Grandson:

When you came trailing clouds of glory from Heaven which is your home, I had just rounded the crest of the hill of life and had turned to saunter down toward the silence and its mystery. Your coming was so interesting that it seemed almost unbearable that I should go out as you came in. I wanted so much to know what you would make of your life, to hear what you would say of this world and to know what you would think and feel.

Still it is the natural order that one generation passes out as another comes in and takes up its task. The best I could do to take a part in your life was to leave some record whereby later you should know what I had thought and felt about it, and what I had tried to show your father when he was little. For each life is not a detached fragment, but is life plus all that its past has been able to collect and mould out of the materials of living.

If I guess right about this life that you are inheriting, you are coming into a new order of being of which I have only the faintest foreshadowings, — a world in which economic justice and social sympathy are to play a more determining part than ever before. I feel that in my generation, and perhaps a little less

so in your father's, we were too much concerned with the individual life — making the best of our own lot. We tried deliberately to come in contact with the best thought and to put ourselves under the best influences. That seems rather tawdry to me now. What I think is that all that will be a mere matter of course to you, and your energies will be given to making this a better world for all men.

When you came into this world, my first thought was not the thought I had when your father came. Then I exclaimed: "I hope he will be a good man"; but when you came I said: "I wish it were a better world for him to come to."

You came at the end of a devastating and barbarous war — a war, we were told, for ideals, a war of the forces of democracy against all the forces of greed and autocracy. You will live long enough to see if that was true. But at any rate it is the task of your generation to justify that war and to teach what a real democracy is. You will unconsciously find yourself working and thinking to the end that all children may be decently born, with the advantages you have; that each child may have the chance to live beautifully and exist under the best influences, with access to the best thought, among good people.

You will realize how closely all life is interwoven, and that all the men born on this planet are parts of one body, so that wherever one suffers ignominy or sordid misery all the others must feel it, just as a spot of decay or a deformity in the human body affects the health of the whole man. You will no more stop to

think whether you have the best chance or the best place in the world than Jesus or Saint Francis could have thought of such things. . . .

If these poems gathered here help to set your first thoughts to a happy tune, I shall be glad wherever I am. . . . As you read them I feel that I shall actually be living again in your life, and that the joy I have had in all lovely things will continue in your mind, and that your joy in life will be all the greater and fuller, because to what you feel and think will be added all that your father and mother have thought and felt, and all that their parents have thought and felt, and their parents before them. And so, even in this world, we shall all of us go marching on, in you, and with you, and through you, even when that mysterious bond that held us chained to a body has turned into the dust that the winds of life blow up and down the highways of the world. . . .

Louise Collier Willcox

Note. — The words about "trailing clouds of glory" refer to lines by the English poet William Wordsworth, — the poet who wrote —

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.

THE YOUNG COLUMBUS

The little son of the weaver went up and down the room,
Two paces out, two paces back, to the drone of the driving loom.
His hands were deft with the shuttle, but his fancy wandered free —
He was full of an old, old wonder: *What lies beyond the sea?*

In the open door of the cottage he saw a picture framed,
The sweep of the waters wide and blue when the western skyline flamed,
With a golden pathway shining when the sun was very low.
He shaded his eyes to watch it: *Where does the bright way go?*

Down on the wharves at evening he marked the turning tide,
The long waves pulling outward slow, the water surging wide,
Forever drawn to the distance, and restless evermore.
He sat and mused in the twilight: *What of that other shore?*

IN THE OPEN DOOR OF THE COTTAGE HE SAW
A PICTURE FRAMED

The little son of the weaver wove on, the long years through,
And, watching still and wondering still, to manhood's stature grew;
He traced with trembling finger dry scroll and map and chart.
What lies beyond the sea? he said, the old dream in his heart.

The long tides swung to seaward, the wind drew to the west;
He gathered ships for his going, because he could not rest.
The white sails filled and fluttered; the old shores dimmed behind;
He set his course unflinching for the goal that he must find.

America, my country! the years are very long,
But still we lift our praise to-day, and still we sing our song
For him, the weaver's little son, who questioned wistfully:
What's over the other side? What lies beyond the sea?

NANCY BYRD TURNER

NOTE. — In the days before Columbus, Marco Polo the Venetian went to the court of Kublai Khan. Into the very heart of China he traveled in the service of the Khan, and home to Italy brought word of the splendors there and the friends whom he had made. And the word was "Asia."

Columbus, the weaver's little son, dreamed of a golden pathway West-to-East. West he sailed. And the dream was answered — "America."

Like Columbus was the Scotch boy David Livingstone, who tended a spinning jenny in a Lanarkshire cotton mill. Into the strands Livingstone threaded dreams of the fountains of the Nile. And "forever drawn to the distance, and restless evermore," his dreams were answered — "Africa."

THE TREE THAT FOUGHT FOR FRANCE

One hot September day in the fall of 1915, a boy lay quietly on his back, looking up through the branches of a great tree that spread its protecting shade above him. He was thinking of the tree, and of all that it had seen, and of what it could tell if only its whispering leaves could talk; for he had heard a part of the story many times, and he wished that he might hear the tree tell the whole of it.

It was his great-grandfather, Philip Le Blanc, and his great-grandmother who had come there first, so long ago that there were no houses and no other people anywhere near. When they saw the tree, which even then was greater than any round it, and when they had drunk of the spring that watered its roots, his great-grandmother had said, "Here let us stay." So they unyoked the oxen from the great wagon and began to make a home in the wilderness. But all that first summer the tree was their real home, for under it they cooked and ate their meals, and under it they slept when the nights were hot.

And by and by, even before they had finished the log cabin on the little knoll to the east, a son was born to them; and him, too, they called Philip; and his father said when he named him, "I have little to give thee, my son; but what God gave to me, that give I also to thee. Thou shalt have the great tree that has sheltered us in the wilderness, and that was thy first home. It shall be thine forever." And so the tree came very early to be known as "Philip's tree."

This second Philip, who was the boy's grandfather, had spent his life in making the forests into fields and in planting corn and wheat, and he, too, had a son whom he named Philip; and when he christened him he said, "My son, I have much to give thee, but nothing else so beautiful as the great tree that I had of my father. That, then, shall be thy christening gift." And so the tree was still called "Philip's tree"; but this time the Philip that was meant was the boy's father.

Those things, of course, the boy could not remember, for they happened long before he was born; but what he did remember was the day when his father had first told him the story of the tree, and at the end had said, "And now, my son, as my grandfather, the first Philip Le Blanc, gave the tree to my father, so I, the third in line, and the third to bear the name, now give it to you, for your very own, to love and cherish as we have loved and cherished it."

All those things the boy thought of as he lay there and watched the sunlight dotting the leaves with gold. "And it is now *my* tree," he said happily to himself; "my very own."

He thought that he had spoken only to himself, and so he was startled to hear a little rustle in the grass and a man's voice saying, "Yours, is it, my son? Then you are a lucky boy, for there are few like it now." Then the stranger asked where the boy's father was, and went over to the house to see him.

Philip saw him go in at the front door, and after a little while come out again, but this time Philip's father was with him. The two of them crossed the dooryard and the road, and came over to where Philip was sitting.

"There!" said Philip's father. "Ask him yourself." And he smiled.

Then the stranger said, "My boy, who owns this tree?"

Philip rose to his feet, for, although he could not tell why, it seemed as if something great was at hand — something in the presence of which it was not fitting to remain seated. So he stood up straight before the man and said, "I own it, sir."

"And will you sell it — to me — for a great deal of money — for a hundred dollars?"

For a moment Philip looked at the man in wonder. "Sell it?" he said. "Sell my tree? No, sir."

Then the stranger turned to Philip's father. "May I tell him the story?" he asked.

"Yes, tell him. Tell him as you told me; for the tree is his, and he shall decide for himself."

And so, as they sat there under the tree, the stranger told the boy of the Great War: of how French men had been killed and French women had been driven

from their homes and little French children were starving. He spoke of the many things that France needed and could get only in this country; and then he rose, and laying his hand on the trunk of the tree, he said, "She needs your tree. She needs it for gunstocks, for it is a black walnut, and so large that it will make hundreds of stocks, and of no other wood can good stocks be made. It is a noble tree. It has been in your family for generations, — I know the story, — and it is like an old and dear friend. But your people, your father's people, came from France many years ago, and the land has blessed them and made them rich. Now France needs your help. She needs your tree. Will you sell it to me — to fight for France?"

The boy looked with wide, startled eyes at his father. "Is it true, father, what the man says?"

"Yes, my son, it is all true."

Philip turned to the stranger. "Then you may have my tree," he said. "But I will not sell it to you; I will give it to France."

"Will you let him do it?" asked the man of Philip's father.

"It is his, and he has done as he wished," said his father, and laid his hand on Philip's head. Then he and the man walked away together.

In a week workmen came with saws and axes and laid the great tree low. Then they brought a small mill and cut the log into blocks and the blocks into slices and the slices into strips, and loaded them on trucks and hauled them away. And the place where the tree had stood was lonesome and bare. But as

Philip thought of the strips of wood that the trucks had hauled away, it seemed to him that every one of them was a tough little brown soldier gone to fight for France.

I do not know who told the story, or how it got across the sea, but a little more than a year afterward there came to Philip a big wooden box with strange, foreign-looking labels on it; and within was a case of polished walnut that held a wonderfully beautiful rifle. The metal parts were richly engraved, and the stock was of that lovely curly wood that comes only from the part of the tree where the trunk joins the roots; and set into the stock was a plate of gold on which was engraved: —

TO
PHILIP LE BLANC
THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE
MAKES THIS GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT
OF A BOY'S NOBLE AND WARM-HEARTED
GIFT

Never again will the birds sing in the branches of the old walnut, but in a boy's heart will sing throughout all his life voices sweeter than those of bird or flute, for they are the voices of patriotism and sacrifice and service.

EDWARD W. FRENTZ

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

THE diacritical (distinguishing) marks employed are those used in the latest edition of Webster's New International Dictionary.

The principal accent is indicated by a heavy mark (′), and the secondary accent by a lighter mark (′), at the end of the syllable. Syllable division is indicated by a light hyphen, except where this is replaced by an accent mark, or by a heavier hyphen used to join the members of words written with a hyphen.

ā as in fāte
å as in senåte
â as in câre
ă as in ăm
ă̈ as in fin ă̈l
ä as in fäther
ȧ as in ȧsk
ȧ́ as in ȧ́bound

ē as in ēve
ĕ as in ĕvent
ĕ as in ĕnd
ĕ́ as in recĕ́nt
ē as in evēr

ī as in īce
ĭ as in admĭt

ō as in ōld
o̊ as in o̊bey
ô as in lôrd
ŏ as in fŏrest
ŏ́ as in cŏ́nnect
o̊ as in so̊ft

oi as in noisy
o͞o as in mo͞on
o͝o as in wo͝ol
ou as in out

ū as in ūse
ů as in ůnite
û as in fûrl
ŭ as in ŭp
ŭ́ as in circŭ́s

K for ch, as in German *ach*
ŋ like ng
N French nasal tone, as in *bon* (bôN)
th as in thin
~~th~~ as in then
' as in pardon (pär'd'n)

VOCABULARY

abaft (*ȧ*-bȧft′), toward or at the stern of a vessel.

Æneas (ē-nē′*ă*s), the ancient hero who carried his father on his shoulders from burning Troy.

alabaster (ăl′*ȧ*-bȧs′tẽr), a mineral of fine texture, usually white.

Albireo (ăl-bĭ′rē-ō), a star in the constellation Cygnus.

Aldebaran (ăl-dĕb′*ȧ*-răn), a red star in the eye of the constellation Taurus; the Bull's Eye.

Algonquin (ăl-gŏŋ′kin), an Indian belonging to a group of tribes living for the most part in the province of Quebec.

Alhambra (ăl-hăm′br*ȧ*), the palace of the Moorish kings at Granada, in Spain. *The Alhambra* is the title of a book by Washington Irving.

Amati (ä-mä′tē), Nicolo, Italian violin-maker of Cremona (1596–1684).

Amtmand (ȧmt′mȧnd), in Denmark, a local magistrate.

Andromeda (ăn-drŏm′ē-d*ȧ*), a northern constellation near Cassiopeia, between Pegasus and Perseus.

Antares (ăn-tā′rēz), the chief star in the constellation Scorpio. The name comes from Greek words and means "similar to Mars," because it is red like that red planet.

Ararat (ăr′*ȧ*-răt), the mountain on which Noah's Ark came to rest after the flood.

Arctostaphylos Uva-Ursi (ärk′tŏ-stăf′ĭ-lŏs ū′v*ȧ*-ûr′sī), the kinnikinnick or bearberry.

Arcturus (ärk-tū′r*ă*s), a bright star in the constellation Boötes. The name is from two Greek words meaning "bear guard." Our word *arctic* comes from the Greek word for "a bear," and refers to the regions that lie under the northern constellation called the Bear.

Arethusa (ăr′ē-thū′s*ȧ*), a bog orchid, with one long leaf and a purple long-stemmed flower. The flower is named from a wood nymph who was changed into a stream.

Aries (ā′rĭ-ēz), a zodiacal constellation pictured as a ram.

armada (är-mā′d*ȧ*), a fleet of armed ships. The Spanish Armada was a fleet of 140 galleons sent by the Spanish king to conquer England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

arras (ăr′*ă*s), a screen or hanging of tapestry.

astrologer (ăs-trŏl′ō-jēr), one who foretells events by the positions and appearances of the stars.

aurora borealis (ô-rō′rȧ bō′rē-ā′lĭs), the northern lights.

Baden-Powell (bā′dĕn-pō′ĕl), Lieutenant-General Sir Robert, English military officer, distinguished for service in South Africa, India, Afghanistan, and Zululand. Founder of the Boy Scout organization. Author of *Indian Reminiscences*, *Scouting for Boys*, and other books.

Bannockburn (băn′ŭk-bûrn′), a town in Stirlingshire, Scotland, on the banks of the Bannock, celebrated as the place of Bruce's famous victory.

Beethoven (bā′tō-vĕn), Ludwig van, Prussian composer (1770–1827).

Berenice's (bĕr′ē-nī′sēz) **Hair,** the constellation Coma Berenices.

Bonneville (bŏn′vĭl), Benjamin L. E., a distinguished American soldier (1793–1878). While a captain he made explorations in the Rocky Mountains and California. His journal was added to by the American author, Washington Irving, and published in 1837 under the title of *Adventures of Capt. Bonneville, U.S.A., in the Rocky Mountains of the Far West.*

Boreas (bō′rē-ăs), the north wind.

burgomaster (bûr′gō-màs′tēr), the chief magistrate of a municipal town of Holland, Flanders, or Germany, corresponding to mayor in the United States. The word is from the Dutch *burgemeester*, meaning "borough master."

Burne-Jones (bûrn-jōnz), Sir Edward, English painter (1833–1898).

caisson (kā′sŏn), an ammunition wagon for artillery that can be readily moved about.

carillon (kăr′ĭ-lŏn; *French* kȧ′rē′yôN′), a set of bells played by machinery or by finger keys.

Cassiopeia (kăs′ĭ-ō-pē′yȧ), a northern constellation between Andromeda and Cepheus.

Cathay (kă-thā′), an old name for China, now used only in poetry and the like.

Cepheus (sē′fūs), a constellation near Cygnus.

Cerberus (sûr′bēr-ŭs), in Greek mythology, the three-headed dog with a serpent tail and with serpents about the body, guarding the entrance to the lower regions.

chanted (chănt′ĕd), sung or recited after the manner of a chant, or song.

chatelaine (shăt′ĕ-lān), mistress of a château (shä′tō′), or castle.

cicada (sĭ-kā′dȧ), the harvest fly, or locust.

City of Brass, an imaginary city told of in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments.*

Clemens (klĕm′ĕnz), Samuel Langhorne (*Mark Twain*). American humorist (1835–1910).

Coma Berenices (kō′mȧ bĕr′ĕ-nī′sēz), a small constellation between Boötes and Leo; Berenice's Hair.

Corona Borealis (kŏ-rō′nȧ bō′rĕ-ā′lĭs), a northern constellation between Hercules and Boötes; the Northern Crown.

cowslip (kou′slĭp′), in England, a kind of primrose with drooping clusters of fragrant yellow flowers; in the United States, the marsh marigold.

Creedmoor (krēd′mör), a village on Long Island thirteen miles east of New York City. It contains the rifle range of the National Rifle Association.

Cremona (krĕ-mō′nȧ), an Italian city, in Lombardy, on the River Po.

Culloden (kŭ-lŏd′ĕn) **Moor,** a moor near Inverness, Scotland, where, under Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, the Highlanders were defeated on an April day in 1746.

Cygnus (sĭg′nŭs), a northern constellation between Lyra and Pegasus, in the Milky Way; the Swan. (A *cygnet* is a young swan.)

Delphinus (dĕl-fī′nŭs), a northern constellation nearly west of Pegasus; the Dolphin.

Dhu (dōō), **Roderick,** a Highland chieftain and outlaw slain by Fitz-James (King James V) in Sir Walter Scott's poem, *The Lady of the Lake.*

domkirke (dŏŏm′kĭr′kā), a Danish word meaning "cathedral."

Draco (drā′kō), a northern constellation; the Dragon.

ego (ē′gō), the self; the *I* in each individual, distinguished from other selves.

Ettal (ĕt′ăl), a village in Bavaria.

Fabre (fȧ′br′), Jean Henri, distinguished French naturalist and author (1823–1915).

faëry (fā′ĕr-ĭ), the world of fairies, especially such as were first pictured by the poet Spenser, who wrote the *Faërie Queene*.

Faneuil Hall (făn″l; făn′yĕl; fŭn″l; *the last is the oldest pronunciation, still often heard; the others are due to the influence of the spelling*), a market building containing a public hall in Boston, Massachusetts. In it were held the meetings of the Revolutionary patriots in Massachusetts (whence its name, the " Cradle of Liberty").

fiery cross, a cross, charred and dipped in blood, carried from hand to hand by runners throughout old Scottish clans to summon all the men to a rallying place for sudden war.

Francis (frăn′sĭs), or Francis of Assisi (äs-sē′zē), Saint. Italian friar; founder of the Order of Franciscans (1182–1226).

François (frän′swä′), French form of the name Francis. William James called his son Alexander by the pet names " Tweedie " and " François."

Franklin, Sir John, a celebrated Arctic explorer who lived from 1786 to 1847. In 1845 he commanded an expedition to seek the Northwest Passage and perished with all his men.

Fräulein (froi′līn), the German word for " a young lady." As a title it means " Miss."

Galápagos (gä-lä′pä-gŏs) **Islands,** an island group in the Pacific, on the equator.

Gallatin (găl′ȧ-tĭn) **River,** Montana. Albert Gallatin was Secretary of the Treasury at the time when Lewis and Clark named the three branches of the Missouri River the Jefferson, the Madison, and the Gallatin.

Gemma (jĕm′ȧ), a brilliant white star in the Northern Crown. *Gemma* is a Latin word meaning " a bud, a gem."

Gorgon (gôr′gŏn), any of the three sisters, with snaky hair and of terrific aspect, which turned the beholder to stone. Medusa, the mortal sister, was slain by Perseus.

Graeme (grām), Roland, in Sir Walter Scott's novel, *The Abbot*, the lawful heir of Avenel Castle, educated as her page by the Lady of Avenel, who believes him to be of humble birth.

Graemes (grāms), members of the Graham family. John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, raised a body of Highlanders to fight for King James II, and gained the battle of Killiecrankie, where he fell mortally wounded.

grant, a tract of land granted by a government; in Maine, New

Hampshire, and Vermont a minor territorial division, consisting of land originally granted to some individual or individuals.

Greenaway (grēn′*ā*-wā), Kate, English artist and book illustrator (1846–1901).

Grenfell (grĕn′fĕl), Wilfred T., medical missionary and author, well known for his work among the people of Labrador.

Guarneri (gwär-nā′rē), a celebrated family of violin-makers of Cremona.

Gützlaff (güts′läf), Karl Friedrich August, Prussian missionary in China (1803–1851).

Hale (hāl), Edward Everett, American clergyman and author (1822–1909).

Hale (hāl), Captain Nathan, American patriot, executed as a spy (1755–1776).

Heinrich (hīn′rĭĸ), German form of the name "Henry."

Hercules (hûr′kŭ-lēz), a northern constellation between Boötes and Lyra, named for the hero who was famed for his strength.

Herodotus (hē-rŏd′ō-tŭs), Greek historian (484?–425? B.C.).

hind (hīnd), the female of the deer. The male is sometimes called a "stag."

Howells (hou′ĕlz), William Dean, American novelist (1837–1920).

Hunting Dogs, a northern constellation between Ursa Major and Boötes.

Innish, a poetic name for Ireland. The word *innis* means "a green spot."

Jule-Nisse (yû′lā-nĭs′sā), a Danish word meaning "a Christmas sprite."

Killiecrankie (kil′ĭ-krăŋ′kĭ), a pass in Perthshire, Scotland.

kinnikinnick (kĭn′ĭ-kĭ-nĭk′), the red bearberry, a trailing plant having glossy red berries, of which bears are said to be fond. *Kinnikinnick* is the Indian word for "mixture," and means a mixture of the dried leaves and bark of certain plants, of which the bearberry is one, used by them for smoking, either with or without the addition of tobacco.

Kublai Khan (kōō′blī ĸän′), a Mongol emperor who ruled over China and large portions of Western and Central Asia and Russia (1216?–1294).

Kuruman (kŏŏ-rū′măn), a town in British South Africa, an important missionary centre.

Lane, Franklin K., American lawyer (1864–1921); Secretary of the Interior from 1913 to 1920.

Laus Deo (lous dā′ō), a Latin phrase meaning "Praise (be) to God."

leadsman (lĕdz′măn), the man who heaves the lead, which is a plummet or mass of lead used in sounding at sea, or in other navigation. On the lead line are bits of leather or colored bunting called "marks," placed at 2, 3, 5, 7, 10, 14, 15, 17, 20, and 25 fathoms. When the river leadsman called "Mark twain!" he gave the word that the boat could make safe headway, as the depth of the water was two fathoms, or twelve feet.

leprechaun (lĕp′rē-kôn′), in Irish folklore, a sprite or goblin often conceived as a little wrinkled old man.

Loanda (lō-än′dä), a seaport in Western Africa.

Lyra (lī′rȧ), a northern constellation representing the lyre of Orpheus, who was said to be able to charm beasts and make trees and rocks move with his music.

Maeterlinck (mä′tēr-lĭŋk), Maurice, Belgian author.

Makololos (mä′kŏ-lō′lōz), certain members of an African tribe who at one time held supremacy over neighboring tribes on the upper Zambezi.

Mandan (măn′dăn), one of a celebrated tribe of Siouan Indians now settled on the Fort Berthold Reservation, North Dakota.

Maria Theresa (mȧ-rī′ȧ tē-rē′sȧ), wife of Emperor Francis I, and Queen of Hungary and Bohemia (1717–1780).

Marie Antoinette (mȧ′rē′ ăN′twȧ′nĕt′), daughter of Maria Theresa and wife of Louis XVI of France (1755–1793).

marquis (mär′kwĭs), in European countries, a nobleman of rank next above an earl or count; originally an officer in charge of the marches or frontier.

Marryat (măr′ĭ-ăt), Captain Frederick, a captain in the British navy, who wrote *Frank Mildmay, or Adventures of a Naval Officer; Masterman Ready;* and *The Children of the New Forest.*

Miantonomo (mĭ-ăn′tō-nō′mō), chief of the Narraganset Indians.

Minitari (mĭn-ĭ-tä′rē), an Indian of a Sioux tribe gathered at the Fort Berthold Reservation, North Dakota.

Miserere (mĭz′ĕ-rē′rĕ), a musical setting of the Fifty-first Psalm in its Latin form, so called from its first word, which means "Have mercy."

Mittenwald (mĭt′ĕn-vält), a town in Bavaria, noted for its manufacture of musical instruments.

Mozart (mō′zärt; German pronunciation, mō′tsärt), Wolfgang Amadeus, Austrian composer (1756–1791).

nadir (nā′dēr), that point of the celestial sphere directly opposite the zenith.

Natal (nȧ-täl′), **Port,** a seaport in the province of Natal, in the Union of South Africa.

Ngami (n'gä′mē), a former lake of about 300 square miles, now marshy land, in the northern part of Bechuanaland (bĕch′o͝o-ä′-nȧ-länd′), in South Africa.

nissa (nĭs′sä), a Danish word meaning "a friendly goblin or brownie that frequents the farm buildings."

Nyasa (nyä′sä), a lake in Southeastern Africa, about 400 miles long. Its outlet is into the Zambezi River.

orchid (ôr′kĭd), any of a certain family of plants with flowers of a peculiar structure, usually showy, with a corolla of three petals, of which one — the lip — differs greatly from the others and is often spurred.

orchis (ôr′kĭs), an orchid.

oxalis (ŏk′sȧ-lĭs), any of a large group of plants known as the wood sorrels, having compound leaves and white, pink, purple, or yellow flowers. The yellow wood sorrel is most common, growing in waste or cultivated soil and open woodlands.

Padua (păd′ū-ȧ), a very old city of Northeastern Italy.

pasque, or **pasch** (pȧsk) **flower,** a plant somewhat like the anemone, having large white or purple flowers; it blooms about Easter. *Pasque* is the old French word for "Easter," and comes from the Hebrew word meaning "to pass over." *Paschal* refers to the Passover, or Easter.

Perseus (pûr′sūs), a northern constellation between Taurus and Cassiopeia.

Piute (pī′ūt), an Indian of any of the various Shoshonean bands inhabiting the arid regions between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras.

Pleiades (plē′yȧ-dēz), a loose cluster of stars in the constellation Taurus, named for seven sister nymphs. Six stars are plainly visible; the seventh star is invisible and is regarded as the "lost Pleiad."

Polaris (pō-lā′rĭs), the North Star.

Polo (pō′lō), Marco, a Venetian traveler in China (1254–1323).

Polynesia (pŏl′ĭ-nē′shĭ-ȧ), certain islands of the central Pacific Ocean.

porte-cochère (pôrt′ kō′shâr′), a large gateway allowing vehicles to drive into a court. Erroneously, in the United States, a carriage porch.

Prague (prāg), the ancient capital of the Bohemian kingdom, now the capital of Czechoslovakia.

Preston (prĕs′tŭn), the scene of a battle in Lancashire, England, where on the seventeenth of August, 1648, the Royalist forces were defeated by Cromwell with a loss of 1000 killed and 4000 taken prisoners.

Ptolemy (tŏl′ĕ-mĭ), the name of several ancient Egyptian rulers.

rector (rĕk′tēr), the head or head master of a university or school.

Regulus (rĕg′ů-lŭs), a brilliant star in the constellation Leo.

Ribe (rē′bē), the birthplace of Jacob Riis in Denmark.

Riis (rēs), Jacob August, American journalist and social reformer (1849–1914).

ruckle (rŭk′l), a heap of loose material; a loose pile. (This is a Scotch word, used also in English dialect.)

Ruskin (rŭs′kĭn), John, English author and art critic (1819–1900).

Sacajawea (sȧ-kȧ′jȧ-wē′ă), an Indian woman, guide to Lewis and Clark in their Northwest expedition.

Salzburg (zälts′bo͝orĸ), a city in Austria.

Scorpio (skôr′pĭ-ō), a southern zodiacal constellation; the Scorpion.

scuppernong (skŭp′ēr-nŏng), a large yellowish-green grape of the South Atlantic States.

Selkirk (sĕl′kûrk), Alexander, a Scottish sailor, the supposed original of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. The *Life and Adventures of Selkirk* was published in 1829.

sentient (sĕn′shĭ-ĕnt), experiencing sensation and feeling.

Shoshone (shō-shō′nē), one of a large tribe of North American Indians formerly occupying most of the United States from the Rocky Mountains to the Sierras. Called also the Snakes, or Snake Indians.

Signor (sē′nyôr), the title of address among Italians corresponding to the English word "Mr."

Sistine (sĭs′tēn) **Chapel,** the Pope's private chapel in the Vatican.

snood (snōōd), to bind or braid up with a snood, or narrow band worn round the hair.

Spey (spā), a river in Scotland.

spinning jenny, an engine or machine with many spindles, for spinning wool or cotton; named "jenny" after the inventor's wife.

"Spy, The," a novel by James Fenimore Cooper. The scene is laid in southeastern New York about 1780.

Stanley, Sir Henry Morton, explorer in Africa (1841–1904).

Stradivari (strä′dē-vä′rē), Antonio, Italian violin-maker of Cremona (1644–1737).

synod (sĭn′*ŭ*d), a formal meeting to consider church matters.

Tanganyika (tän′gän-yē′kä), **Lake,** a lake in Central Africa, 400 to 500 miles long.

Taurus (tô′r*ŭ*s), one of the zodiacal constellations; the Bull.

tourniquet (tōōr′nĭ-kĕt), a device for stopping bleeding.

Tyrol (tĭr′ŏl), an Alpine province in Western Austria.

Ujiji (ōō-jē′jē), a town on Lake Tanganyika in Africa.

Ursa (ûr′s*à*) **Major,** the Great Bear, the most conspicuous of the northern constellations.

Ursa (ûr′s*à*) **Minor,** the Little Bear (or Little Dipper).

Vatican (văt′ĭ-k*ăn*), the Pope's palace, a group of buildings at Rome beside the Church of St. Peter, including museums, art galleries, a library, and the Sistine Chapel.

Vega (vē′g*à*), the brightest star in the constellation Lyra.

Verdun (vĕr′dŭN′), a fortified town in Northeastern France, on the Meuse River.

Vergil (vûr′jĭl), or Publius Vergilius Maro, a Roman poet (70–19 B.C.).

Veronica (vĕ-rŏn′ĭ-k*à*), a large genus of herbs, and sometimes shrubs or trees; the speedwells. They have small pink, white, blue, or purple flowers with a four-lobed corolla.

Vesle (vĕl), a river in Northeastern France.

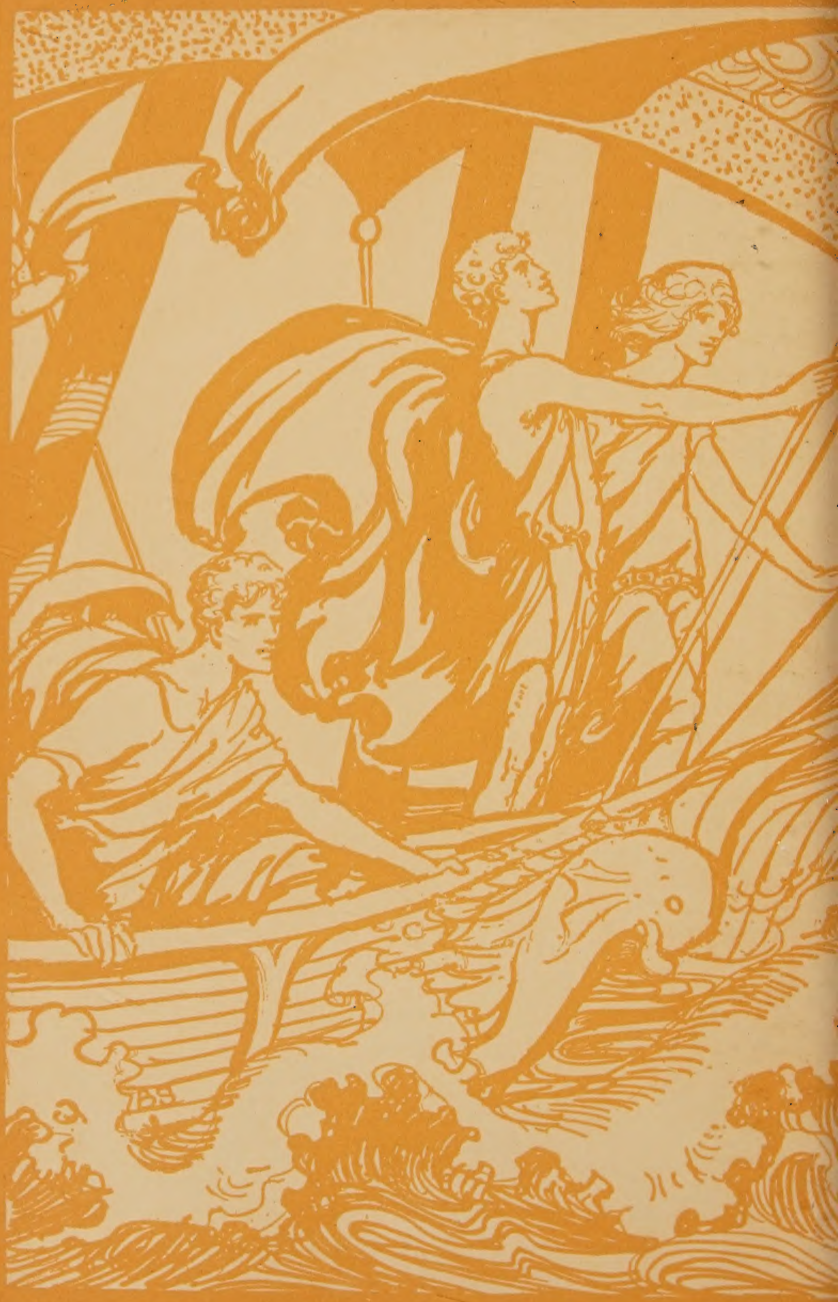
Wallace (wŏl′ăs), Sir William, a Scottish patriot (about 1272–1305).

Watteau (wä-tō′), of a kind represented in the pictures by Antoine

Watteau, a French painter (1684–1721). This word is used to decribe a certain kind of back for a woman's gown, having one or more broad folds carried from the neck to the floor without being held in at the waist.

Whistler (hwĭs′lēr), James McNeil, American painter and etcher in England (1834–1903).

Zambezi (zăm-bē′zĭ), a river in Africa.

Zanzibar (zăn′zĭ-bär′), a seaport town on the island of Zanzibar off the East African coast.

zenith (zē′nĭth), that point of the heavens directly overhead.